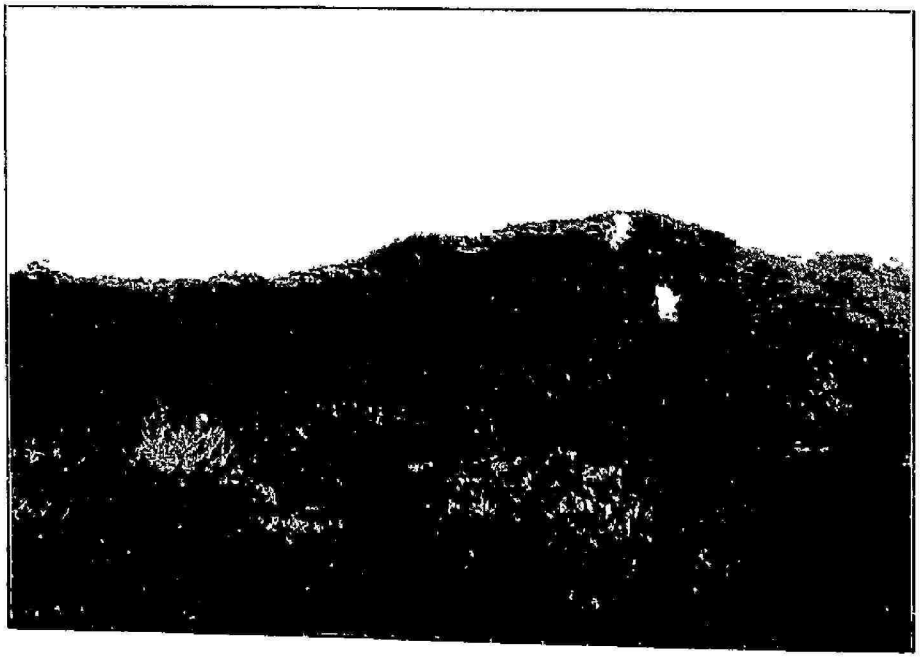
ingenious decorations was a tiny railway that ran round the central table, carrying the wine. Dinner over, the Maharaja joined his Royal guests and in a speech ringing with his own masculine, practical patriotism proposed the health of the Prince and Princess. "Whatever useful work has been or is being undertaken in the various departments of my State, has but one ultimate goal—to help towards the stability of the British Empire, and with that end in view to ameliorate the condition of the people over whom I am called upon to rule." "Wherever Your Royal Highnesses travel in India you will see on the triumphal arches and in the addresses read to you the words 'Loyalty and devotion to the Crown.' If I say little on this subject it is because I feel all the more deeply. My hope and ambition is that the day may come when my army and I may, by our acts, show not only what is on our lips but in our hearts." These were the salient points in a speech stamped by sincerity and depth of feeling. The tone of exceptional cordiality that has marked the relations of Scindia with his guest was reflected in His Royal Highness' response. The Prince at once recognised the Maharaja's practical statesmanship when he said "His goal is the stability of the British Empire, and to attain that goal he sees that he must strive—and indeed he is striving with all his characteristic energy—to improve the condition of his people." The personal note was deepened when the Prince conveyed "My dear father's warm messages of esteem and goodwill, and I am glad to have another message which, I am sure, will please Your Highness. You have been appointed Honorary Colonel of the Indian Regiment of which I am proud to be Colonel-in-Chief; the 1st Lancers will be as delighted as I am to welcome you as one of us."

December 22nd. To-day was wholly given up to a shooting excursion. Leaving the palace soon after breakfast, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Maharaja, motored to Paniar, about twenty miles from Gwalior. There the road came to an end and the Prince rode to the shooting tower, about a mile and a half away, whilst the Princess was carried in a palanquin. In this part of Central India, as in Rajputana, tiger generally frequent certain convenient nullahs. So fixed are these customs that if a tiger is killed in a favourite nullah one week it is almost certain that another will be there before the month is much older. Hence it is the custom not to shoot from *machans*—small platforms concealed in the trees—but from small towers erected in advantageous positions. It was on one of these towers that Their Royal Highnesses waited the appearance of the tiger to-day.

A Shooting Excursion: The Prince and the Maharaja.



The Shooting Ground.

The tower commanded a big nullah into which ran several lesser clefts and the ground was covered with a good deal of leafy growth, for this is early in the season for big game shooting. It was indeed very much like a big Devonshire combe when winter has stripped the trees of most of their foliage. There were some three hundred beaters out, most of them state troops, and crowning the ridges, they at once began to work towards the tower. This was a long business and the stars were not auspicious. A tigress and two cubs were observed, but it was not until half past three o'clock that His Royal Highness got a shot; then a tiger was seen moving through the leafy growth about eighty yards from the tower at a half trot. The Prince marked down the spot where he intended to shoot, waited coolly, and then placed a bullet just behind the shoulder, killing the beast at once. It was a beautiful shot, admirably timed and placed, but the tiger was a young one. No other shot was fired, and as it was evident that sport was at an end for the day, Their Royal Highnesses returned to the motor terminus, where they lunched. From the sporting standpoint it was not a productive day, but as an excursion into the jungle it was delightful. The weather has changed and it is now colder and crisper and delightfully stimulating. The scene at Paniar, too, was picturesque and very characteristic of the jungle in this part of the country.

December 24th. The scene of yesterday's tiger shoot was at Tikanpur, twenty miles from the palace. It provided the most interesting and exciting day's sport the Prince of Wales has yet enjoyed.

The Tikanpur shooting tower stands upon a small saddle joining two longish slopes which rise into stone bluffs. The sides were covered with dense thorn jungle, affording plenty of good shelter and making the beat by no means an easy matter. Some hundreds of the army were engaged in the task, and a well-managed and patient beat put up a tigress in full view of the Prince. But the ground was broken with small water-courses, and as the beast was galloping at full speed she did not afford an easy shot. It was difficult to say whether His Royal Highness' bullet had struck her. Sir Pertab Singh was positive that it did, and as subsequent events showed, he was right. The look-outs declared that the tigress had not left the slope of the second hill, which she entered after being wounded. There she was in the thick thorny growth, and she had to be dislodged.

This was no easy matter. The jungle was so thick that the beaters could scarcely see fifteen yards from them, and to turn a wounded tigress out

of this growth required no little skill and address. With extraordinary quickness, the Maharaja, who was the animating personality of the shoot, gathered his beaters, worked them up the hill and brought them back from the opposite direction. It was hoped to drive the tigress back past His Royal Highness and so afford him a chance of a second shot. Every effort, however, proved futile. She lay tight under a bluff, and it illustrates the thickness of the jungle to say that some of the beaters were for half-an-hour within twenty-five yards of the spot where she was crouching and did not see her. After nearly two hours' persistent effort she was dislodged. A Woof! Woof! showed that her lair had been discovered and with a terrific roar she charged down on the line of beaters.

No one who knows the Maharaja needs to be told that he was where the scent was warmest and the beat most active. No one who knows those good sportsmen—Sir Pertab Singh and General Stuart Beatson—needs to be told that they were on foot with him; the latter carried no more deadly weapon than a stout stick. With almost unerring fatality it was in the direction of this group that the wounded beast charged. Sir Pertab Singh turned her, when within fifty yards of him, with a bullet and followed it up with another shot, which made her swerve towards the Maharaja Scindia. Jumping behind a tree, the Maharaja rolled her over with his second bullet through the neck, when she was only thirty yards from him. "All's well that ends well," but this hot following up of a wounded tigress on foot in thick jungle, even by such experienced sportsmen, might easily have had a different termination. The Princess of Wales did not join the shooting party. Instead, she spent the morning quietly in the palace and visited the Maharani, who speaks English fluently and sings quite charmingly. In the afternoon she went for a short drive, by the Victoria College and other buildings which line the parade ground, to the hospital.

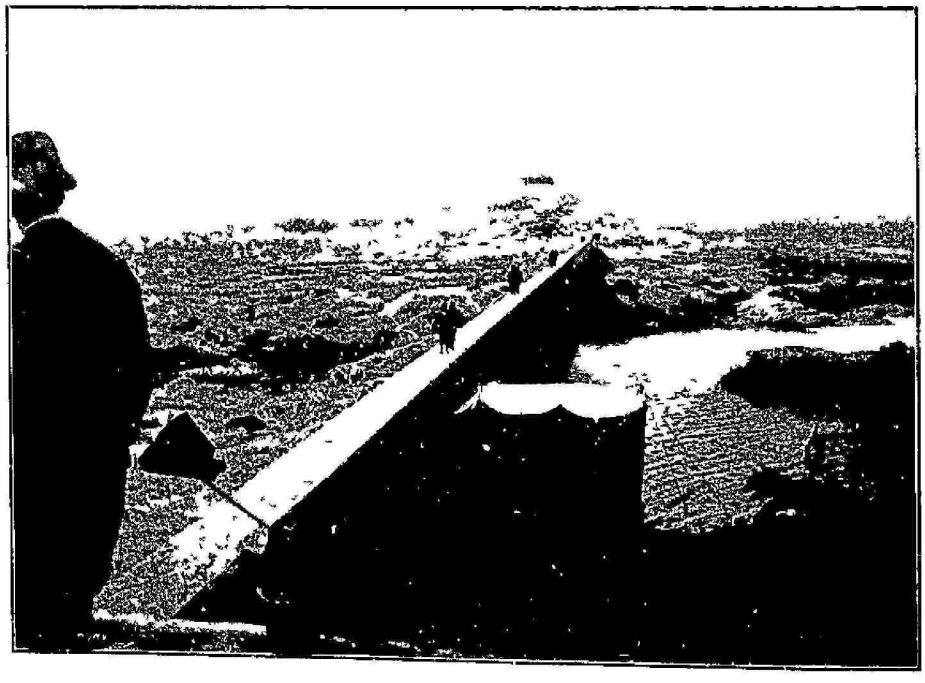
To-day, Sunday, was the day of rest. In the morning Divine Service was held in the little Cantonment Church of Morar, some three and a half miles from the palace. The now abandoned cantonment of Morar is one of the many silent witnesses to the changes wrought in the affairs of Central India of recent years—changes which are still progressing. In those days in the middle of the last century when the country was very unsettled, Morar was raised into a considerable cantonment and a strong military force posted there. Later, the occasion for it disappeared, and in 1886 the cantonment was returned to Scindia in exchange for Jhansi. All that remains of the old cantonment territory is a small area round the

Residency, but the church is maintained and it was filled for the morning service when the Prince and Princess motored out.

In the pleasant coolness of the early afternoon Their Royal Highnesses visited the famous rock fortress which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of Central India. That vast mass of ochreous sandstone, a mile and a half long and at its maximum three hundred and forty-two feet high, marked Gwalior out as a seat of power as surely as did Chitor for the Sesodia Rajputs. Hence it is that the ruins its walls protect form an epitome of the history of the State. Hindu, Jain, Rajput, each left their mark thereon, and there is an unmistakable ugliness about the disused portions which hall-marks them as evidences of the British occupations, which went on at intervals until the affairs of Central India were ordered in their present shape. Motoring to the north-east entrance Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Maharaja, mounted the gorgeously-caparisoned elephants awaiting them and in this fashion made the ascent of the stiff slope to the Elephant Gate under the shadow of the nobly proportioned walls of Man Singh's Palace. Thence to the Man Mandir, with its graceful courts and exquisite fretted tracery, all carved in the soft yellow sandstone which has such a restful air. The fine old palace was carefully repaired in 1881 and the blue and yellow tiles are as fresh in colour as the day they were wrought into the fabric.

From the Man Mandir their itinerary lay to the Telika Mandir, or Oilman's Temple, supposed to date from the eleventh century, and the loftiest building in Gwalior. In the vicinity of the temple are the archæological fragments discovered during Major Keith's restoration work a quarter of a century ago, and it is interesting to note the strong Egyptian resemblance in many of the figures. Thence the path lay to the prow of the Fort to enjoy the grand view obtainable therefrom—the new city of Lashkar, the white palaces glistening amid their umbrageous surroundings, and the arid plain stretching away to the horizon. Retracing their steps, the Prince and Princess descended to the terrace to view the colossal Jain statues hewn out of the living rock. These giants, which stud the face of the rock, are amongst the most interesting monuments in Gwalior. The largest is fifty-seven feet high and the seated figure of Neminath, the twenty-second Jain pontiff, is upwards of thirty feet high. The Emperor Baber in a fit of iconoclastic zeal ordered the figures to be destroyed, but only the faces were mutilated, and in some cases these have been repaired by the Jains with

The Shooting Tower at Tikanpur.



The Road to the Shooting Ground.

coloured stucco. From the terrace Their Royal Highnesses walked to the Sas-Bahu, a temple which is supposed to be of Jain origin, though some give it a Hindu foundation. Whatever the source, it is an extremely picturesque fragment. The central hall is crowded with the four pillars which help to bear the pyramidal roof, but the extraordinary richness of the carving, which covers the whole of the yellow sandstone, removes the impression of heaviness and is typical of the most ornate Hindu school.

December 25th. Christmas morning broke at Gwalior with a crisp, bracing air, a blue sky lightly flecked with mackerel clouds, and everyone bent on quiet enjoyment. Indeed, nothing could have been more delightful than the weather during these last five days. The nights and mornings have been just cold enough to be bracing, without being so cold as to make life under canvas at all trying, and even at high noon the sun has never been more than comfortably warm. With the *chota hazri*—the early morning tea—came one of those pleasing attentions which make the Maharaja Scindia such a perfect host—hand-painted Christmas cards for each one of his guests, with an excellent portrait of himself and a pretty view of the palace. In a hall hung with mistletoe, which gave it a most Christmassy look, all the Maharaja's big house party assembled for breakfast amid more than the usual hum of conversation as the time-honoured greetings passed from one to another. After breakfast there was a general exodus to Morar, where the Lord Bishop of Nagpur conducted a simple, earnest service and preached an appropriate sermon. So opened the day.

There everyone's paths diverged. The Prince and the Maharaja went after tiger; Her Royal Highness prepared the Christmas tree which was her surprise for the children of the station; and the European guests of the Durbar proceeded to lunch and after that to finish the badminton, bridge, and other competitions which have helped to make the visit speed all too quickly. To follow His Royal Highness—the beat was at Tikanpur, the scene of Saturday's shoot, and was most productive. A fine tiger was put up and passed down the nullah at a tremendous pace, some seventy feet below where the Prince was standing and fully ninety yards away. The Prince wounded it and the Maharaja got in a couple of shots before the beast sought shelter in the cover. Elephants were now requisitioned and they beat through the thorny scrub towards the tower. Just as the light was failing the tiger was put up and driven towards the tower. It broke out in full view and a regular fusillade greeted it, killing the brute about thirty yards from the first

The Nautalao Palace.

line of beaters. It proved to be a splendid tiger, nine feet five inches in length and in the pink of condition. This success was the more acceptable because it was not altogether expected, as the news from the shooting ground was not promising.

Her Royal Highness' Christmas Tree in the early evening was one of the most charming episodes of the tour. Is it not characteristic of the thoughtfulness of the Royal Family that in the midst of the distractions of the closing days of her stay at Home, the Princess made the time to purchase the toys that were to accompany this Christmas tree? But the Princess must have been more than repaid by the joy of her little guests. There was erected in the handsome Durbar Hall a real Christmas tree—a thing of beauty glowing with electric lights, ablaze with tinsel glories, and decked with all that can lure the juvenile heart. This tree was planted in a very excellent imitation of real snow, sparkling with frost; it was, too, in charge of a Father Christmas, who made the heart warm—a snowy-haired and bearded old gentleman, the rich blood mantling his cheeks, his crimson raiment breathing comfort and dropping spangles wherever he went—a disguise in which it was hard to discover the familiar features of the Maharaja's Military Secretary, Sir Clement Filose.

Round the tree were grouped the sons and the daughters of the leading Sirdars and a sprinkling of flaxen-haired Saxon children. Happy, nice little lads and lassies they were, the boys with their clean cut features, their frank eyes, their cocked turbans and broidered surtouts and stockinged feet. The little maids with their braided hair, their rich draperies and their quaint, timid ways. Most conspicuous was a group of Kashmiri maidens with their small round turbans and handsome skirts. And what perfect manners! Some of the older boys from the Sirdars' School spoke excellent English and bore themselves like true gentlemen. The smaller ones, although a little timid, were never gauche; indeed they were so intensely pleased that they forgot to be shy. One gazelle-eyed young nobleman of the mature age of five had to be occasionally disinterred from his hiding place behind a chair. A mite of three, like Rachel, "refused to be comforted" away from his guardian, who seemed to have been selected on the principle that governs the choice of small nurse-maids—that it is not so far for the child to fall. But a more dignified and happy lot of juveniles could not have been found.

On this glad throng descended the Princess. Not the regal, stately figure which graces every state ceremony, but a beautiful, gracious, loving

lady, with kind, smiling eyes and a bright word for everyone ; a lady whose presence will live in every little heart. Then the distribution of gifts began; the boys *salaaming* like courtiers, the lassies with a quiet confidence in this great lady which robbed them of all tremors. But when, with much snapping of cord and rending of wrappers, the treasures were disclosed, even the sedate gravity of the young Mahratta nobility gave way before a shrill burst of joy. Let it be said for their judgment, that of all the handsome and apposite gifts none gave greater pleasure than the photographs of Prince Eddie and the other Royal children, which will be treasured even beyond magical pocket knives and dolls which closed their eyes. But the appetite came with eating. It was "Saheb, the red one," and "Memsaheb, the white one" until the Christmas tree was stripped of all that could be taken from it. When the Prince, in his shooting costume, and the Maharaja, in khaki, coming straight from the shoot, mingled their joyous personalities with the throng, the cup of happiness was complete. And yet there was a little ache behind it all, for the thought of those who were not there would obtrude. Of such is service in the East.

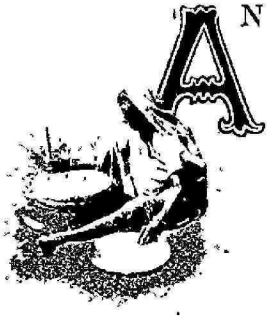
With this happy picture let the visit to Gwalior conclude. These have been days of unrestrained joy in the hospitality of the gallant Prince whose best has been, in his eyes, hardly good enough for his honoured guests.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Modern Indian Prince.

THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR—HIS PART IN THE ROYAL VISIT—AN ALL-PERVADING PERSONALITY—HIS PART IN THE STATE—A SOBER CONCEPTION OF HIS DUTIES—HIS WORK AMONGST HIS OWN PEOPLE—GLORIOUS HERITAGE WELL DESERVED—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE—HIS SPLENDID HOSPITALITY—A GENUINE PARTNER WITH THE BRITISH—A SHOWER OF HONOURS—THE INDIAN PRINCES OF TO-DAY—TRANSITION FROM OLD TO NEW—SCINDIA'S OPPORTUNITIES.

GWALIOR, *December 25th.*



AN hour or so before the special train bringing the Prince and Princess of Wales to Gwalior was due, a motor car bearing an alert, active, joyous figure was seen speeding to the station. It was the Maharaja Scindia, sparing time from the manifold preparations for his honoured guests to welcome some of his large house party. A little later this intensely live personage, now clad in gold-broidered silk and wearing a necklace of pearls worth a king's ransom, was watching a recalcitrant motor car with ill-concealed impatience. His fingers were itching to have the bonnet off and be amongst the mechanism, and no one knows what a struggle it was for him to remain an onlooker. And it was in the small hours of the morning that the same individual, after twice twelve hours of unremitting activity, in preparation, with the triumphal elephant procession, at the durbar, and at the opening of the memorial market, modestly inquired of the Chief of Staff if his duties as host might be considered at an end for the day, so that he could snatch a brief rest before those of the morrow began!

These little episodes are characteristic of the Ruler of Gwalior. From the moment that the Royal train was due at his capital it was the virile personality of Scindia that animated every scene and every ceremony. It was Scindia who supervised the arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses in the splendid Jai-Bilas Palace, and for his six score personal guests, down to the

fixing of the last tent peg. It was Scindia who organised the gorgeous elephant procession and who sat proud and happy beside the Prince of Wales at the state entry. It was Scindia who presented the Sirdars at the stately durbar, and who later read an address of welcome as President of the Lashkar Municipality. It was Scindia who arranged the review, personally led the cavalry gallop, and directed the order of each item of the subsequent military display. It was Scindia who planned the tiger shoots, who was afoot amongst the beaters where the scent was hottest and the wounded beast skulked in the thick undergrowth, who was at the danger point when the infuriated brute charged, who laid her low at a distance of thirty yards with a bullet in the shoulder. It was Scindia who on Christmas morning presented each one of his guests with a graceful memento bearing a portrait of himself and a view of his handsome home.

This was not a sporadic outburst of activity designed to impress his Royal visitors. Of all the busy administrators in this land of Ind none is busier, none takes his responsibilities more seriously than the Chief of Gwalior. At the age of twenty-eight and after ten years of personal rule, he combines the enthusiasm and bubbling activity of youth with the wisdom of the veteran statesman. He was never of those who conceived that God gave the Indian Princes a charter to do nothing in perpetuity. His own Prime Minister, he knows more of the details of administration than some of the heads of departments, and scarcely a rupee of his revenue of a million sterling is spent without his knowing where it goes. His own Commander-in-Chief, he can lead his five thousand armed men with the skill of an old soldier, and it is to forget that you are in the leisurely East to see the head-quarters Staff move when the Maharaja gives the word. The owner of a hundred miles of railway and a garage full of motor cars, he can drive an engine with his locomotive engineer and a car with his best chauffeur. Nor is this embodiment of personal rule, this all-pervading activity, the clog on the wheels of the administration it has been known to be in other cases. The Maharaja dwells amongst his own people, finding his work and his pleasures in his own State, and not in Simla, in Calcutta, or in London. His influence on the heads of departments is stimulating and progressive, not hampering. Although he can take his despatch box to Bombay and discuss, on terms of equality with grey-headed railway officers, the detailed working of his line, he knows that interference with minor administrative matters is obstructive rather than helpful, and leaves to the able staff he has gathered round him a large discretion. The presence of many grown grey in the service of the State is evidence of his fidelity to those who serve him well.

H. H. The Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., A.D.C.

It was a splendid heritage indeed to which the Maharaja Scindia succeeded a decade ago—thirty thousand square miles of territory, with the fat lands of Malwa to counterbalance the thin soils of the north, three millions of hardy frugal people, a revenue of million pounds a year. All this lay in the strategic heart of India, centering in the proud fortress-crowned rock which Nature raised as the destined capital of the central plain. Behind it was the stirring story which tells how this was the spoil of the strong right arm and wise statesmanship of the Peshwa's slipper-bearer. The Maharaja Scindia was entirely worthy of his fortune. His revenues have been so carefully conserved that his investments in Government Paper are ten millions sterling against a rainy—or, as we are in India, a rainless—day. A hundred miles of narrow-gauge railway link up the scattered districts and pay a modest three per cent. on the capital outlay. Four hundred primary schools, four high schools, and an arts college provide a solid educational foundation. In addition, a new technical school, with scholarships for the students, gives facilities for industrial training. Schools for the Sirdars, with a military and a civil curriculum, and a special school for the training of civil servants, supply recruits for the army and services, and rescue the sons of the landed gentry from a life of sloth. The hospitals are of the best, the streets of the capital city are as wide and clean as any in India, the roads are well maintained, and the Jai-Bilas Palace, though modern, has been re-modelled in excellent taste. With all these utilitarian activities, the Maharaja has not been unmindful of his social obligations. Scindia's hospitality is proverbial in India, and fittingly to exercise it the Nautalao Palace has been splendidly equipped for the reception of state visitors.

Nor has the Maharaja Scindia been so absorbed in domestic affairs as to exclude the liberal consideration of the Imperial responsibilities attaching to his great position. None realises more fully than he that to be a genuine partner with the British *Raj* he must bear his part in the burden of the common defence of India, as well as reap the advantages of the peace which military efficiency secures. The three regiments of cavalry, to which were recently added two of infantry, which passed in review before the Prince of Wales, are his permanent contribution to the sword arm of the Empire. The generous gift of his artillery horses and of many of his cavalry remounts helped to tide Great Britain over the most difficult days in South Africa. The splendidly-equipped hospital-ship which he personally accompanied to China was of priceless value to the sick and wounded of the expeditionary

THE JAI-BILAS PALACE, GWALIOR.

force. Nor do Scindia's plans stop here. It is proposed ultimately to convert all his armed retainers into Imperial Service Troops, setting an example to his brother-Chiefs most worthy of imitation.

Honours have come thickly, and rightly so, upon the Maharaja Scindia. At the age of twenty-eight he finds himself a Grand Commander of the Victorian Order, as well as a Grand Commander of the Star of India, an Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty the King-Emperor, a Colonel in the British Army, to which was added on Friday a colonelcy in the Prince of Wales'

The Prince's Escort The Hour of Rest

own regiment, the First Cavalry, or Skinner's Horse. But what His Highness doubtless values above all this is the full knowledge that these are but the outward expressions of the fact that he has the trust and confidence of the Imperial Government, and that he is regarded not only as a most loyal and exemplary feudatory, but as a valued coadjutor in the complex task of the governance of India. The intense loyalty that animated every sentence of Scindia's speech at the state banquet was no mere *façon de parler*: the gracious terms of His Royal Highness' reply came from the heart. Indeed, the Maharaja Scindia is one whom the Government are proud to call their partner in the great work to which they are committed,

and they feel that they will never ask his co-operation in vain. Only one circumstance is needed to complete the happy prospect that seems to be in store for the State—the birth of an heir; and the Maharaja's own desires to see the direct ruling line continued could not be more ardent than those of the Imperial Government to which he pays such proud allegiance.

Although to some it may seem that the Maharaja Scindia is at the zenith of his career, he stands on the threshold of even greater opportunities. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." The old generation of native Princes is passing away. The venerable Raja of Nabha, the Maharaja of Jaipur, and the Maharana of Udaipur are amongst the few survivors of the régime that grew up with the consolidation of Imperial power in the last part of the century. It gave to India some of the finest types, to the Government some of their staunchest allies; but with the development of ideas and communications it could not endure. A new generation, a new school, is now seated on most of the thrones; these are men trained in the traditions of this English public school, broadened by travel, familiar with the practices of English social life. No one doubts that the principles laid down for the education of the Indian Princes were in the main correct. There have been errors of detail, and though some have been remedied do we not still expose them to the volcanic influence of western travel and unfettered power at too early an age? But the transition period is always one of trial and disappointment, of some disheartening failures relieved by a few successes. The Maharaja Scindia's sterling qualities and splendid character enabled him to pass through these disruptive tendencies without wavering, and to emerge therefrom only with greater capacity for usefulness. He is trusted and admired by all the younger generation of Rulers. In helping them over the narrow bridge which leads from the old to the new, by sage counsel and sober advice as well as by his shining example, he can render service to India, and to the Government, exceeding even his own conspicuous record.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Capital of Oudh.

LUCKNOW AS A RAILWAY CENTRE—NOVEL STATION DECORATIONS—KINGS OF OUDH AND THE ROYAL HOUSE—A NEW MEDICAL COLLEGE—THE RESIDENCY—A REVIEW OF MUTINY VETERANS—A LAUREL WREATH ON LAWRENCE'S TOMB—THE TALUKDARS OF OUDH—THE GARDENS OF LUCKNOW—MORE MUTINY MEMORIALS—HODSON AND CLAUDE MARTIN—MEMORIES OF THE RESIDENCY.

LUCKNOW, *December 26th.*

LUCKNOW achieved the seemingly impossible and at this stage in the tour struck out an absolutely new line in railway station decoration. The city is well known as a provincial centre, as the scene of the most harassing struggle in the Mutiny, and as, in the winter, one of the most pleasant plains stations in India. It is not so familiar as a great railway head-quarters, the administrative seat of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, one of the three state lines in the country. But it was this side of its activities that sounded the prevailing note to-day, when the Prince and Princess of Wales alighted on their arrival from Gwalior. One looked in vain for the strings of bunting, the mottoes, and the formal rows of plants in pots, and found nothing more suggestive of hackneyed decoration than the inevitable red cloth. Why does not someone imitate the bold example set at His Majesty's Coronation and substitute a royal blue for the red, of which everyone is growing a little tired? The reception room, however, was unique. It was lined with every variety of railway material, from a locomotive to a guard's whistle, and as all was arranged with an excellent eye to effect the result was not only novel but extremely bright.

An Indian Porter.

Gwalior, with its Imperial elephants, its picturesque reminiscences of the wild Mahratta days, has been left behind. Here we are in one of the handsomest, as we certainly are in

one of the most interesting, stations in British India. But with its wide roads, its spreading cantonment, its absorbing memorials of the Mutiny, Lucknow has brought the Royal visitors back to the region of official routine and much ceremony. So it was that the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, Sir James La Touche, received the Prince and Princess as they alighted from the train and presented to them the Nawab of Rampur, the Raja of Tehri and the Talukdars of Oudh—an interesting group, in their handsome dresses and curving aigrettes. And so it was that the Municipality of Lucknow presented their address of welcome, which set forth that Lucknow had always prided itself on a special personal loyalty to the British throne since the days when the Kings of Oudh desired, above all other titles, to be known as the "younger brothers of the Kings of England," and were honoured by their personal correspondence and friendship.

An Indian Railway Station

After receiving formal visits from the Nawab of Rampur and the Raja of Tehri, His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, laid the foundation stone of the medical college, which is to be the Province's permanent memorial of the Royal visit. The history of the movement which culminated in this ceremony is one of which all connected with the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh may well feel proud. It was not until October 20th that the first formal measures were taken, when a deputation of influential gentlemen, headed by Maharaja Sir Pertab Narayan Singh, laid the project before the Lieutenant-Governor. Four lakhs of rupees were immediately subscribed, including a munificent donation of three lakhs from Maharaja Bhagwati Prasad Singh of Balrampur. Since then money has flowed in freely, and the college is assured of an opening endowment of sixty thousand pounds, which it is hoped to increase to ninety thousand. The Province will not only secure the college for which it has waited for thirty-five years, but will obtain it upon the completest scale, with, thanks to the liberality of the Raja of Jehangirabad, a branch college for women. The raising of so large a sum by voluntary contributions in so short a time is unprecedented; it is due to the entire co-operation of all classes of the community.

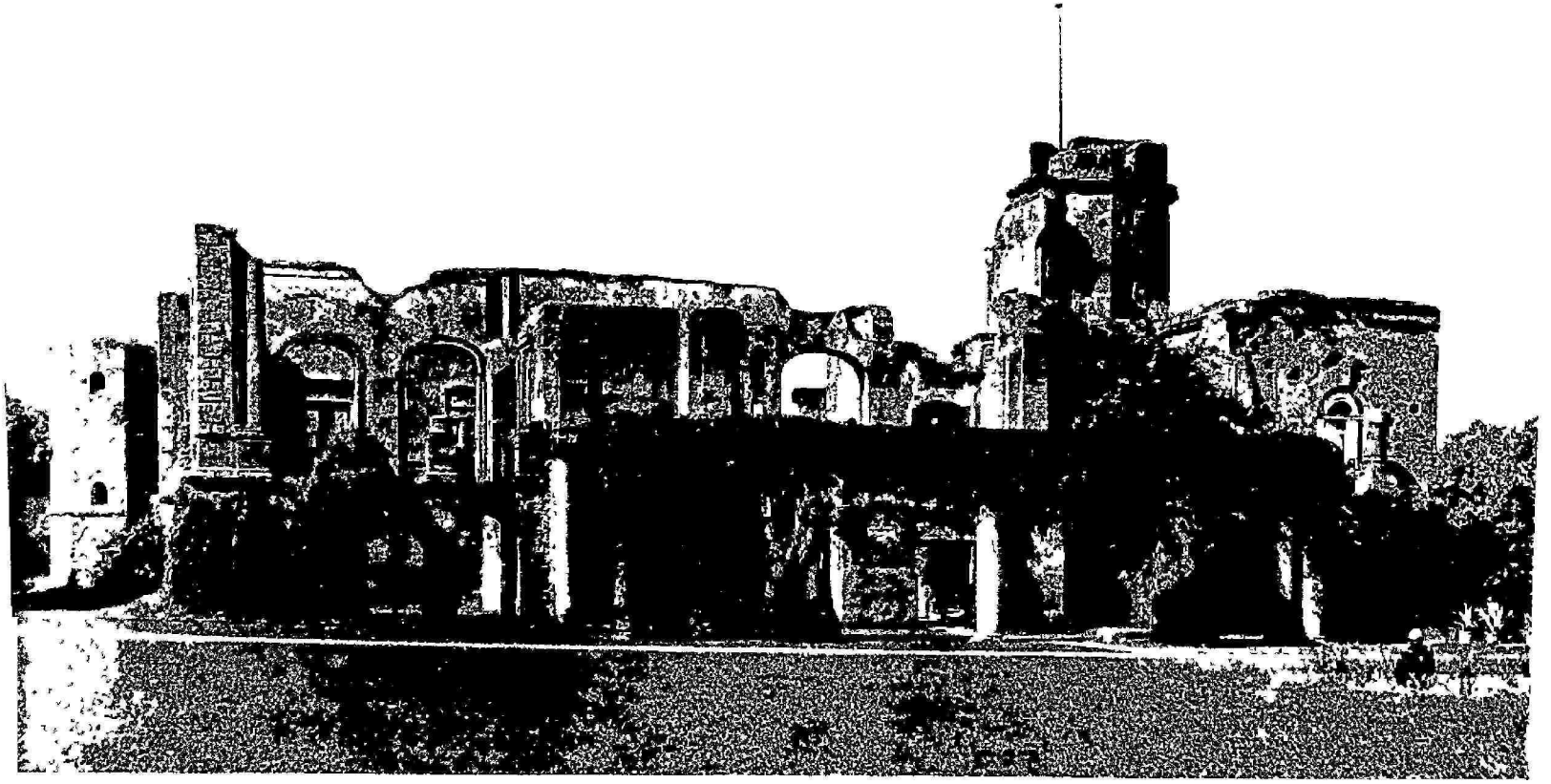
The scene of the ceremony was the site presented by Government—the expanse of open high ground stretching from the old Machchi Bhawan Fort to the tomb of Shaikh Mina, the patron saint of Lucknow. Here we were amid

surroundings instinct with memories of the Mutiny. In the Machchi Bhawan and the Residency Sir Henry Lawrence prepared for a final stand, when the smouldering ashes of the sacked cantonment forbade all hope of a peaceful issue from the growing discontent. When the unhappy losses in the action at Chinhut compelled Sir Henry to reduce the perimeter of the defences, the Machchi Bhawan was blown into the air, as a contemporary writer records, "in grand style." As at Delhi, the effacing hand of Time has obliterated all save a few giant landmarks. In 1857 the site was overlain with the crowded houses of the native city, which were all cleared away when Colin Campbell and his Ghurka allies had stamped out the embers of the rising. In declaring the foundation stone well and truly laid, the Prince remarked that they deemed themselves fortunate "that the year of our visit should have seen the fulfilment of this great idea, for I have inherited from my dear parents their keen interest and sympathy in all that concerns the noble art and profession of healing."

From the site of the college Their Royal Highnesses drove to the treasured monuments of British valour and constancy, and Indian devotion, that cluster round the Residency. Hitherto it had seemed as if the weather would mar the pleasure of the visit, for a high wind was blowing, raising the clouds of dust which are the only blots on the perfection of an Upper India winter. But when the sun began to decline the wind died down, and as the Royal carriage passed through the gate it was a strikingly beautiful evening. The visit was entirely informal but for one happy exception. With the innate sympathy that characterises the English Royal Family it was arranged that those who fought so stoutly for the *Raj* should have the privilege of meeting the Heir-apparent to its wide dominions. All the Mutiny Veterans who could be assembled, with their wives and their daughters, gathered to meet the Prince and Princess. But from the latter there was one conspicuous omission. There lives in Lucknow a Mrs. Lincoln who passed through all the horrors of the siege. Its long-drawn agonies bit so deeply into her memory that since the day when Sir Colin Campbell led the survivors along the bank of the Gumti to safety, she has never dared to venture within the walls.

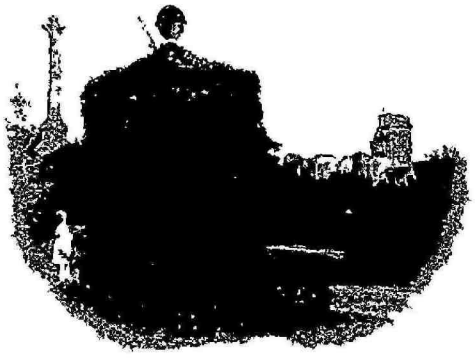
They gathered under the shadow of the shot-torn tower from which flew the flag that the armed hordes of Oudh could not pull down, although their advance works were not a stone's throw from it.

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England flew.



The Residency, Lucknow.

They were grouped round the simple obelisk which commemorates the courage of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment of Foot—some thirty in all, one half of whom actually passed through the siege; fresh-faced Englishmen bearing the burden of years remarkably well; hard-bitten Eurasians who, as boys from the La Martiniere College, played the part of heroes in the defence; grizzled Sikhs and Pandays who were grown men when Havelock and Outram cut a pathway through the swarming city. A quiet, almost homely group, but one which brought memories of the siege surging through the brain. For each the Prince had his hand-shake, and frank, sailor-like word of cordial appreciation. For each the Princess had a gracious smile and hand-clasp. Then the Veterans crowded round the obelisk to record the autographs which are to be stored amongst the Prince's souvenirs of the tour, whilst the Princess crossed to where the women sat, and Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. De Cruz, and Mrs. Ratcliffe, who were amongst the besieged, were presented to her.

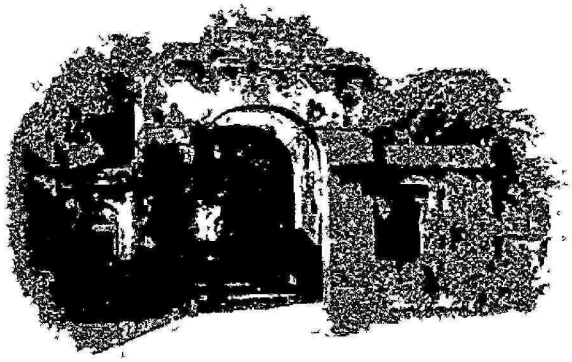


The Henry Lawrence Memorial

Thence Their Royal Highnesses visited the historic landmarks of the siege; but the Princess was renewing her acquaintance with them. Soon after the ceremonies attendant on the arrival were over, she drove to the Residency, where she laid a laurel wreath on the simple tomb of that Christian hero, Henry Lawrence, "who tried to do his duty". So many of the original buildings have disappeared and so much has been done in clearing the surroundings that it is impossible to appreciate the desperate nature of the struggle without reference to the raised model maintained in what were the "Women's Quarters." But General Locke Elliot had flags planted in the most salient places to show where the British lines ran and the rebels' advanced posts stood, and Their Royal Highnesses were guided by Colonel Bonham, formerly of the Bengal Artillery, who fought at Chinhut, as well as through the siege. It was dusk before the Prince and Princess quitted scenes which, in their now perfect repose, so little suggest the hand-to-hand fighting of half a century ago.

The reception given to Their Royal Highnesses by the Talukdars of Oudh—the great landed gentry whose estates are such a distinctive

feature in the land settlement of Oudh—was full of life and colour. The scene was the Kaisar Bagh, erected by Wazar Shah, the last King of Oudh, which has been vigorously described as the largest, gaudiest and most debased of all the Lucknow palaces. But the Prince and Princess saw it at night, when darkness mercifully hid the green mermaids and the crude European influences which arouse the scorn of architectural purists. Of the confusion and tastelessness of the buildings nothing could be seen; the soft light of myriads of tiny lamps and a multitude of gently-flickering tongues of flame was a triumph in the art of decorative illumination. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the ceremony was the wide variety of race, religion, and feature represented by the Talukdars. There were Mahomedans who might have sat for the portraits of Shah Jehan or Jehangier which are amongst the relics of Mughal power; Hindus with the caste of features specially associated with the Province; a Sikh or two bearing himself with the pride born of his martial instincts and stern militant faith; and others with evident traces of Kashmir and Afghan ancestry—representatives of all the races for whom the rich province of Oudh was a happy hunting ground in the bad old times. And there was every variety of garb, from the gold-laced brocade and superb diamonds and pearls of the squire whose income is credibly reported to reach two hundred thousand pounds a year, to the portly gentleman who disdained anything more ornate than a surtout of country-made tweed. Yet all these representatives of conflicting races and creeds were met with a single object,—to do honour to the Heir to the Imperial Throne.



The Bailey Guard Gate.

December 27th. All the morning the station resounded to the blare of bugles, the rattle of drums, and the booming of cannon, for His Royal Highness was entirely occupied in receiving and paying state visits. The first to be received was Sulaiman Kadr, of the ex-Royal Family of Oudh, attended by his son. Sulaiman Kadr is the brother of the last King of Oudh, and the son of his

predecessor; he is the head of the survivors of the House which studded Lucknow with the memorials which indicate such an extraordinary variety of taste. Afterwards nine representative Talukdars were presented, headed by the Maharaja of Balrampur, the Maharaja of Ajodhya and the Raja of Mahmudabad. Soon after noon His Royal Highness drove to the Mote Mahal to return the visit of the Nawab of Rampur. This completed the purely ceremonial duties. In the early afternoon Their Royal Highnesses drove to the Husainabad Park, where the United Service Club and the Muhammad Bagh Club were "At Home."

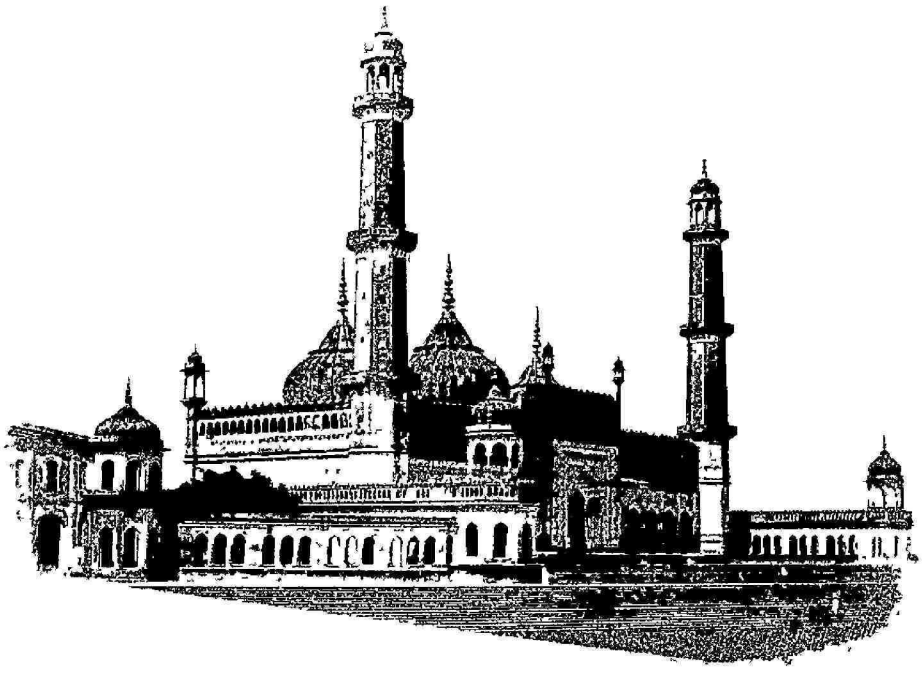
Many of the Lucknow palaces and tombs exhibit the most execrable taste, but in the variety and beauty of its parks and gardens the station has no equal in the East. Although not the largest, the Husainabad Park yields to none in its verdant loveliness. It has a history of its own, too. The old Kings of Oudh left large sums for the maintenance of their tombs and palaces and dependents. These moneys are now vested in a single trust, which includes amongst its activities the care of the gardens. The duty is fulfilled in the most perfect taste. The turf is smooth and velvety, the trees are varied and include groups of beautiful palms, and upon all sides are evidences of skilled and unremitting care. The route lay past the Residency, with its shot-battered tower, past Victoria Park, which replaces the quondam unsightly common formerly disfiguring the vicinity of the Residency grounds, past the Imambara, the finest of the architectural memorials of the Oudh sovereigns, and through the graceful gateway which gives entry to the Park. Their Royal Highnesses arrived just as the sun was declining and saw the charming grounds, with the domes and minarets of the city, all pleasing at a distance, in the soft, chastening light which is the glory of the Indian day. All the station was there and the lawns were gay with pretty frocks and handsome uniforms. Here the Prince and Princess renewed acquaintance with many of the Mutiny Veterans whom they reviewed at the Residency yesterday, and the Native Officers of the regiments in Lucknow were presented.

Another relic of the old Oudh dynasty was the scene of the final ceremony of a visit which has been more than usually crowded with incident. The Chatter Munzil Palace, built by Nazir-ud-din Hyder as an abode for his queens, is leased to the United Service Club, and by them has been converted into a handsome club-house. Here the state dinner, attended by the leading officials and residents, was served.

The Prince and Princess at the Garden Party.

The Husainabad Park.

December 28th. The visit to Lucknow came to a quiet close to-day. This morning the Prince of Wales was driven round the Cantonments, which lie some three miles from the city. Though it is not often considered in that light, Lucknow is one of the great military stations in India, as it is, certainly, one of the handsomest, and in the winter most agreeable. He was accompanied by General Locke Elliot, Commanding the District, and under his ciceronage visited the



The Jumma Masjid, Lucknow.

Hospital and the Dilkusha Palace. The drive also brought him to the famous La Martiniére College, whose boys played their part so well in the siege of the Residency. Of all the great adventurers whose names flit across the pages of the history of India in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, none left a nobler monument than Claude Martin. The value of his foundation grows every year, and not the least of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's services to India is the place he gave to the College in the most vivid of his stories—"Kim."

Hard by the College stands the modest monument to that dazzling figure of the Mutiny days—Hodson. Could man desire a finer epitaph than one who loved him caused to be written over his grave :—"Here lieth all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson?" And then those words from the Epistle of the great Apostle :—"A little while." It deserves to stand with the beautiful words, so much better known, on the simple tomb in the Residency Cemetery which reanimate the spirit of Henry Lawrence. Hodson was one of those men born to make enemies by reason of his rapid promotion, his fiery temperament, his fearless sense of responsibility, which could not be understanded by men of timorous minds who had not seen the things he saw. When we remember his unsurpassed courage, and the greatness of his services in our hour of need, should we not passionately put aside the unproven charges of financial irregularities and share the devotion of those simple sowars whose iron reserve broke down at his graveside?

It is not soft words that a soldier wants; we know what he was in fight;
And we love the man that can lead us, ay, though his face be white.

* * * * * * * *

Remember, Hodson trusted us, and trust the old blood too,
And as we followed him—to death—our sons will follow you.

The visit to Lucknow was all too short in view of the heavy official duties which had to be accomplished, and the absorbing interest of the Mutiny memorials. But prominent amongst the recollections Their Royal Highnesses will retain will be that of the visit to the Residency in the peace and quietness of Tuesday afternoon, and the parade of Veterans. They examined every part of the historic ground, the Princess returning on more than one occasion to confirm her impressions of the most conspicuous scenes. Before leaving, too, the Prince received the three ladies who passed through the siege, and accorded an interview to Haji Mirza Yusuf, the Indian who was in constant attendance on Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, from 1889 to 1893.

CHAPTER XX.

The City of Palaces.

THE ENTRANCE TO CALCUTTA—AN UNWORTHY PORTAL—A WATER PAGEANT—CALCUTTA AND THE HUGHLI—A LIFE-GIVING RIVER—THE MUNICIPAL ADDRESS—A JEWEL FOR THE PRINCESS—ITS GRACEFUL ACCEPTANCE—RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—CANADA AND INDIA—THE ROYAL LINK—PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—RECORD OF THE KING'S OWN—THE OPULENCE OF CALCUTTA—SPLENDOURS OF "CUP" DAY—PROCLAMATION PARADE—DEPTH OF THE CITY'S WELCOME—TOLLYGUNGE.

CALCUTTA, *December 29th.*

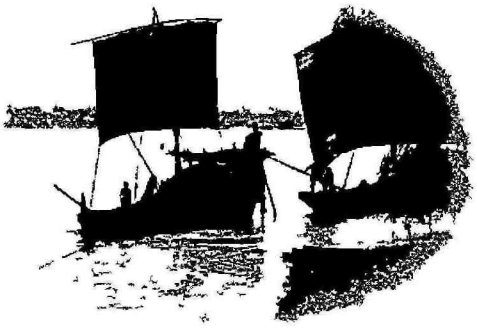
THE approach to Calcutta by rail is totally unworthy of a great Imperial city. The engine slinks into Howrah station as if ashamed of its dingy surroundings. Every alteration or improvement in the terminus only brings into more painful prominence the fact that not without heroic measures can it be made a fit portal for the second city of the Empire. Then, when the depressed voyager escapes from the dimness and confusion of the station, it is only to find that the narrow bridge of boats and a series of mean streets divide him from the spreading opulence of the heart of the town. A more hopeless theatre for a meet reception of the Heir-apparent and his consort at the fount of Imperial rule in India is inconceivable. Yet it had this advantage, that it compelled the authorities to prepare other means—a water pageant—which brought Their Royal Highnesses at once into contact with the two distinguishing features of Calcutta—the river and the *maidan.**

For the Hughli is to Calcutta even more than the Thames is to London. It has the same life-giving purpose as the Elbe to Hamburg, inasmuch as it feeds it with the produce of a vast hinterland as well as linking it with the open sea. Broad as the Thames below London Bridge, without a span beyond the pontoon bridge to break the wide expanse of

* Maidan: a level, open plain or park.

H. E. Lord Minto, Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

the swiftly-flowing tide, it embraces in one short mile the most distinctive features of Calcutta's activities. As the flower-bedecked launch on which they embarked at Howrah steamed slowly down the river, Their Royal Highnesses saw on the right, the smoking chimneys of the jute mills which are the foundations of the city's industrial wealth; on the left, rank after rank of merchant steamers which bear the burden of her world-wide trade; beyond, the ramparts of old Fort William and the fringe of the *maidan*, the city's second most precious possession, which she does well to guard so zealously. In no other way could they have seen in so short a time the picture of the mighty change that British rule has wrought in the industrial life of India, or of the sources of the power and wealth of the great mother city which has arisen on Job Charnock's mud bank.



Boats on the Hughli

The steamers, in full gala dress, gave a joyous shriek of welcome as the Royal launch approached, whilst the guns of the stern old Fort boomed out a Royal salute. A double line of little dinghies, gaily painted and as heavily dressed as their big sisters, led direct to the barge moored at the foot of Prinsep's Ghat where the Royal visitors were officially received. Here draperies of amber and crimson and a broad red way led to the platform. This path debouched on a circle where, round a carpet of olive green and crimson, were gathered the leading officials and citizens and all Calcutta society. Ordinarily, the row of Corinthian pillars which commemorates the long work in India of James Prinsep would not be considered either graceful or appropriate, but they formed a fitting background to the scene—the green and red of the groundwork, the military, political and consular uniforms, the rich dresses of the native gentry and the brightness and grace of the ladies' frocks. From the architrave of the memorial a small group looked upon the dais, seated whereon Their Royal Highnesses received the City's greeting, and through the archway could be discerned the thousands waiting to accord the people's reception.

The address of the Municipal Commissioners embodied the proud boast of Calcutta—"Calcutta is proud to be reckoned the second city in the British Empire, and Your Royal Highnesses will find here abundant

indications of the prosperity which everywhere accompanies British rule; the continued moral and material progress, not only of Calcutta, but of all India, as evidenced by the numerous works of public utility, the growth and development of trade, commerce and industries, and the spread of education, are a passing testimony to the fostering care for the Indian people which is the guiding principle of His Majesty's rule." "There is," said the Prince in response, "perhaps nothing in the whole of India more typical of the relations between the British and Indians than Calcutta, which has grown from a river swamp to be the second city of our Empire. If, as you say, the prosperity which blesses this place is common to all India, we may congratulate ourselves on the results of the bond between the mother country and India. Every citizen of this great capital may feel a legitimate pride in the wonderful town which has sprung up on the Hughli, and our fellow-subjects in other parts of the Empire will see, in Calcutta's present prosperity and future growth, the sign which, I recognise everywhere in India, of a union which, under God's providence, seems destined to endure."

Then followed a charming incident. To commemorate the advent of the first Princess of Wales in the mother city, the Commissioners sought and obtained leave to present Her Royal Highness with a jewel. This was a necklace of pearls and diamonds—the pearls of large size and each one a different colour. But instead of passing the necklace to the Lady-in-Waiting on receiving it from the Chairman, Her Royal Highness intimated her desire to wear it, and, placing it round her neck, Lady Shaftesbury snapped the clasp—a graceful act of appreciation which was deeply valued by the donors. The route to Government House lay by the Ellenborough course—a curve on the *maidan*—until it joined the Red Road, the great evening resort, by the statue to the late Lord Dufferin. From this point it was densely packed with people of all grades; these, mingling in their holiday garb with the decorations of tall Venetian masts with bannerets and laurel wreaths, formed into shimmering streaks of colour. At the head of the Royal cortège rode the 15th Hussars. The 36th Field Battery brought their guns rumbling along. More Hussars preceded the Calcutta Light Horse and the Imperial Cadet Corps—the fruit of Lord Curzon's admirable policy to find military employ for the sons of those martial houses who are the salt of India. Sitting easily their black chargers, and faultlessly appointed in cream, blue and silver, they were as gallant a body as one could wish to see. Their Honorary Commandant, Sir Pertab Singh, rode a superb black on the right of the carriage. In the immediate neighbourhood of Government House—which

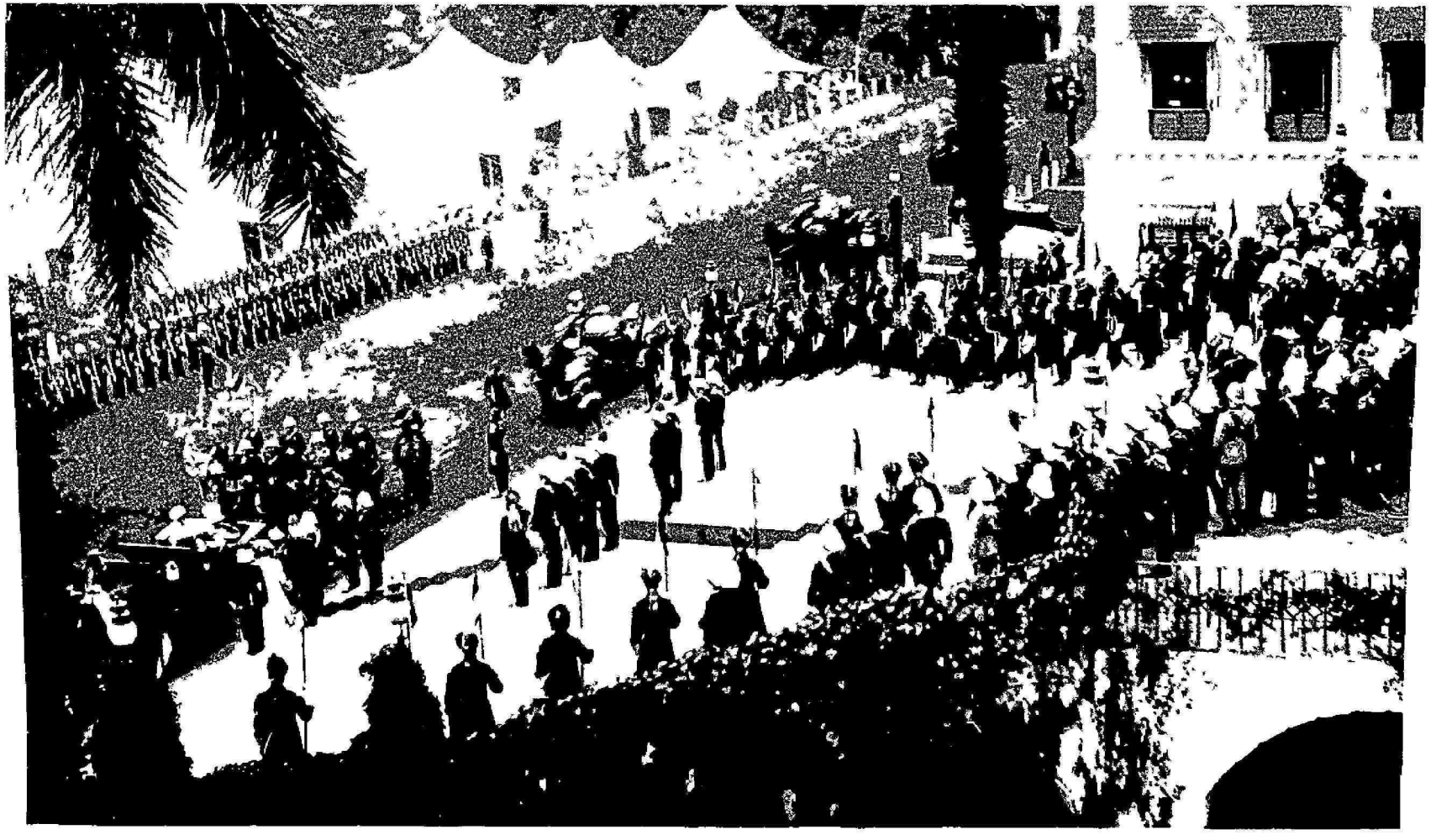
stands in the heart of the city—the crowd approached suffocation dimensions, and when it surged into the street after the procession passed, it looked as if neither man nor horse could move.

The arrival at Government House was a scarcely less imposing picture. The broad, white façade of the stately pile which Lord Wellesley reared to be the Indian home of the Governor-General, receding in the centre to admit a wide flight of steps, is a noble setting to any tableau. The softened light of the declining day brushed aside the garishness it wears at high noon, and made the smooth grounds even more beautiful. Here were gathered the

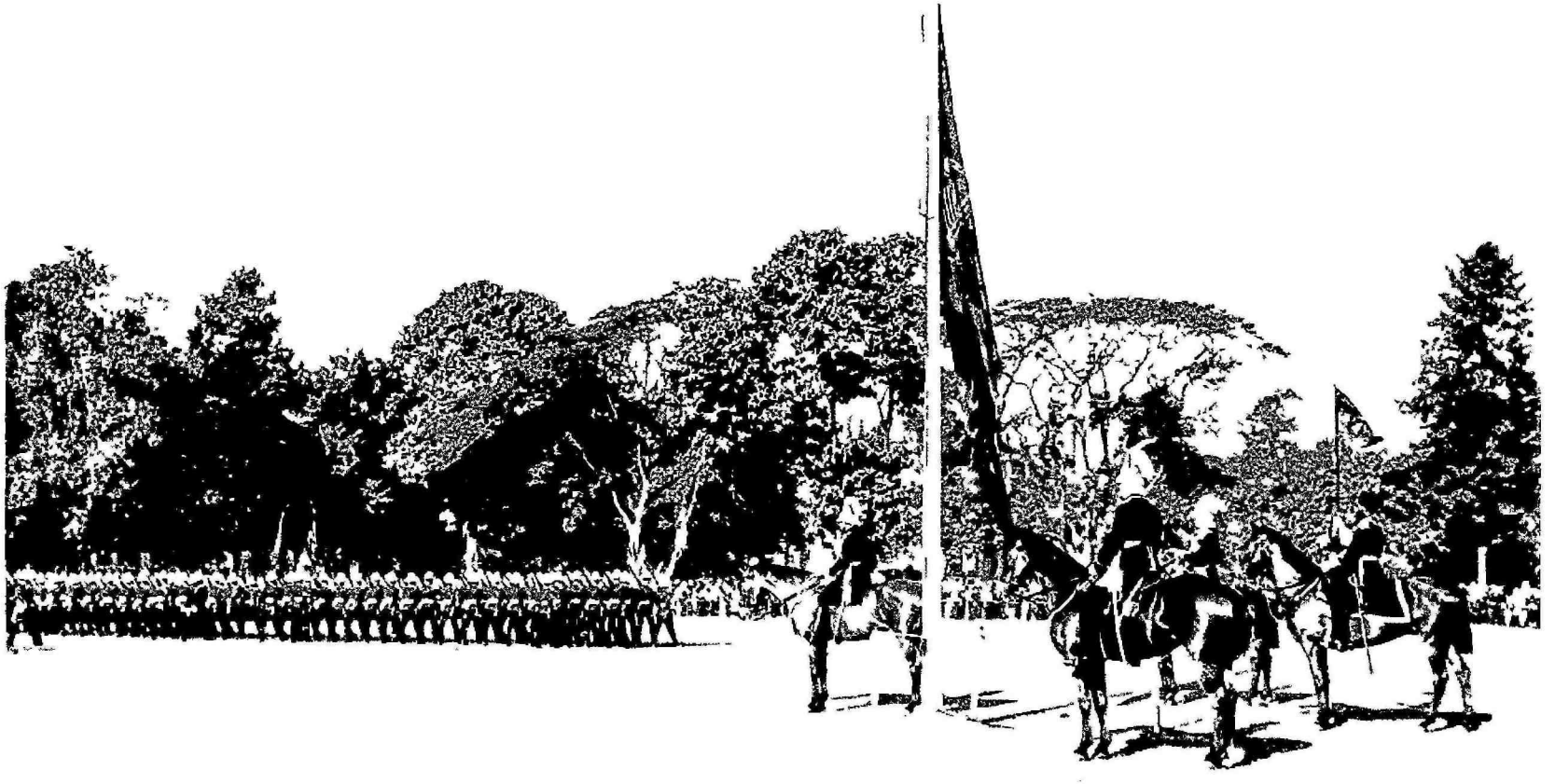
The Imperial Cadet Corps.

Viceroy and the principal civil and military officials—Lord Minto, an erect, soldierly figure in scarlet, Lord Kitchener and Admiral Poe; but conspicuous even in this group was the Tashi Lama of Shigatse, with his refined features and inscrutable expression, in his rich robes, and our old ally in the Tibet Expedition—the Tongsa Penlop of Bhutan. In a corner of the verandah was the diminutive figure of the Rani of Sikkim, in quaint skirt and a head-dress like a spreading fan. They lent the Imperial touch to the scene.

The greeting between Their Royal Highnesses and Lord and Lady Minto was most cordial. It recalled the circumstance that only a few years ago



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE "KING'S OWN."

the same hosts were receiving the same Royal guests in far distant Canada and accompanied them on their tour through the Great Dominion. Is not this one of those episodes which bring home very vividly all that is summed up in those words "The British Empire"? The time separating the two progresses is so short, the distance so vast, and the conditions vaster still. Yet the flag which flew from Quebec to the Pacific is the same as that which has flown over Their Royal Highnesses from Bombay to Calcutta; the loyal acclaim that meets them has the same significance. It also brought home very forcibly what we mean by the Indian Empire when the Imperial Cadets, the sons of the ruling families of Hindustan, were separately paraded and individually presented the hilts of their swords to His Royal Highness in token of fealty.

There was yet another ceremony before the programme of the day was exhausted—a Levée in the Throne Room of Government House. The presentations were the most numerous ever made in Calcutta, and occupied nearly two hours.

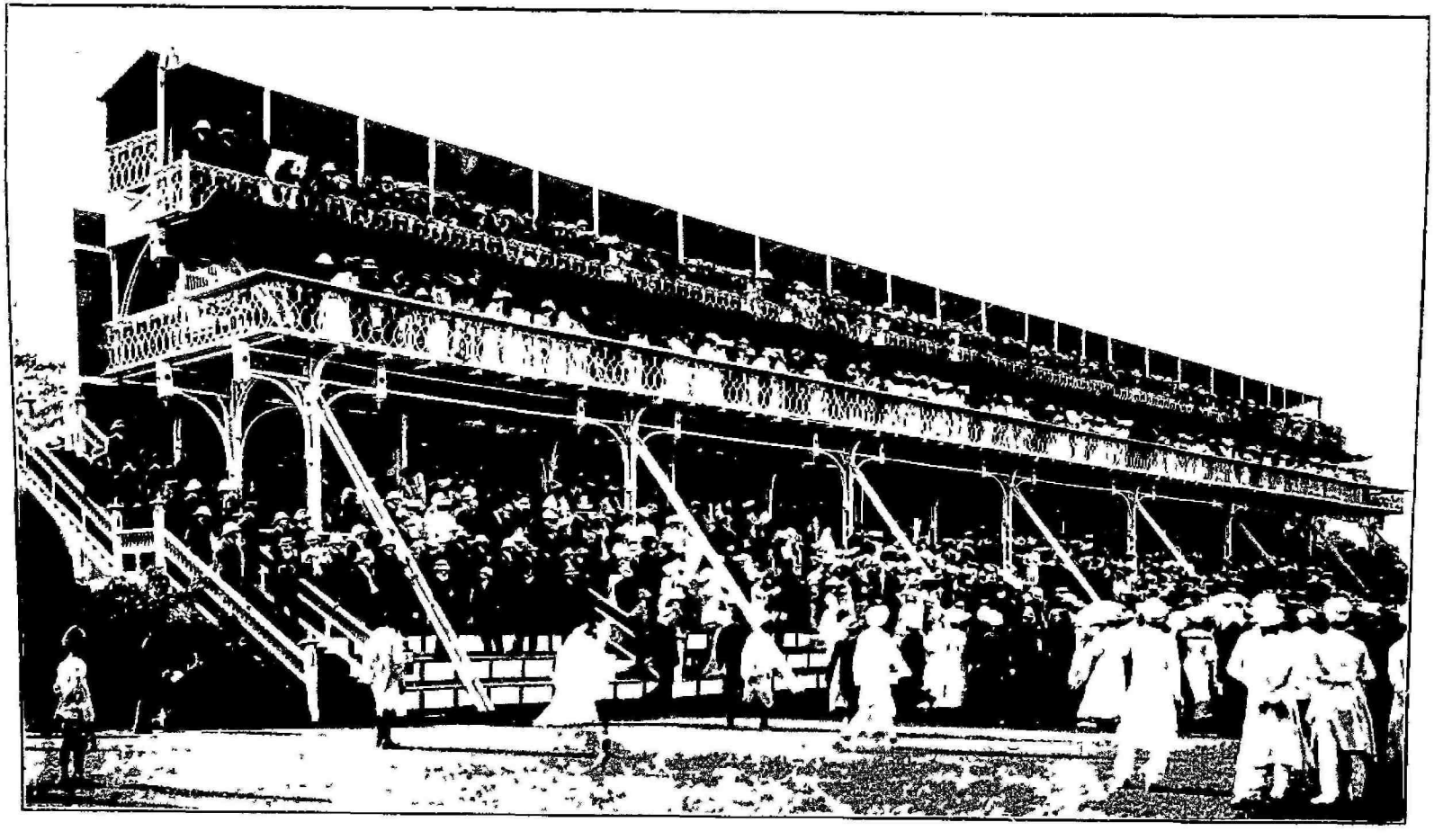
December 31st. Although it was nearly midnight when the ceremonies connected with the Levée on Friday concluded, the Prince of Wales was early astir yesterday morning and at half past eight o'clock presented new colours to the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. In marked contrast to the cloudless skies of Upper India, the weather was dull and threatening. A heavy bank of aqueous vapour, through which the struggling sun had torn a jagged rent, overhung the city, and there was a soft moistness in the air which is not commonly associated with Calcutta in Christmas week. The King's Own were paraded on an oblong stretch of turf, enclosed within the venerable walls of Fort William. Down the centre of the verdant lawn ran the immobile line of scarlet and blue and khaki—a lawn ringed with plane trees, encircled with spectators, and hemmed in with the barracks, marked so unmistakeably "British pattern, Mark III." Into this theatre rode the Prince on his bay charger, the tall soldierly Commander-in-Chief, and the youngest General in the British Army, Sir Archibald Hunter, who came to see his old regiment receive this further honour from the Heir-apparent.

Of the ceremony accompanying the presentation of the colours what is there to say that has not been many times well said? But, although the routine is so familiar, one can never tire of its simple dignity and quiet earnestness. More particularly is this the case in India, when one brings to

mind all that is represented by the "thin red line" tipped with steel—all the stirring story told in the names woven on the torn and faded silk. From their earliest service in Tangier, the King's Own have borne their colours whenever British bayonets have glistened. Corunna, Salamanca, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, Badajos, Bladensburg, Nive, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Abyssinia and South Africa—an epitome of the military history of Great Britain for two centuries! And so it was that one watched as intently as if the scene were entirely novel, the old colours played round to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne"; the lines break up and curve into a hollow square; the choir raise the strains of the grand old hymn; and the representatives of the Regiment receive their new colours, which soon will be carried from Fort William to Shwembo, in Burma—the first stage on their unending progress round and round the world.

Calcutta is at once the most opulent and most occidental of Indian cities. In the level greyness of its architecture, the striking lavishness of its *maidan*, gardens, and parks, and in the splendour of its social life it has nothing in common with the East. Neither have its miles and miles of back-streets, with their unredeemed meanness, the life, the character, the picturesqueness which relieve the backwash of other Indian capitals. Rather is it a block of Europe translated bodily to the banks of the Hughli, and peopled by the most active, the most successful, the most intensely British—and it must be added, the most self-centred—body of Anglo-Saxon merchants who exist outside the United Kingdom. These traits, which forcibly impress themselves upon the traveller the moment he crosses the pontoon bridge over the river, are indelibly impressed upon Calcutta at play. What is there to remind one of the East on the Calcutta race course on "Cup Day"? A sprinkling of native gentry, a few thousand excited Bengalis within the course, nothing more. And they are irresistibly overborne by the great gathering of smart women, well-groomed men, the perfect organisation, the luxurious appointments, the timber-fringed savannah, the atmosphere of Home. The East? Not a bit of it. Chantilly, perhaps, or Goodwood, or Ascot. But no more the East than Byzantium is Europe.

The splendours of "Cup Day" have been sung by a generation of Anglo-Indians. On no other sward in Asia can be gathered so many well-known men and women. Nowhere else can be seen so many familiar figures and so many pretty faces and lovely frocks. Nowhere else can be found such careful preparation and such complete arrangements for comfort and enjoyment. Well, the course on Saturday, when the best horses in India



CALCUTTA RACE COURSE: THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP

raced for the handsome Cup given by the Prince of Wales, was "Cup Day" over again, with the added distinction of the presence of the Royal visitors. The course has never worn happier or a gayer air, for all had donned their smartest habiliments in honour of the occasion. To join this glad throng the Viceroy and Lady Minto drove up in state, escorted by their scarlet-clad Bodyguard. Ten minutes later Their Royal Highnesses arrived. Instantly a forest of hats rose in the air, and it was to the accompaniment of whole-

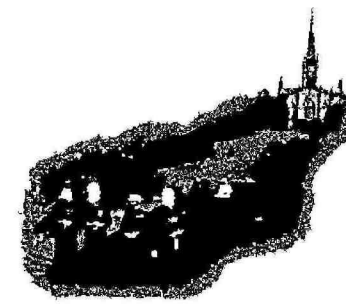
Palm Avenue, Calcutta Botanical Gardens

hearted cheering that the Prince and Princess walked through a lane of loyal citizens to their box in the centre of the stand.

The Prince of Wales' Cup brought together the pick of the Indian stables, and of the thirteen horses entered, twelve started. Their Royal Highnesses saw the race from the Viceroy's box at the corner of the stand, which commands an uninterrupted view of the course, and from which the eye sweeps over the expanse of tree-fringed turf until it meets the forerunners of

Howrah's smoky chimneys. The distance, one mile five furlongs, embraced the whole of the course, and from the moment the horses were sent away, the Prince and Princess could follow their progress. But the race was won in the straight, when Robinson, who had played a skilful waiting game, brought "Long Tom" through with a rush, and striding gallantly, Dr. Spooner Hart's bay repeated his win in the Viceroy's Cup. It was a popular win, and when, before leaving, the Prince presented his fine Cup to Dr. Hart, and shaking him cordially by the hand warmly congratulated him on his victory, this feeling was unmistakeably manifested. But it was nothing to the cheering which went up when Their Royal Highnesses drove away shortly before the races closed. The enthusiasm was genuine and spontaneous, and not since the King-Emperor was in Calcutta has the usually phlegmatic community been moved to such an emphatic demonstration of deep-seated loyalty. The day closed with a quiet dinner at Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andrew Fraser.

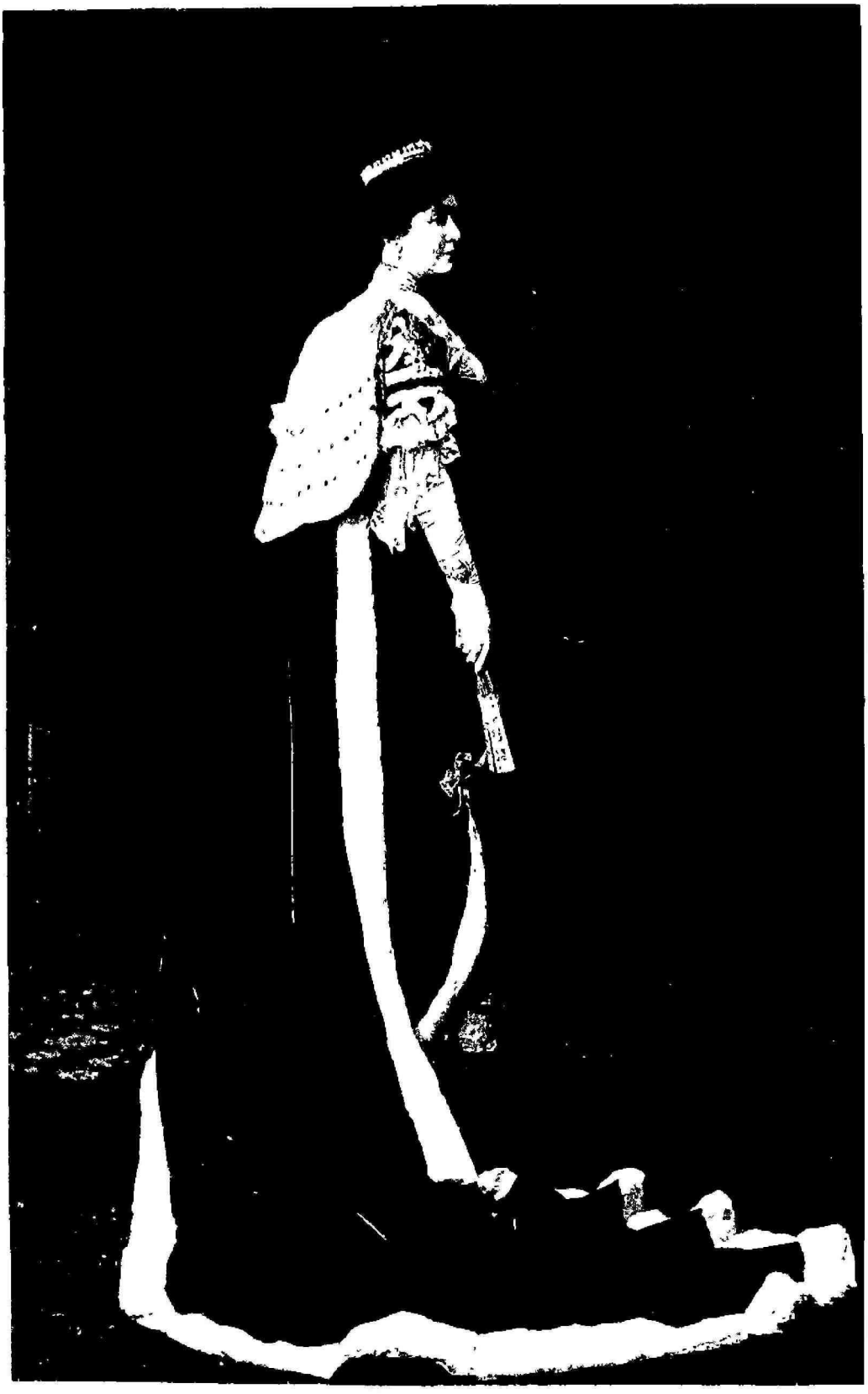
This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended the state service at the Cathedral. It was arranged that after the service they should motor to Barrackpur and return by train or launch, but they preferred to spend the day more quietly. Accordingly they went by water to the Botanical Gardens in the late afternoon to view the beautiful grounds and the huge banyan tree.



Calcutta Cathedral

January 1st.

Old residents of Calcutta have attempted to gauge the number of people who lined the route to welcome the Prince and Princess of Wales on Friday. Some put it at two hundred thousand, some at three. The task is well nigh impossible, for although the drive from Prinsep's Ghat to Government House is a short one, there were tens of thousands of patient spectators on the river banks. But there is a consensus of opinion that the crowds who thronged the Ellenborough Course over the *maidan*, the Red Road, and the narrower thoroughfares near Government House, were denser than any previously known in the history of Calcutta, and that certainly not less than quarter of a million people were in the streets. Also that, although the Bengali is not given to vocal expression of his satisfaction, there were on every hand indications of pleasure in the occasion and of a quietly respectful welcome of the Royal visitors.



LADY MINTO.

The Prince at the Parade.

Perhaps a better indication of the interest of Calcutta in the visit was afforded this morning by the Proclamation Parade. Their Royal Highnesses had three times passed in state through the principal streets, and the occasion had none of the charm of novelty. Yet from soon after daybreak all Calcutta seemed to be converging on the *maidan*, and long before the Prince and Princess were due, the road was only kept open by the incessant activity of the police. Near the Royal Standard the moving throng coalesced into a troubled sea of oiled, black heads, which rippled with movement like sands behind the receding wave. Mingling with the crush it was possible to meter more accurately than by any other means the attitude of the people toward the Royal visit. In this way one found in Calcutta precisely what was discerned in all other cities in British India, except that the cheerful placidity of the northern capitals was replaced by a certain nervous excitement. There was the same chattering wait, the same tense moments as the cortège approached, the same concentration as Their Royal Highnesses passed, and irresistible surging into the road the moment the last file of the escort clattered by.

The opulent spaciousness of the Calcutta *maidan* adapts itself admirably to such ceremonies as were witnessed this morning. The great assemblage, so far from embarrassing the parade, only provided it with a more appropriate setting. The long line of troops was the diameter of a giant circle of boscage, of the proud buildings of Chowringhee, and of the vari-coloured spectators. Even at such purely military events, and in such a military country as India, the salt in the fibre of all Anglo-Saxons effloresces. In the gallant array which marched in review, Horse Artillery, Volunteers and Infantry, none had so warm a reception, and none were so intently studied, as the Blue-

Bluejackets marching past.

jackets and Marines of H.M.S. *Hyacinth* and *Perseus* as they saluted the Sailor Prince.

In the afternoon Her Royal Highness held a Purdah Party for Indian ladies at Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor There were also the usual races at Tollygunge, at which it was hoped His Royal Highness might be present, but the Prince paid an informal visit to His Highness the Aga Khan. Tollygunge Club and Course are possessions which make dwellers in less favoured cities envious of Calcutta. Whilst within easy drive, and still more accessible by the electric tram, they have the verdant beauty and restfulness of the English countryside At the steeplechases, except for a suggestion of the Howrah smoke-cloud, one might have been hundreds of miles from a great city. The eye rested upon nothing but a sweep of grateful turf, on palms and trees, on smooth lawns and cheerful people. Apart from the palms, the only suggestion of the East came from the close-packed Bengalis in the centre of the course, whose bright shawls, flecking their white garments with colour, only added to the attractiveness of the landscape.

The Prince driving through Calcutta

H. H. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar, G.C.I.E., C.B., A.D.C.

At Calcutta the paths of Their Royal Highnesses and of some of the members of their Staff temporarily diverged. Whilst the Prince and Princess first enjoyed a little rest at Barrackpur and then sailed for Rangoon, members of their suite took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the sights of India which lay outside the route of the Tour, and to do a little shooting. Surrounded by the opulent solidity and commercial wealth of Calcutta, it is impossible to realise that one is within a few hours of a veritable sportsman's paradise. Yet if any part of the world is entitled to that distinction, it is the territory of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar in Bengal and Assam. The annual shooting parties of His Highness—with whom Their Royal Highnesses lunched in Calcutta—have brought together statesmen and sportsmen of the highest rank; they form the most celebrated big game excursions that are made.

Mr N C Sen,
Military Secretary to H H The Maharaja of Cooch Behar

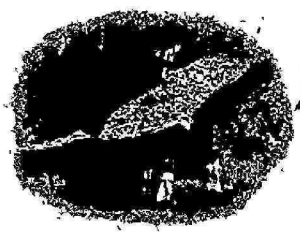
The shooting land in the Maharaja's domains contains a great deal of marshy ground and comparatively little grass land. Of recent years the area frequented by big game has greatly contracted, owing to the spread of cultivation, and the Maharaja has had to look more and more to Assam. The country has, in the past, produced some extremely fine specimens of big game, especially in rhinoceros, bison and buffaloe. Panther are also met, and occasionally a black panther has been shot. Tiger used to be very plentiful, and many magnificent beasts have been bagged. The finest in the famous Cooch Behar record fell to His Highness' rifle, and measured ten feet five inches before it was skinned. But indeed most of the record specimens secured in Cooch Behar stand to the credit of the Maharaja. Sambhar, Bara Sing, Hog Deer and tremendous boar abound in these territories; an invitation to shoot therein is prized by the most accomplished sportsmen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Victoria The Good.

An Indian Entertainment—Picturesque Oriental Customs—The Eastern Dance—Its Contrast to Western Ideas—The Tashi Lama of Shigatse—Tibet in the Calcutta Streets—Garden Party at Government House—The Carnival of Light—Calcutta splendidly illuminated—The Victoria Memorial—Glorious Monument to a Great Reign—The other side of Calcutta—The Prince a Doctor of Laws—Departure for Barrackpore—Volume One of the Progress—A Few Impressions.

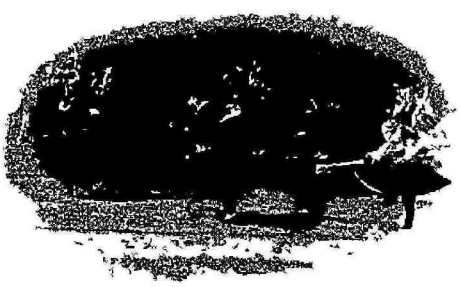
Calcutta, *January 2nd.*



It is remarkable how little has been done in British India to introduce the Prince and Princess of Wales to characteristic episodes of native life. There have been garden parties, receptions, and dinners, without end; but away from the Native States, little or nothing distinctly and entirely Indian. This has not arisen from want of example, because the Bombay ladies' entertainment formed an admirable precedent. Nor has it been necessitated by poverty of material. There is no Indian centre, however advanced, where the means for presenting scenes from India without the English do not exist. It can only be ascribed to a certain lack of imagination which overtakes the Anglo-Indian official when confronted with the organisation of ceremonial engagements, and binds him, a willing slave, to all that has the sanction of usage. All honour then to the Calcutta citizens who broke away from orthodoxy and gave to Their Royal Highnesses an Indian entertainment this afternoon.

On the *maidan*, near the site of the Victoria Memorial, was erected a colonnaded amphitheatre of horse-shoe shape. In the centre stood a raised arena, and facing it a canopied dais. Inducted to this dais with much circumstance, and with Indian noblemen in attendance as *chowri*-bearers and as *raj chatradharis*, or Royal canopy-holders, Their Royal Highnesses had held before them a jewelled basin with the rose water which fills such

an important duty in all eastern ceremonies. Garlands of white flowers were now offered and accepted. Then was presented *chandan*, or white sandal scented with saffron and musk, and *agar*, a sacred fragrant wood produced in the Garo Hills. With the gift of a bouquet to the Princess, the inaugural greeting closed and there stepped forward four pundits bearing four gold plates, each containing a cocoanut, a quantity of rice, a few blades of grass, a gold coin, and flowers—the national emblems of fertility and plenty. They gave place to three Moulvis, who presented, on behalf of the Mahomedan community, a hymn specially composed for the occasion. Two Buddhist priests in orange robes, with close-cropped crowns, advanced to the dais and submitted an address, comprising sacred poems in honour of the event, and a shrill-voiced choir raised, in Bengali, a song of welcome by the Maharaja Tagore. All was now ready for the character dancing.



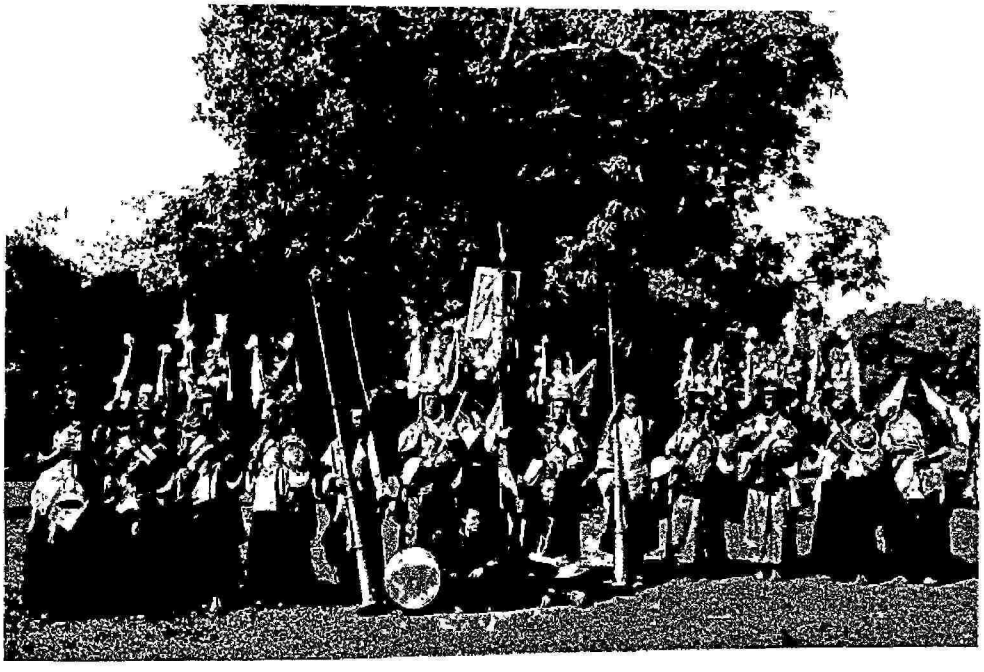
Buddhist Dancers

First there hopped on the platform the singers of the Baul song—a score of comical rascals in quaint robes, conical caps, and "bearded like the pard." Their dance merits no description, for it was only a repetition of the curious posturing of the Holi, the Ganpat, and all other native festivals. The Nagar Sankirtan, which followed, possessed a little more character. It was rather a series of jumps than a dance,—jumps to the music of weird, curly war-horns by tall fellows in rainbow garments, led by a shaven-pated gentleman who had a crimson umbrella all to himself. But there is so little variety in all these performances that one rejoiced at their brevity, and listened with pleasure to an interlude by the Bharati Musical Association. Those who have studied it aver that Indian music is more scientifically constructed than that of the West, and certainly the gentle, plaintive melody in the minor key created a most agreeable impression.

The eastern dance has nothing in common with western ideas and thought. Consequently the exhibitions from Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet, though in reality they may have been full of meaning and character, were to most of the onlookers merely tiresome and ineffably silly. The Sikkimese, who first took the floor, pirouetted like clumsy coryphées in training for the Empire ballet. They twirled their skirts of yellow silk and nodded their

enormous hats after the manner of "Jack Greens" on a May morning; whilst the band, clad in jesters' caps, gave the gentleman with the trombone a great innings. The Sikkimese wore masks that might have been borrowed from a Chinese joss-house, and long tails from the crowns thereof like the bedraggled locks of Macbeth's witches. The musicians wailed and twittered, whilst the mummers laboriously spun round like clumsy skirt dancers. If the Sikkimese suggested elephantine ballerinas, their comrades from Bhutan might almost be termed the pre-historic prototypes of Miss Loie Fuller.

The argument of the Lama mask-dance was elaborate beyond words.



A Group of Buddhist Dancers.

We were told that an attempt was made to show how the dead, on leaving this world, meet the terrible denizens of the lower regions, how they are tried, judged, and punished, and how they are cut up and quartered for their sins whilst on earth. But it was impossible for the ordinary observer to detect the remotest resemblance between the argument and the dance. What we saw were two small boys, painted and masked to represent skeletons, who would not have frightened a healthy English child, skip round with a certain measure of agility. Then twenty or so ponderous Mongoloids, in Drury Lane masks, indulged in a few mild corybantic gyrations whilst the bandsman, entrusted in a rash moment with the

cymbals, enjoyed a little fantasia which rendered all his brother-musicians inaudible. But nothing would be more arrogant than to assume that because these dances are meaningless to us they are so to those for whom they are designed. The fact that they have come down through so many centuries is an indication that they are still a force amongst the strange people on our North-Eastern Frontier.

The Indian quarter-staff play was a very tame affair. It had nothing in common with the hardy staff play of the old English yeomen, but rather recalled the great duel between the young Vincent Crummleses which Nicholas Nickleby so unceremoniously interrupted, and wherein the tall sailor and the short sailor administered a variety of fancy chops alternately. At intervals the Bharati Musical Association played charming Indian music. If these fugitive impressions are likely to convey the idea that the entertainment was a rather meaningless affair it would be quite incorrect. There is an India which Their Royal Highnesses do not see at garden parties, state entrées, and durbars, and certain phases of it were presented to them to-day. They are phases few Englishmen understand and what we do not understand we are over-apt to call stupid. There could be no greater error. The entertainment was cleverly planned, and executed amidst graceful surroundings, for which those responsible are entitled to every credit. And not the least pleasing feature of the entertainment was the illumination of the *maidan*. The trees burst into fire blossoms as soon as darkness approached, and then paled before a brilliant display of fireworks.

All the morning, too, was passed amid strange surroundings. The Tashi Lama paid a state visit to the Prince, attended by the quaintest retinue—a cavalcade of hard-featured Tibetans, riding rough hill ponies, and wearing red and yellow hats of extraordinary shape. With pipes and tabors they marched through the Europeanised streets of Calcutta, carrying red and yellow banners, and the Tashi Lama's state palanquin. The Tashi Lama drove to Government House, but at his own request returned in his palanquin, after taking tea with the Prince and presenting His Royal Highness with an ivory-hilted poniard. The Tongsa Penlop and the Maharaja of Sikkim were also received. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Maharaja of Cooch Behar.

January 3rd. The Garden Party at Government House assembled every one who is now in Calcutta, which is another way of saying people of distinction from all parts of India. It is on such occasions that one appreciates, or ought to appreciate,

the advantage of a Viceroy's residence which is approximately the centre of this humming circle of life, and which is adequate even for a Royal visit in the height of the season. And yet the broad lawns, refreshed by the recent shower, were no more than sufficient for the great gathering drawn together by Their Excellencies' invitation. Fashions change, and it is the vogue of the day to laugh at the imitation Corinthian style of the Georgian and early Victorian age. Still, with all its faults, that taste gave a certain dignity and solidity to the buildings of the period, which no one would claim for many of

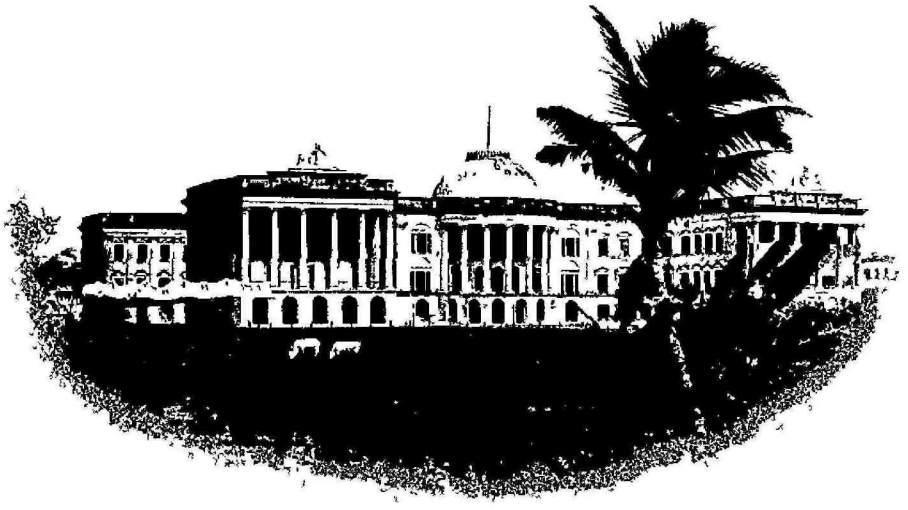
The Tashi Lama, the Tongsa Penlop and Maharaja of Sikkim

those of a later school. Certainly Government House at Calcutta is no unfit abode even for him who exercises the King's authority over three hundred millions of people. The severe white mass, with its porticoes and dome, standing in ample grounds of sward and palm and lofty tree, impart that sense of proud strength which is the keynote of the British *Raj*.

For weeks swarms of nimble coolies have been busy weaving a web of frail bamboo over the façades of the principal buildings. Then came other coolies who speckled the plaster and the brickwork with long wire nails. On these were hung white glass fairy lights by the hundreds of thousand, and, as

soon as the sun declined, swarms of human spiders crawled over the webs, coaxing the reluctant wicks into life, and Calcutta burst into light. In this way were the illuminations chiefly planned, for, although electricity, gas and naked flames were freely utilised, there must have been a score of fairy lamps for every other form of light.

On a night like this the opulent spaciousness of Calcutta operates in two ways: it forbids the concentration of coloured flame, which in more cramped cities produces the richest decorative effects, and it permits a *coup d'œuil*



Government House, Calcutta

impossible with tortuous streets So in Chowringhee the eye swept over an almost unbroken wall of tongued light. The shops glistened with gas and electricity, each line of the Government buildings was drawn in living fire, and row on row of hard, white, incandescent light flaunted the solid proportions of the Clubs. It was like a sheet of carbon etched with fire, but the general lack of colour and the free employment of electric light made it a little cold. For perfection in illumination under an eastern sky nothing can vie with the soft, yellow, slightly smoke-hazed light of the fairy lamp, and hence it was

that the gaze rested with the greatest pleasure on the chastened glow of the School of Art and the Museum.

But if Chowringhee was a little hard the *maidan* was all softness and grace. Some of the trees broke into blossoms of light which, reflected in the occasional pools, streaked their still surfaces with iridescence, and the Red Road throughout its generous length glowed with warm red lanterns and festoons of yellow light. Here there was colour without garishness—a vision of endless curves of damask luminaries. The outlines of old Fort William were stencilled against the sky, and in front blazed a vivid Union Jack. Over all beamed a lambent crown from the Ochterlony Column.

On the river the scene was one of singular charm. The darkness of the night was broken by a few incandescent pictures reproducing the exact outline, from deck to waterline and bow to stern, of the men-of-war and some of the steamers. These were mirrored again on the face of the swift-moving tide, where they flashed like a coruscation of diamonds and emeralds and sapphires. On one boat no hue but a pale green was permitted, and she shone in a haze of pixie light. As soon as the people had gathered thickly in the streets the men-of-war opened with fireworks, sending up salvo after salvo of rockets which rent fiery trails through the air and, bursting, flooded the sky with colour.

Returning Ceremonial Visits.

The "Carnival of Light" was played most brilliantly in Dalhousie Square. Here was the advantage of concentration, and as there was not a dark spot on the enclosing walls, the quadrangle was flooded with light. Most conspicuous was the great mass of dull brickwork which houses the Bengal Secretariat. Filling one side of the Square with a uniform style of architecture, each angle and curve was enfaced with flame, and the adjacent steeple of the Scotch Church preserved it from any suggestion of flatness. On the right the domed Post Office and in front the lofty buildings of the Telegraph Department, outdid in splendour even the loyal expression of the Banks and merchants. Then the gardens glowed harmoniously with Chinese lanterns, flashed back by the placid bosom of the lake, and here,

indeed, the decorative skill of the citizens of the Metropolis found its richest embodiment.

It is the weakness of human nature to institute comparisons and there were many inquiries as to how the illuminations in Calcutta contrasted with those in Bombay. Well, Bombay lends itself much more readily, from the size of its public buildings and the nature of its architecture, to decorative

Bathing in the Hughli

illumination. The more general employment of colour gave the Bombay Carnival of Light a richness which was not secured here. In another respect Calcutta suffered from its own advantages; the vast bulk of the *maidan* swallowed up so many people as to invest certain parts of the route with an air of thinness. But enough of comparison. The Festival of Lanterns was a brilliant success; the citizens enjoyed it, and Their Royal Highnesses, as they drove through the streets with a large cavalry escort, frequently expressed their pleasure.

"Let us have a building, stately, spacious, monumental and grand, to which every new-comer to Calcutta will turn; to which all the resident population, European and Native, will flock, where all classes will learn the lessons of history, and see revived before their eyes the marvels of the past: and where father shall say to son and mother to daughter:—'This statue and this great hall were erected in the memory of the greatest and best Sovereign whom India has ever known. She lived far away over the seas, but her heart was with her subjects in India, both of her own race and of all others. She loved them both the same. In her time, and before it, great men lived and great deeds were done. Here are their memorials. This is her monument.'"

January 4th.

These words of the great Viceroy embody the purpose and object of the Victoria Memorial, of which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone to-day. India was stirred as she had not been for near half-a-century by the death of her beloved Queen-Empress. All classes were moved as by a sense of personal loss: the British by the fracture of the guiding influence under which the Empire attained its astounding breadth and power; the Native Rulers by the disappearance of the gracious Suzerain who confirmed them in their powers and privileges and was ever a wise counsellor and a generous friend; the people who gathered in reverent groups round the statues which preserve her lineaments, by the loss of that distant but ever present personality—more real to them than the greatest of the Mughals to the nearest of his subjects—the protecting Empress who closed the open scar, who had their well-being ever near to her heart, who rejoiced at their good fortune and sympathised with their afflictions, who loved them. And all because she embodied those ideals of duty and purity which are esteemed no less in the East than they are venerated in the West.

The yearning for some visible and concrete expression of this sentiment was directed by Lord Curzon into one main channel—the creation, on some commanding site in the Mother City, of an enduring monument to which all who would know of Queen Victoria, her life and times, would bend their steps. Every provincial centre has its own memorial, and rightly so, for in these days it is the relatively few who see the Hughli. But whilst each has within his reach some outward record of her reign, all have contributed through the local funds, and the munificent donations of the Ruling Chiefs, to the stately building which will proclaim, to a later generation, "The glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name." They did this on a scale which allowed the monument to be planned solely

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E.

with an idea to its fitness, unstinted by consideration of cost; to be cast indeed in a mould which will make it the most magnificent contribution since the days of Shah Jehan to the architectural treasures of the East.

The site was found on the *maidan*, near the Cathedral, and in close proximity to the unsightly gaol—soon to be removed. There the Hall will stand, on a terrace some seven feet high—a noble structure of white marble, crowned by a swelling dome, itself surmounted by a gilded figure of Victory. The style chosen by Sir William Emerson is the Italian renaissance, with a suggestion of orientalism in the arrangements of the domes and minor details. The general plan is for two wings linked by a curved arcade, the wide terrace running all round the building, with towers at the corners. The north porch will be approached by a sweeping flight of stairs, at the head of which will stand the bronze statue of Queen Victoria, by Frampton, now in the Red Road. The Queen's Hall is to be lined with white marble and coloured panels of Indian marbles, and mosaics and frescoes. Every particle of the material and workmanship will be of the best, for the Hall is meant to endure as well as the most famous products of the ancients.

And this is to be no pompous shell, but a living, active epitome of the life and times of the Great Queen. In the central hall will be mementoes of the late Queen, first in such shape as statues and busts, and secondly in the form of memorials of her reign. Amongst these will be autograph letters to Viceroys and Governors-General, and Queen Victoria's chair and writing-table from Windsor. In the sculpture gallery will be busts and statues of great men specially identified with India; in the art gallery paintings, engravings, and pictorial representations of persons and historical scenes. It is possible, in stipple, mezzotints and engravings, to recover almost a continuous record of Anglo-Indian worthies, battles, sieges, landscapes, buildings, forts and scenes, during the last two centuries. There will also be cases with personal relics of the leading figures in Indian history. In the Princes' Court will be displayed memorials of Indian history, contributed or lent by ruling Chiefs, and in this a special gallery is to be devoted to a chronological illustration of the history of British arms. Then in the inner courts and quadrangles will be commemorated in frescoes such historic scenes as the three battles of Panipat, the immolation of the women of Chitor, the first audience of the British factors with the Great Mughal, and the Delhi Durbar. The Hall will be not only a Victoria Memorial but an Indian valhalla.

The ceremony this afternoon was simple, and tinged with a fitting solemnity and restraint. On the raised foundations of the future Hall were

gathered all for whom space could be found. Heralded by a fanfare from trumpeters in embroidered gold surtouts, Their Royal Highnesses and the Viceroy and Lady Minto walked down the central aisle to the dais, erected under a Corinthian colonnade. Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, recounted the circumstances leading up to the ceremony, remarking that "The news of the death of Queen Victoria was received in India with a universal outburst of loyal and loving sorrow. We all knew how deep these sentiments of love and loyalty were in the hearts of the Indians, but even those of us who think we know the people best were astonished at their universality, not only in the great cities, where thousands met to give expression to their grief, but in the remote hamlets of the interior, where simple folk still live the old Indian life. Those of us who were then working among them found them moved by deep and general sorrow for the death of the Mother of her people everywhere."

The Prince of Wales, speaking with deep feeling, said :—

> We are met to-day to commemorate a great sorrow and a great love. Everywhere the Princess of Wales and myself, in our journey through this vast and varied land, have had almost daily evidence of the ample manner in which India has returned the affection of her first Queen-Empress. This sentiment, so touching and so precious, finds its highest and most universal expression in the National Monument with which the Princess and I are proud to be associated to-day. We have heard from Sir Andrew Fraser of the difficulties which attended the initial stages of this great Memorial, and we must all of us recognise that it is to Lord Curzon's untiring energy and devotion that the tribute to the late Queen-Empress has taken this national and far-reaching aspect. I am glad to know that the interest which he took in the building of this Hall will not cease with his departure from India, but he will continue to show his sympathy with the undertaking. It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in honour of one who, though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and in sympathy with all classes of this continent. But it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India—a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all-embracing love for her people and an enduring token of the affection which all—Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants—felt for Queen Victoria.
>
> To us this wonderful expression of gratitude brings natural pride and warm hopes. The Taj, which has delighted and fascinated us by its beauty and by its story, can never be rivalled in its grace. But in generations to come this memorial to a great Queen, whose sympathy conquered distance and space, may present to the historian reflections as hallowed as those which are inspired by the Taj Mahal.

The Prince and Princess, and the Viceroy and Lady Minto, now moved to where the memorial block was poised. The usual mementoes

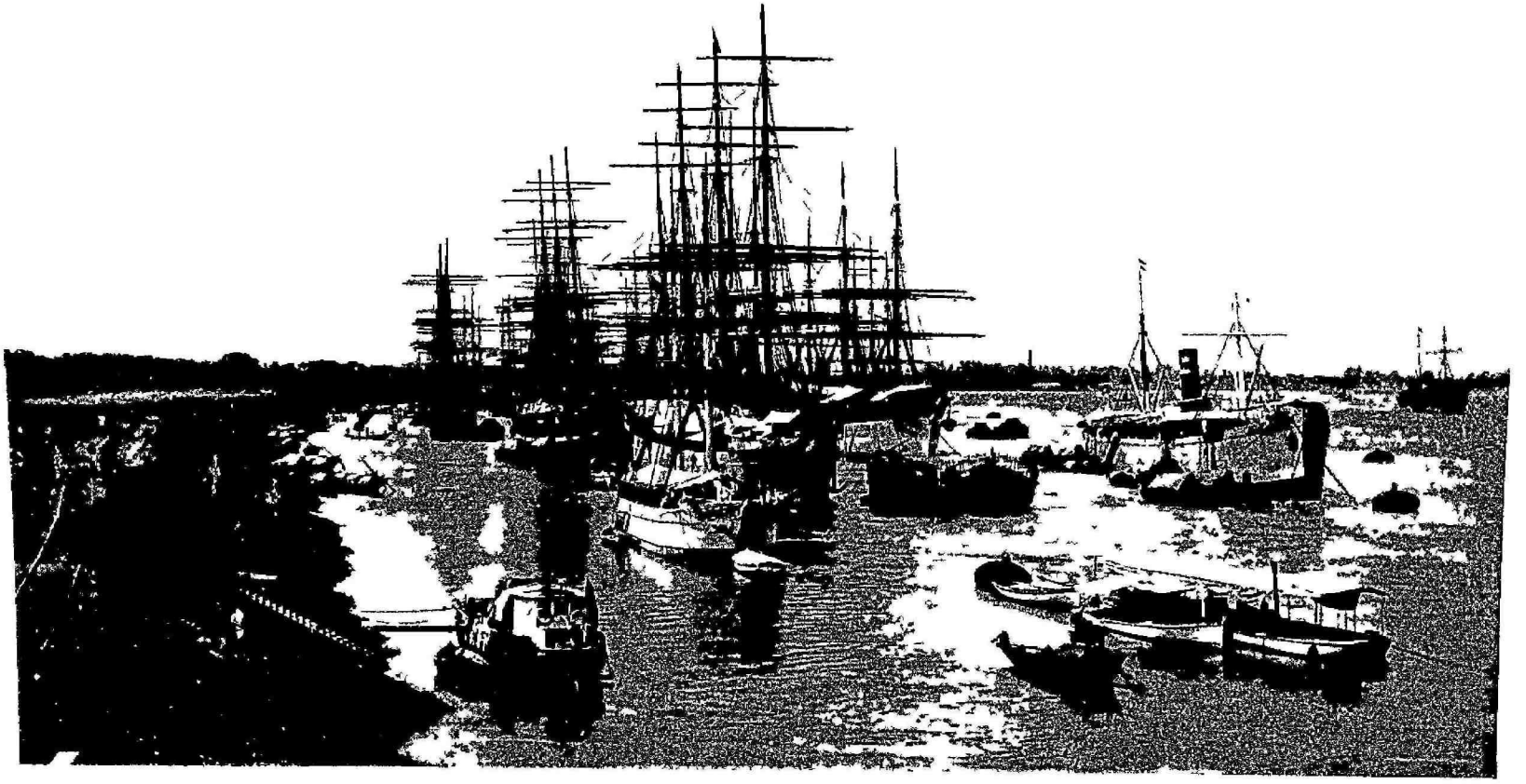
LADY CURZON.

were placed in the hollowed nether stone, the cement spread and the block, of the purest white marble, was lowered into place. Having tested it with plummet and square, and struck lightly with an ivory-inlaid maul, His Royal Highness declared the stone "well and truly laid." All now returned to the dais where the Viceroy, in bluff soldierly words, expressed the country's thanks to Their Royal Highnesses.

Two episodes of the morning merit record. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles, I.M.S., drove to the Calcutta Medical College, where he spent an hour and-a-half under the guidance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lukis, I.M.S. From a *nazar* of a lakh of rupees presented to him by the Maharaja of Durbhanga, for philanthropic purposes, the Prince gave ninety thousand to the College, which will be of great service in improving the equipment of the Institution. The Princess visited the Holwell Monument to the victims of the "Black Hole" and the adjacent scenes connected with the early history of Calcutta.

January 6th. The state ball last night and the special convocation of the Calcutta University to-day brought the ceremonies in connection with the visit of Their Royal Highnesses to Calcutta to an end. It is growing trite to say that the ball was more largely attended than any similar function in the history of the city. Still never have the handsome rooms of Government House presented a gayer and a brighter scene; and although at first dancing was difficult, from supper-time it was kept up with the greatest spirit. Their Royal Highnesses and the Viceroy and Lady Minto joined in the state quadrille, and the Prince and Princess found so much attraction in the animation of the company that they waited for the Princess to participate in the state lancers, when Her Royal Highness had Lord Kitchener for partner.

The convocation at the University, this morning, was a quiet ceremony. The Prince drove through streets which introduced him to that other side of Calcutta life which is hidden behind Chowringhee—the Calcutta of unattractive streets and dingy architecture, but redeemed on this occasion by the crowds who lined the highways and splashed them with the vivid colours of their shawls. The principal hall of the University was crowded, and through this lane of people His Royal Highness walked with Lord Minto, the Chancellor. The proceedings were of the briefest. Sir A. Pedler, the Vice-Chancellor, made a short speech presenting His Royal Highness for the degree of Doctor of Law, *honoris causa*, the Chancellor invested the Prince with the dignity, and the procession retraced



THE HUGHLI AT CALCUTTA

its steps to the porch. His Royal Highness spent some time in conversation with the Fellows and returned to Government House.

This afternoon, according to the original programme, Their Royal Highnesses left Calcutta, but, instead of going to Darjiling, they went to the delightful sylvan retreat of the Viceroys at Barrackpur. They were accompanied by the Viceroy and Lady Minto and a very small Staff.

The Burra Bazaar, Calcutta.

Although the Prince and Princess of Wales are only at Barrackpur, they are as completely severed from Calcutta as if the original programme for a visit to Darjiling had been adhered to. The Calcutta festivities closed on Friday and the Prince and Princess are in absolute retirement, enjoying a most necessary rest until they embark for Burma as the first stage on another long round of state ceremonies. The decorations are being removed, the sooty traces of the illuminations cleansed, and Calcutta is returning to its normal life, busily discussing, in the brief intervals snatched from the

all-absorbing question of the future military organisation, such local topics as the incubating improvement scheme. Since the final decision was taken, the wisdom of abandoning the projected visit to Darjiling is fully recognised. It was not only that the weather was so unsettled that grave doubts existed as to whether Their Royal Highnesses would see anything more of the mountains than a sea of unpleasant mist; but the strain of a fatiguing railway journey, coupled with violent climatic changes, was not one to be lightly faced at this period of the tour.

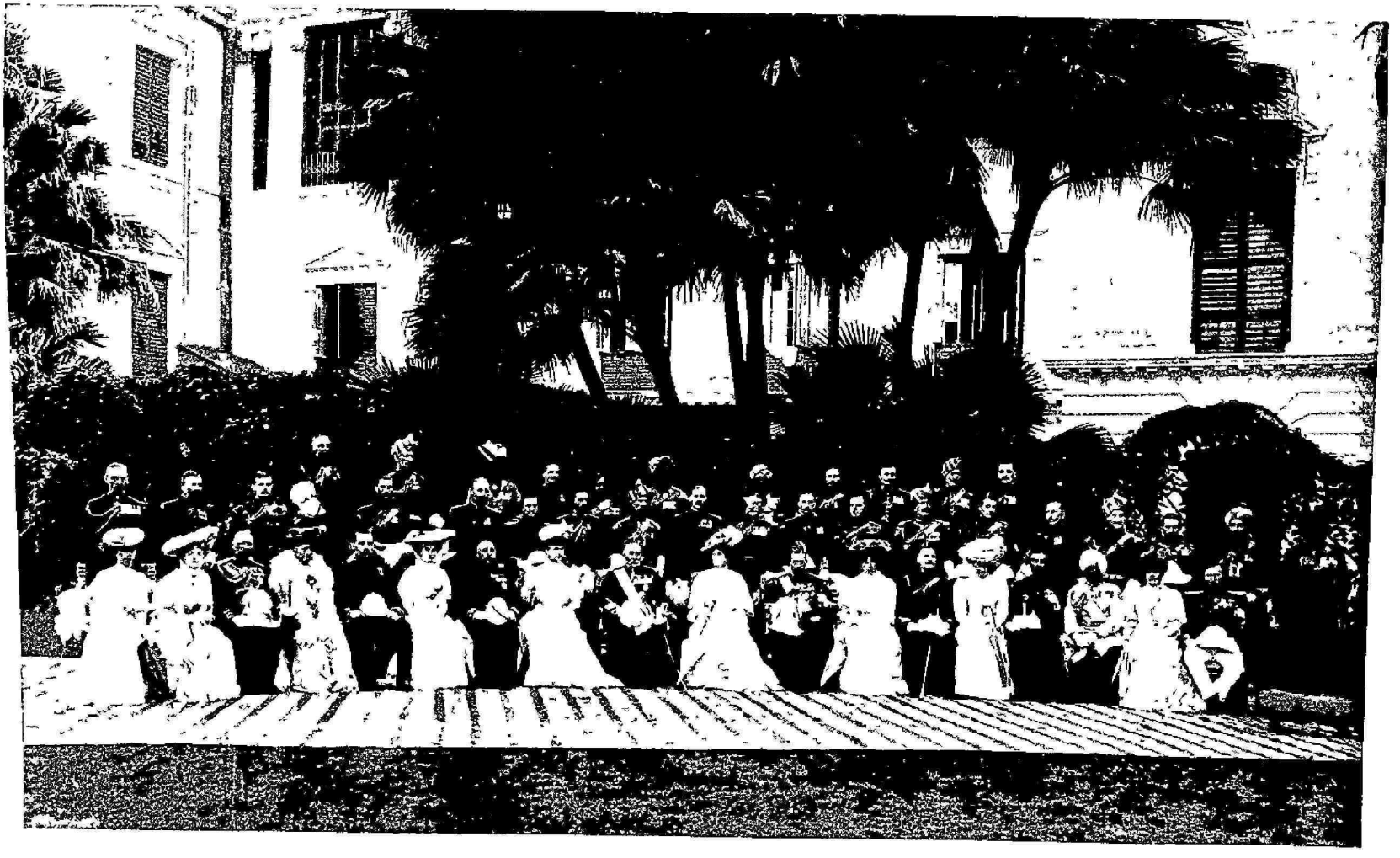
A Type from Darjiling.

In Calcutta was written the last page of Volume One of the tour. The second volume will open in The Silken East and carry Their Royal Highnesses through the fascinating cities of Southern India to the Imperial Watch Tower at Quetta, terminating in the port of promise—Karachi. It is not yet time to turn the leaves of the volume and glean its lessons, except to say that nothing has marred the triumph of the progress. Everywhere the Prince and Princess have found warm hearts and loyal enthusiasm. Everywhere they have left a deeper affection for the Royal House and an even more firmly-rooted attachment to the Imperial Throne. Nowhere was this more marked than in the capitals of the great feudatories—in Indore, the rendezvous of the Central Indian Chiefs; at Udaipur, Jaipur and Bikanir, the home of the chivalrous Rajputs; at Lahore, where the Punjab Chieftains gathered; and at Jammu and at Gwalior. In some cases Their Royal Highnesses were renewing acquaintances pleasantly inaugurated in England; in others they met for the first time Rulers who have a great stake in the governance of India. But whilst in all they were welcomed with a pomp and magnificence which expressed the joy of receiving, the feelings of the Chiefs must not be measured by these outward signs alone, splendid though they were. What made the Maharaja of Jaipur reverently lay his sword at the feet of the Prince and Princess and throw open the palace gates, so that the Royal carriage might drive through the almost sacred inner courtyard to the foot of the durbar dais? What made Scindia descend from his state seat personally to present his Sirdars? It was the burning desire to pay to the Emperor's son

the greatest honour that could be drawn from the codes of the East. The same spirit flashed in the significant words of the Tashi Lama of Shigatse—the most sacred figure in Buddhism—when he received the Prince at Hastings House : "I have come from a distant country, over mountains, rivers and snowy passes, to meet Your Royal Highness, and I would gladly have travelled ten times the distance for the honour of such an interview."

But in the rich pages of this volume no leaves have given greater pleasure than the entire worthiness of the last chapter, writ in Calcutta. Nothing is gained by burking plain facts, and certainly the Calcutta visit was regarded with a certain measure of dubiety. Public feeling, violently agitated by the partition of Bengal, foamed into an altogether unusual exacerbation of demonstration. There was not, and there could not be, any confidence that the hot-headed men who fanned disturbance would refrain from carrying politics directly into the welcome of Their Royal Highnesses, or that they would not find abettors in the feather-brained students who have been making themselves so ridiculous. From the moment that Their Royal Highnesses arrived at Howrah until they left for Barrackpur no countenance whatsoever was given to these doubts. Many causes contributed to this result. The sentence is written with every appreciation of the great work of a great Viceroy, but the departure of Lord Curzon, whom the Bengalis regarded as the head and front of this offending, drew the sting of faction. Then the leaders of the anti-partition movement may have come to realise that the patience of the Government, which had not flagged so far, was not absolutely inexhaustible. But these were minor factors. The dominating influence was the growing appreciation of the circumstance that the Prince and Princess are above party and administrative acts, and that they are of a Royal House whose love for India and regard for her welfare are not surpassed by even the most patriotic Bengali.

"Prince, you have made us all one!" was the frank exclamation of a well-known Parsi when presented to His Royal Highness in Bombay. It is scarcely an exaggeration to apply that remark to Calcutta, for if there were any abstensions from those who welcomed the Royal visitors their absence was not remarked. Each state ceremony was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular interest. The people came in from the surrounding villages in their tens of thousands, and wherever the Prince and Princess were to be seen there the townspeople were gathered together. Nor did interest wane as the visit drew to a close, for on the last ceremony of all, when the Prince drove through the dull streets



A Group at Government House, Calcutta.

which lead from Government House to the University, the throng was dense and continuous. One did not detect the joyous note which rang so loudly in Bombay and some of the northern cities, more particularly in Delhi and Amritsar. Those who know say that the Bengali is not built this way. But no matter where one mingled with the onlookers he found a genuine concern in the presence of Their Royal Highnesses and a keen anxiety to know their features, so as to be able to carry away a mental picture of the King-Emperor's eldest son and his consort. Whatever the occasion, even so fascinating a one to the oriental mind as the "Carnival of Light," it was always the Prince and Princess whom the people had come to observe.*

Their Royal Highnesses' visit to Calcutta was punctuated with well-organised and brilliant pageants. The decorations in their simplicity and taste were handsomer than any yet seen, with the single exception of Amritsar. Illumination night was a "Feast of Light." Moving through these scenes the Prince and Princess came into contact with every phase of the city's activities, whilst the overpoweringly European atmosphere of their surroundings was tempered by the presence of the Tashi Lama, the Tongsa Penlop and the Raja of Sikkim on all state occasions. But the event which will dwell longest in recollection, and which was indeed the crowning point of the progress, was the laying of the foundation stone of the noble memorial to the late Queen-Empress. On every hand the evidence accumulates which points to the virility and grip of the chain which binds India to the Royal

* It is extremely difficult for the Englishman to interpret the mental attitude of the Indian. His Highness the Aga Khan, the spiritual and intellectual head of the Khoja community and the most trusted Indian leader, who passed on foot amongst the crowd on illumination night disguised, thus recorded his impressions :—"The scene that night I shall never forget. Tears of joy ran down the faces of old men, and young Bengali lads who probably were students who had been agitating several weeks before. Amongst one large group I went up to an old man, a Mahomedan, who seemed deeply affected. His grey beard was wet with the tears of joy he had shed, and his moist eyes shone with that happy satisfaction which one so rarely sees on the faces of very old men. I went up to him and enquired why he shed tears and why he looked so happy. He turned round and told me, with an expression I can never forget, "I went to see them arrive the other day. His first glance—and his whole bearing all these days has only confirmed it—has shown that he is a 'Man,' and that he looks upon us as men. Oh, how good it is to have a man who does feel that we are human beings . . . . . I cry for joy that the heir of the Indian Empire and his consort do consider us human." The hundreds who surrounded the old man, with one voice said *shabash! shabash!* and looked as if they instinctively agreed with the old man."

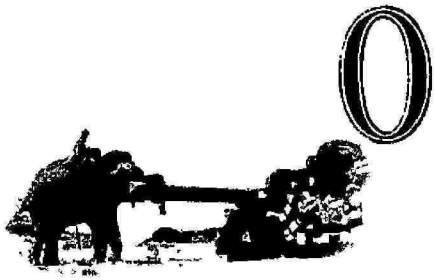
House. The first link was forged by the gracious Proclamation, which will be blazoned on the walls of the Victoria Hall, and every year fresh sectors were wrought as the knowledge of her sympathy and goodness and love penetrated the hearts of her eastern subjects whom she never saw. That chain was inherited by her son, and, as far as one can read the signs of the times, will pass strengthened to her grandson. In every phase of the simple reverent ceremony the force of this personal influence and dynastic connection was driven home, and it found its most adequate expression in the active association of Queen Victoria's grandson with India's outward expression of love and loyalty to her memory. Through this association the Victoria Hall will do more even than proclaim "the glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name." It will be an outward and visible sign that, though kings and queens must pass in their appointed time, the principles for which Queen Victoria stood did not die with her. They were bequeathed to her successors with the sceptre she swayed for India's good.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Pagoda City.

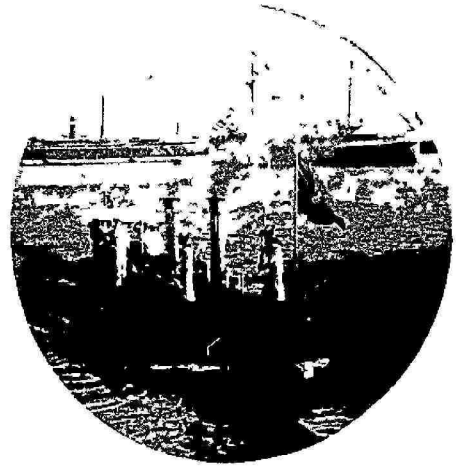
THE VOYAGE DOWN THE HUGHLI—SOURCE OF CALCUTTA'S PROSPERITY—THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER—THE VOYAGE TO BURMA—RANGOON: THE CHESSBOARD CITY—BURMA WITHOUT THE BURMANS—THE BURMESE MAIDEN—A COSMOPOLITAN RECEPTION—THE PARKS OF RANGOON—A VICTORIA MEMORIAL—THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—DECADENCE OF BURMESE TASTE—ELEPHANTS A'PILING TEAK—THE HILL TRIBES OF BURMA—THEIR MONOTONOUS DANCING.

RANGOON, *January 13th.*



ON Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales embarked on a launch at Barrackpore and, steaming slowly down the swift-flowing Hughli, arrived at Garden Reach, where they transhipped into a tender. Thence they continued their voyage to the mouth of the river, where the *Renown* and her consorts were in waiting, all except the *Terrible*, for owing to her vast bulk the giant cruiser was anchored another forty miles out at sea. The sun was low in the West before Their Royal Highnesses rejoined the battleship which bore them from Genoa to Bombay, and when the guns cracked out the Royal Salute, the dull, heavy sky was stratified with lemon and rose-pink and sullen masses of foreboding grey. The *Renown* remained at her moorings until daylight; then weighing anchor, she started on the short voyage across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon. It was meet that on their last day in Bengal Their Royal Highnesses should be brought into this intimate contact with the mighty river which carries the life-blood of the Province. For Mother Gunga, with her principal outlet the Hughli, is one of those waterways, like the Elbe, the Rhine and the Yangtse-Kiang, destined by nature to be the theatre of a crowded population and an ever-increasing trade. The Prince and Princess were able to view it in all its aspects—the pleasant sylvan riverain scenery of Barrackpore, which is fast being eaten away by the industrial development of Calcutta; the mills and factories, which blacken the air with their foul emanations but bring gold by

the million to Bengal and reduce each year in larger measure the dependence of her people on the soil; Garden Reach and the *maidan*, where the wealthy society of the metropolis takes the air of evenings; the humming docks and jetties always crying out for more room; the panting steamers sweeping down with the tide, bearing the spoils of her world-wide trade; and the Sunderbunds of malarious repute.



H M S 'Renown's" Launch with T.R.H on board.

All these characteristics of the Hughli passed slowly in review before the Prince and Princess, and with his sailor's eye for maritime details, His Royal Highness was the keenest of observers. Why does not some genius tell the tale of the Hughli as Mark Twain wrote of the Mississippi in "The Mississippi Pilot?" There is a wonderful fascination in the story of its ever-changing channels and shifting sandbanks; of its bars and shoals, which, like the "James and Mary," mean no more than three minutes of life to the vessel meeting its embrace and butting against the terrific force of the tide; of the Survey Staff which watches the moving waterway as intently as ever astronomer studies the heavens, and the Pilot Service which yields to its chief members the salary of a Commissioner of Division—a Survey and Pilotage so thorough and so exact that Calcutta is as free from accidents as any port of its size in the world. Is there no one to write also of its romantic history and of the men who came up with Job Charnock when, casting his eyes over the dreary mud flats, he marked them down as the site of the future capital of India? It needed a prophetic soul to discern the potentialities of a metropolis in that miasma-reeking plain.

Awaiting the Arrival

The voyage to Burma was made through a leaden, lifeless sea and under a dull grey sky. The splendid coolness of Calcutta was soon left behind. Stickier and yet more sticky it grew until, when the *Renown* anchored below the Hastings Shoal in the Irrawadi last night, the atmosphere must have reminded Their Royal Highnesses of those steamy days in Bombay which welcomed them to India. From the anchorage the Shwe Dagon Pagoda flamed against the horizon, its heavily-plated coronet and bulbous pinnacle glistening like a lesser yellow sun. But when, on landing early this morning, the Prince and Princess lost sight of the Pagoda they must have wondered if they were really in Burma, or even in the East. Laid out on the American chess-board plan, Rangoon has many of the characteristics of the western township. Each good building alternates with hovels, and, although Rangoon is a city of infinite promise, it is one of the most featureless and unprepossessing achievement.

This is Burma without the Burmans. The soldiers are British or Indian, and the Police Sikhs. The coolies come from Madras or Calcutta and the street hawkers are Bengali Mussulmans or Chinese. The driver who rattles you to the hotel in a matchbox on wheels drawn by a rat, hails from the North-East, and you are received by a Goanese butler and shown to your room by a Madrassi bearer. If you would shop you must drive over roads made and cleansed by Indian labour to English, Italian, Hindu, or Chinese stores. If you would do business there are British and German banks and houses, Madras usurers and Chinese money-lenders. At the station a Eurasian Superintendent bids Indian coolies entrain your luggage and Bengali servants will minister to you at the stopping places. There is room for every one except the Burman, and he is the scarcest commodity in Rangoon. Go to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and there you find him engaged in cheerful worship, clad in spotless white and pink, and scores of dainty maidens too, kneeling in the outer row and holding their offerings of flowers and tapers in graceful devotion. But even the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is swept by Indian scavengers and painted by Indian labour, whilst the twang of the hawker vending "icelemolade" is unmistakable Bengal.

Nor was there much to suggest Burma when the Prince and Princess, who passed up the busy river in a small launch, stepped ashore at the Sule Pagoda Wharf. Of the two thousand persons gathered in the pavilion only a sprinkling were natives of the country. In the circle of municipal commissioners who waited to present the address there were English and Scots, Hindus, Bohras, blue-robed Chinamen and a Parsi, but only an

Receiving the Municipal Address

insignificant proportion of Burmese. The Chiefs of the Southern Shan States, with their robes of brocaded gold, their gorgeous hats fashioned like the iron pots worn by the men-at-arms of the Middle Ages, and their strong Mongolian features, were oriental to the core; but the Burman might have been a stranger in the country, so small a part did he play in the actual reception. It illustrates by the way the comparative inaccessibility of parts of the Province that one of the Shan rulers—and that a woman—was fifty days on the journey from her State to Rangoon

When the Prince and Princess left the pavilion and entered the vestibule leading to the highway they passed into another atmosphere. Here were gathered the wives and daughters of the leading Burmese citizens—the quaintest little almond-eyed ladies imaginable. Their olive complexions were enamelled a pale cream colour with cosmetic of *thanatka* on which were boldly-pencilled eyebrows. Their jet black locks, oiled and combed and done into a top-knot, were bound with fillets of tinsel and decked with flowers. Their silken jackets and voluminous skirts of charming rose-pink, often beautifully broidered, shimmered in the softened light; while—to quote Sir John Suckling—each maiden's

> "Feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out"

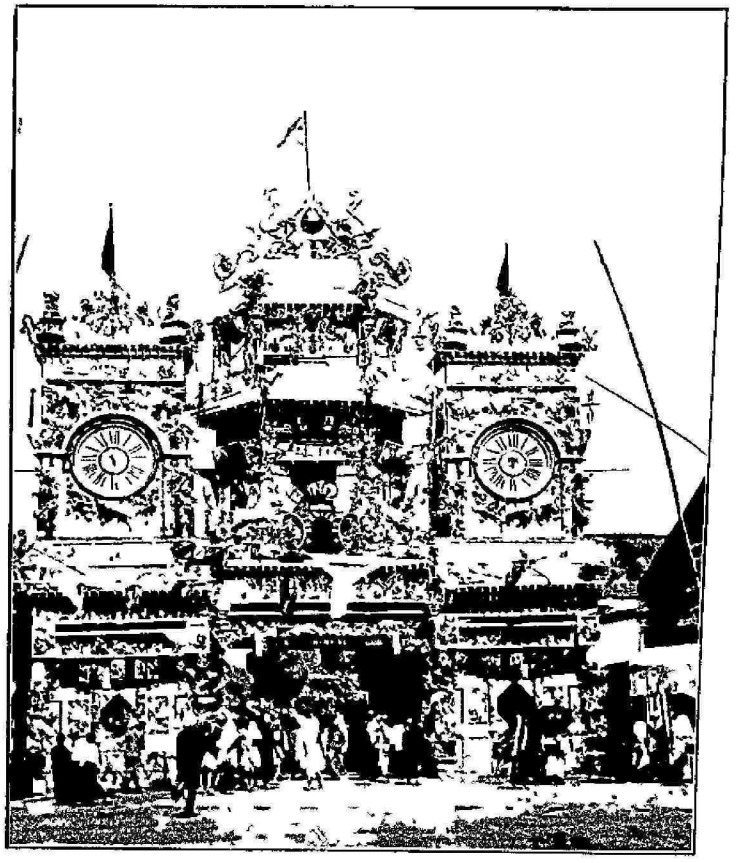
encased in the nattiest of sandals. They sat with true oriental patience, now whiffing a surreptitious cigarette, or "a whacking white cheroot," bearing on their knees large Burmese silver bowls of roses. But when Their Royal Highnesses approached the pink ranks rippled

Burmese Girls

and rose and the ladies sedately strewed the path with flowers. There has been no more graceful greeting on the Royal progress.

The crowds lining the streets were more cosmopolitan than any that have greeted Their Royal Highnesses since they left Bombay; but, though apparently few in numbers, the Burman had inoculated all with something of his own joyous temperament, and it was pleasant to listen to the splash of laughter and of jest. The enthusiasm of the communities at welcoming for the first time the Heir-apparent to the Province—for His Majesty the King-Emperor was not able to visit Burma on his Indian tour—also broke out in the erection of a long series of triumphal pavilions. The first was entirely Burmese, in the form of a "pyatthat"—the structural ornament to the roofs of buildings specially erected for the reception of Royalty and other great dignitaries. The Mahomedan pavilion represented a mosque and the Madras Hindus raised a counterfeit of the Golden Temple of Madura. The Surati Bani Company built quite an imposing edifice of Moorish arches, with painted panels of the most flamboyant character. The pavilion of the Chittagonian Mussalmans represented a court in the Alcazar of Seville, whilst the Fokien, or "long-coat" Chinese community of Rangoon, imitated a royal entrance or halting place for Chinese Royalty. Then the Canton, or "short-coat" community of Chinese, raised from material brought from Canton a pavilion designed after the famous Hone Kow Arch, where the two Emperors Hoan Kow Tsaw and Chow Hong Yee met, and placed under the southern entrance five quaint sets of marionettes. The children, the students, and the Karens also had stands to themselves. These lent a character to the decorations which has rarely been found on the tour, and it enabled the widely-varied communities of Rangoon each to greet the Royal visitors in its own fashion. The leading members of every race gathered in the pavilions and the Prince and Princess, who drove through at a walking pace, accepted many gifts of flowers on their progress.

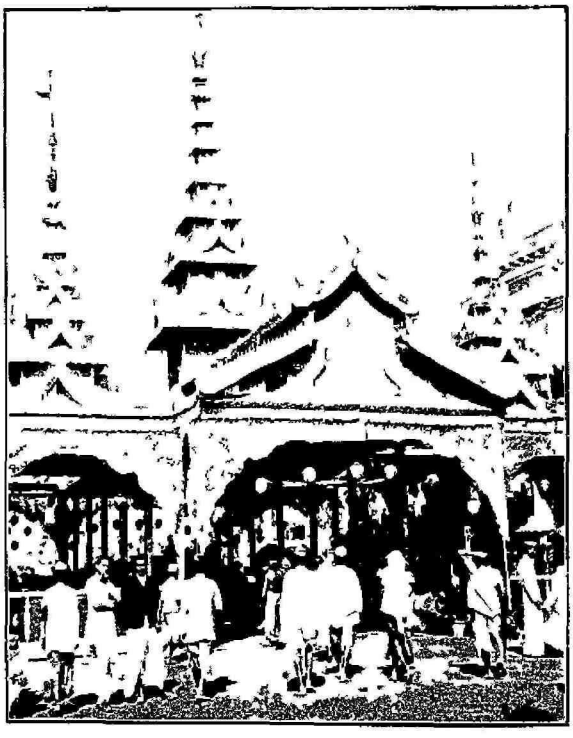
Who, knowing Rangoon, does not gratefully remember the Royal Lakes and Dalhousie Park—that wholly graceful sheet of water running almost to the base of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda hill, hemmed with verdure and embroidered with feathery islets? Amongst the most pleasant recollections everyone carries away from the Burmese capital is the memory of the drive over the red laterite roads of Dalhousie Park that ring the water, and the row down the lake from the pavilion of the hospitable Boat Club to see the Pagoda at sunset. Then the excrescences which modern bad taste



Cosmopolitan Rangoon: Hindu and Chinese Triumphal Arches

has fastened on the Pagoda disappear. The finely-proportioned golden edifice rises from its palm bed pure and undefiled. Its golden beauty glows softly in "the western waves of ebbing day"; whilst the molten pinnacle and radiant coronet flash out the message of Buddha's wise and tolerant creed. As the sun dips below the horizon, the aureate shimmer deepens into a purple shaft—the glory of scene exquisite in its simplicity and repose.

On the opposite side of Lake Road the citizens have laid out, in memory of Queen Victoria, a new Park which continues the beauty of the surroundings—a park pleasantly diversified by grass-grown hillocks and ornamental water, by flowers and trees. On one side are the buildings which house the zoological collection, including the sacred white elephant, which, if the truth be told, is but a mangy, grey beast, and provide a large, open space where the larger carnivora can exercise. To furnish the requisite space much unsightly land was cleared, and one must admire the foresight and enterprise which secured the site as a plaisance before the rapid growth of the city seized it for bricks and mortar, and thus further guarded the purlieus of the Pagoda from unwelcome intrusion. Thither the Prince and Princess drove in state in the afternoon to open the Memorial. Afterwards the Prince and Princess visited the principal houses, but the most interesting feature was a pavilion erected by the Burmese ladies under the leadership of Mrs. Hla Aung, where a band of little Burmese maidens, in their pretty dresses, postured in the quaint national dance whilst musicians wrought a plaintive air on their native instruments.

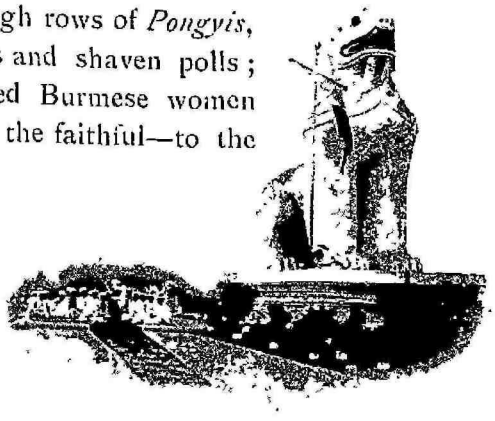


A Street Scene in Rangoon

This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended divine service at the Cathedral, and in the afternoon paid a private visit to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. On commencing the ascent of the long flight of steps leading to the platform from

January 14th.

which the Pagoda springs, they passed through rows of *Pongyis*, or Buddhist monks, with their yellow robes and shaven polls; then through the bazaar—where the powdered Burmese women sell flowers, candles and "joss sticks" to the faithful—to the terrace. Here were gathered many leading Burmans, flecking the pavement with colour as they moved lazily to and fro in their voluminous pink silk skirts and white jackets, and with their heads bound with rose-coloured silk. Amidst such a throng a few Chinamen wearing Ellwood helmets and a hybrid English dress appeared strangely incongruous. The major temples huddled round the base of the Pagoda were crowded with Burmese maidens; and a group of Buddhist nuns, their skulls shorn to the skin, could scarcely be differentiated from the *Pongyis*. A group of lads were playing football which, under the Burmese code, means keeping a light wicker ball in the air by striking it with the arm, the knee, or the sole of the foot. Their Royal Highnesses also saw the path by which the British advanced to the capture of the Pagoda in the first Burmese War.



The Shwe Dagon Pagoda: Waiting for the Prince.

Some of the preparations made for the reception of the Prince and Princess revealed the depravity of modern Burmese taste. It made one shudder to see coolies covering the red-lacquered pillars with coats of filthy grey paint, afterwards grained in a crude imitation of oak. The lesser pagodas were also gilded out of all resemblance to their normal appearance. One could wish, too, that Their Royal Highnesses had seen the Pagoda under a less formal guise. True, the usual features of Pagoda life were there—the *Pongyis*, the worshippers, the stalls and the kaleidoscopic crowd, but under circumstances which invested them with an air of artificiality and effect. You missed the dirt, the smell and the merry chatter, the *Pongyis* smiting their crescent gongs, the vagrant musicians, the begging children and the pretty air of devotion with which the lassies kneel before the sitting Buddha, holding offerings of flowers and tapers in their upstretched palms. Will it be said that some were well missed? Assuredly not; for all these, with many less pleasant, are essential to the understanding of the Burman.

It was a little depressing to note how the process of ruining the environment of the Pagoda goes on apace, and the erection of more corrugated-iron

THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

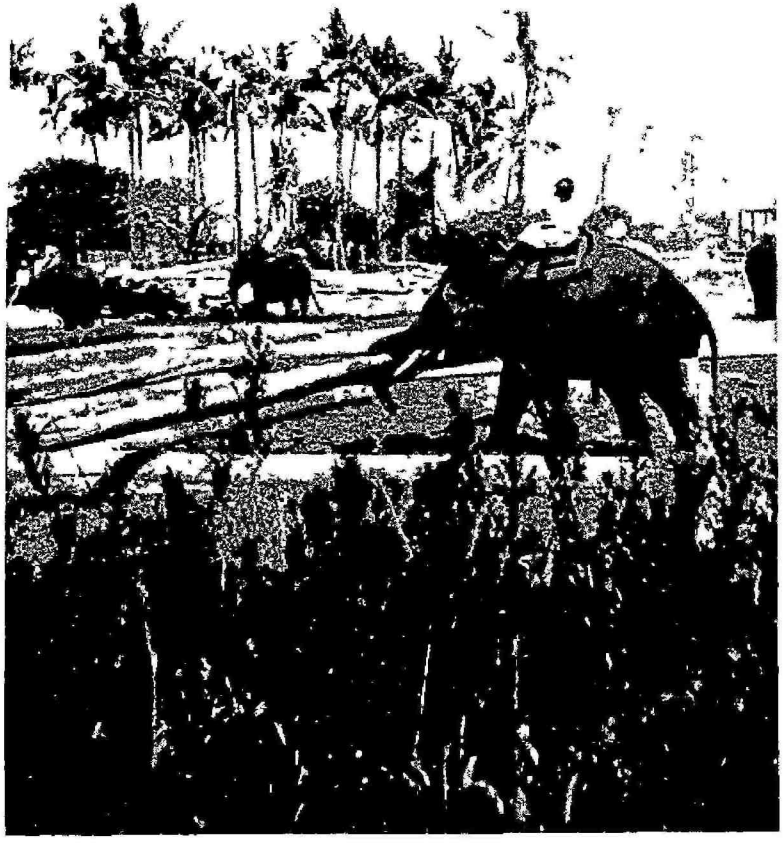
shrines and glass-bedaubed pillars. It is almost impossible to conceive that the faith which raised the Pagoda in all its impressive simplicity, where it should witness the force of Buddhism as far as the eye could reach, should rear these monstrosities in tin and tinsel, and drape an image of the founder in a khaki rope. Does it not typify the decay of the pure, if sterile, faith, which flowed from India to Japan, into a religion of mere form and ceremony, with no real vital force? You long for some bold iconoclast to arise and brush away the booths which obscure much of the dignity and grace of the original shaft, even though it involve the sacrifice of some fine detailed craftsmanship, and leave the Pagoda what it was meant to be –a pillar of gold rising sheer from the palm grove on the terraced hill.

January 15th.

They say that this is the coolest weather they ever know in Rangoon! The assertion induces sympathy wholly gratuitous, and probably equally unwelcome, for those who live in Rangoon. For these recent days have been dull and heavy and steamy—days when one prayed for a storm to clear the air, so oppressive and deadening is the atmosphere. Fortunately, when the Prince and Princess set forth this morning to see the elephants piling teak in the yards of the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, there was a strong fresh sea-breeze. If it had not been for this, anyone unacquainted with Lower Burma would have imagined it to be the early days of the hot season instead of the "coldest" days of the year.

On the level, muddy banks of the creek, just below Rangoon, eleven fine elephants awaited the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses to begin work. It was an appropriate theatre, for on the opposite bank was a dusty rice mill husking the new paddy now beginning to come in, and the Prince and Princess were brought in contact with the two great founts of Burma's growing prosperity, whilst the smoke of the oil refineries indicated the presence of a third important source of material wealth. The elephants ran through the whole gamut of

A Burmese Group.



ELEPHANTS AT WORK IN THE TEAK YARDS AT RANGOON.

their accomplishments. They dragged huge baulks of timber over the mud, squealing loudly with disgust when the weight of the load called for a great effort of strength—for the elephant likes work no more than the Burman. They piled logs one on top of the other, dragging the heavy lumps by chains held in their twisted trunks, squaring the pile with the precision of an expert "deal runner." They butted logs along, using their weight as cleverly as an athlete, and one old gentleman rolled the stump of a tree about like a circus performer until he tired of it.

The timber was not large enough to necessitate two elephants working together, which shows the trained beast at his best, but the cleverness of one fine tusker made him the cynosure of all eyes. It was a study in animal intelligence to see the huge beast go on his knees in the muck and dig out an enormous log thirty to forty feet in length; then, recovering himself, balance it carefully on his tusks and advance slowly over the sludge, climb the stack already built up, and shoot it on the top of the growing heap. Once there, a second elephant, knee-deep in pleasant slush, squared it and so the work went on. Some who have had much experience of elephants say that they are stupid beasts and their intelligence has been very much overrated, as direction entirely comes from the *mahout*. But the *mahout* in the timber-yards does not bestride the animal's neck where a certain amount of leg pressure might be brought to play. He sits on a small padded wooden frame-work on the back, and his only stimuli are baby taps with the heel and an occasional prod with the goad. Can any animal which translates these signals, as does a clever elephant, be regarded as unintelligent?

But the elephant, like many other picturesque features of Burmese life, is doomed. He suffers from the penalty of being too good, and notwithstanding the efforts to keep up the supply it falls so far short of the demand that prices have risen enormously and are still increasing. His training begins at five and continues until he has attained one score years and five, and is worth from six to seven thousand rupees. At this price it is more profitable to put down machinery, and when next a Prince of Wales visits Rangoon, if he desires to see elephants a'piling teak, they will have to be brought down as curiosities from the forests. But where the timber is actually felled the elephant still is king. No animal or mechanical device can compete with him when it comes to dragging logs through the pathless forest or removing jams on the creeks.

Many strange sights have been witnessed on this tour, but none more curious than the array of Hill tribes on the lawn of Government House this afternoon when the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Thirkell White were "At

BURMESE CHIEFS AND BURMESE LADIES AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

Home." Representatives of all the tribes and sects in the Southern Shan States were there. The Shan Chieftains sat in robes of the stiffest brocaded gold, bursting out into little wings like the grotesques frequently encountered in Burmese wood-carving. Their women-folk were scarcely distinguishable from modest Burmese ladies. But the jungle people were the wildest seen since the Nagas were left behind at Jaipur. There were Karen and Yintale, Padaung and many another of the strange families who people the eastern frontier of Lower Burma, and from Mergui, Toungoo, the south-west corner of the Shan States, and the five feudatory States of Karenni. They gradually descended in the social scale until they reached the Lawas, or "head hunters."

Bizarre, even amongst the motley collection, were the Padaung from the Karenni and Shan States. . There the swan-neck is esteemed so great a mark of beauty that extraordinary pains are taken to acquire it. As early as possible in the life of the female infant, brass rods, about a third of an inch in diameter, are coiled round the neck and are added to periodically so as to keep the neck in a constant state of tension. The longer the neck the greater the beauty, and some of the Padaung carried from twenty to twenty-five coils. Anything more uncomfortable or more cumbersome to a people whose daily toil is not light can scarcely be imagined. It is like a self-imposed "cangue." Yet it did not appear seriously to hamper their movements. The story is told of a missionary who, impressed by the sufferings of a Padaung convert, had the neck rings cut away; she was then too weak to hold her head erect.

Of the dances little can be said; they mean nothing to the western spectator. The Riangs first "took the floor," the men in white, the stocky little women in modest dresses of dark-blue home-spun, whilst the band produced monotonous, but not unpleasing, music by striking shaped bamboos of various sizes. The dance was a monotonous march, with an occasional shake of the foot, conducted with perfect gravity but without life or spirit or evident interest. Occasionally their voices were raised in a wild refrain. The Padaung were even quainter. Nine men and women lined before the Prince and Princess and clasped hands. With bowed heads and shoulder to shoulder they very slowly revolved on the centre man as on a pivot. An occasional slight genuflection alone broke the monotony of the march, and the only instrument was a set of pan pipes. This inane performance was carried out with a gravity comical in its intensity.

The Long-necked Women of Padaung

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Golden City.

RANGOON ILLUMINATED—MOST UNTOWARD RAIN—A BURMESE WATER FETE—JOURNEY TO UPPER BURMA—SURVIVALS FROM THE DACOITIES—FORT DUFFERIN: A HAUNT OF PEACE—AN EXQUISITE SUNSET—THE FOUNDATION OF MANDALAY—A DRIVE THROUGH THE BAZAAR—THE ARAKAN PAGODA—ELECTRIC LIGHT IN A BUDDHIST SHRINE—A BURMESE BANK HOLIDAY—BOAT-RACING ON THE MOAT—A PWE—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER—DEPARTURE FOR MADRAS.

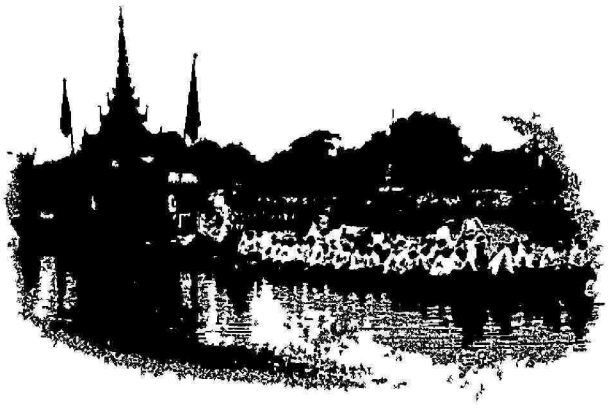
MANDALAY, *January 16th.*

THE best laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft a-gley." Rangoon arranged to speed her Royal guests by the most beautiful illuminations ever seen on the graceful lakes. As soon as the sun sank below the horizon the trees burst into huge rose-red blossoms and were lit by myriads of gigantic fireflies. The fringe of the mere was ringed with light and the rustic bridges were etched with fire. Each dinghy, punt and canoe glowed with soft colours and was ready to join in the procession of flaming barges. Then an utterly unexpected storm broke over the lake and marred everything. In a few moments the Chinese lanterns were dabs of parti-coloured pulp and half the little lamps were extinguished. Heroic efforts were made to repair the mischief, and with a certain measure of success, but much was beyond immediate remedy. The lanterns were irretrievably ruined and, as the Burman will not climb trees after dark, their inky blackness was unrelieved.

But, although marred, the water carnival was still picturesque, and the central feature was little affected. Soon after their arrival the Prince and Princess embarked on the state barge which was crowned with a triple pagoda roof, prowed with giant griffins and splashed with light. In this they were towed gently across the lake by Burmans in their narrow canoes, and as they towed, the native musicians in the central boat raised the strange, haunting melody of the Burmese boat-song. The lead came from a

shrill-toned oboe, accompanied by the gentle beat of gongs and cymbals and bamboo clappers, and the refrain was taken up in perfect time by the strong voices of the rowers, mellowed by distance. In the van a lithesome Burman postured in the national dance, and the cadence of the song rolled over the unruffled lake. Then around the Royal barge clustered tiny canoes, each bearing a huge, coloured lotus. As Their Royal Highnesses approached, the leaves fell apart and revealed a dainty Burmese maiden who joined in dance and song. The charm and originality of the spectacle heightened the regret that it was robbed of its full effect by the most untoward rain.

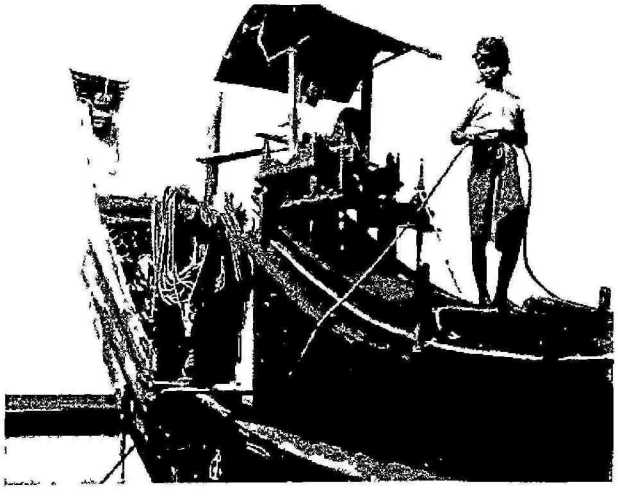
It was a relief to pass from the steamy heat of Rangoon into the pleasant dryness of Upper Burma and into the well-timbered upland scenery which the line runs through as soon as it emerges from the deltaic districts. It was pleasant also to find at Mandalay, and on the road thither, the joyous Burman, in his pink and white dress, his head bound with a narrow fillet, predominating. But even in placid Mandalay Their Royal Highnesses were surprised by evidences of the troublous days of the gentle Burman, when with his *dah** and his gas-pipe gun he made the newly-annexed kingdom an inferno for his conquerors and his compatriots alike. The escort was composed of long-legged Sikhs on such rats of Pegu ponies that their spurred heels almost touched the ground—representatives of the military police recruited in Upper India to beat out the dacoity which became almost universal after the deposition of Thibaw—and a detachment of sturdy Kachins—flat-faced Mongoloids in khaki and scarlet, with their *dahs* stuck in broidered belts. They typified the traditional British policy of taming the wild tribes by making soldiers of them. All along the route stood to arms the men of every branch of the force that terrified Thibaw into surrender and brought a country twice as large as France within the British Empire.



The Royal Barge

* Dah : The long-handled Burmese sword.

Over broad, straight, well-kept roads Their Royal Highnesses drove to Fort Dufferin—the great walled enclosure where Thibaw passed his days of precarious sovereignty, afraid to leave their shelter lest he should never regain it—and to Government House. After the blare and heat and bustle of Rangoon, to pass into this shady square was like entering a haunt of ancient peace. Their Royal Highnesses' arrival also coincided with a sunset of exquisite beauty. The subtle lemon of the western sky was brushed and stippled with crimson and lightly flecked with purple grafts. The trees cast deep shadows on the moat, tempered with a dove-grey haze. From these heavy reflections the crimson and orange rolled over the unwavering surface until it flamed like mirrored fire. Nor was the eastern sky less beautiful, for the low hills were wrapped in violet vapour, imitated in the moat, and from out the pleasant gloom a flight of white-winged birds hoarsely flew their homeward path.



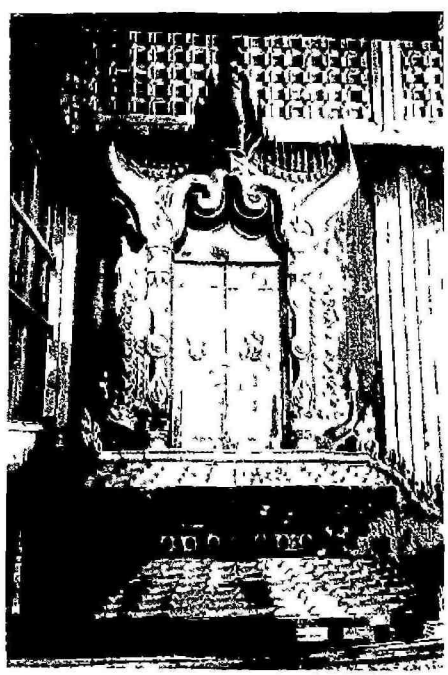
Stern of a Burmese Boat

January 17th.

Half-a-century ago, and before he ascended the throne, King Mindon dreamed two impressive dreams. He saw a large city lying at the foot of Mandalay Hill—a few miles to the northern-east of the Avan capital, Amarapura. Again he dreamt that he was riding a white elephant, which took him to the base of Mandalay Hill, where he dismounted. There two women, Ba and Ma, led him to the summit, where a man offered him a handful of scented grass and told him his elephants and horses would always thrive if fed on the grass that grew about the hill. When Mindon ascended the throne he took to wife two princesses, each of whom was born on a Thursday, and, in accordance with Burmese custom, received names beginning with Ba and Ma. This coincidence inspired Mindon with the desire to found a new capital on the plain stretching to the south-west from Mandalay Hill. The Royal astrologers assented and Shwemyoday—the Royal "Golden City," or Yandabon—the "Cluster of Gems," which we

know as Mandalay, rose at the kingly call. Its foundations were laid in blood; under Mindon's successor it was the scene of repeated orgies of murder, until quarter-of-a-century after its foundation Mandalay passed under British rule.

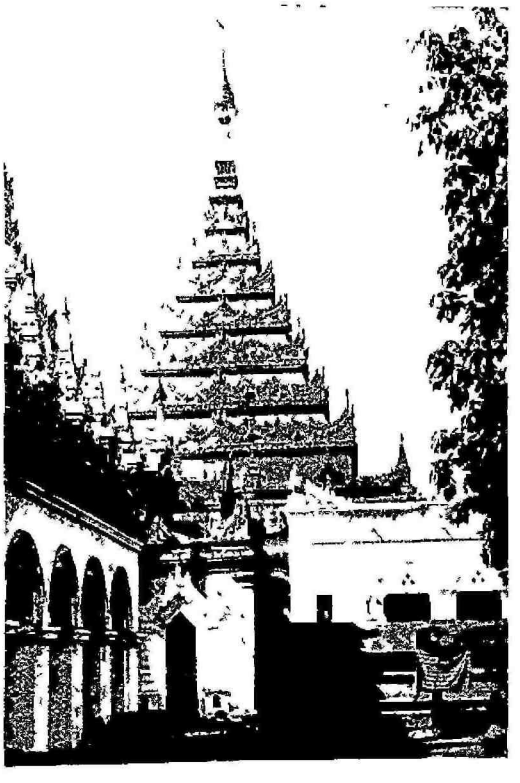
Mandalay, as Their Royal Highnesses observed on a long drive this morning, is like no other city in Asia. The walls, sheltered behind a broad moat, imposing in their external appearance, would be useless against artillery fire and are quite destitute of flanking towers. As they were raised in the two-thousand four-hundredth year after the death of Gaudama they were to measure in all 2,400 units—each one of the four sides of the perfect square being a little over a-mile-and-a-third in length. Within, a second enclosure walled off the place proper, round which clustered the appurtenances of the degenerate Avan Court—a Court so arrogant in its imbecile pride that for years the British Resident was not received in audience because he refused to "kow-tow." In some respects the palace buildings, with their tin roofs and glass balustrades, reveal the full decadence of Burmese art. In others they are still not without a certain barbaric splendour and taste. The lofty columns of red-lacquered and gilded teak, the lavishly scrolled doorways and the gold-coated walls and roofs, though faded, possess a certain dignity and splendour, and, in the ebbing light, a charm too. But the roughly-constructed woodwork of the building is rapidly decaying and, were it not for the systematic restoration now in progress, in a few years there would be little left.



Thibaw's Throne.

From the palace the Royal route lay through the city. The old native city of Mandalay straggled southwards towards Amarapura and westwards to the Irrawadi. All the houses were of bamboos, with mat walling—for convenience in burning out if the populace became fractious. Indeed, one of the principal reasons which induced Mindon to allow a civil settlement, apart from the question of trade, was that its presence

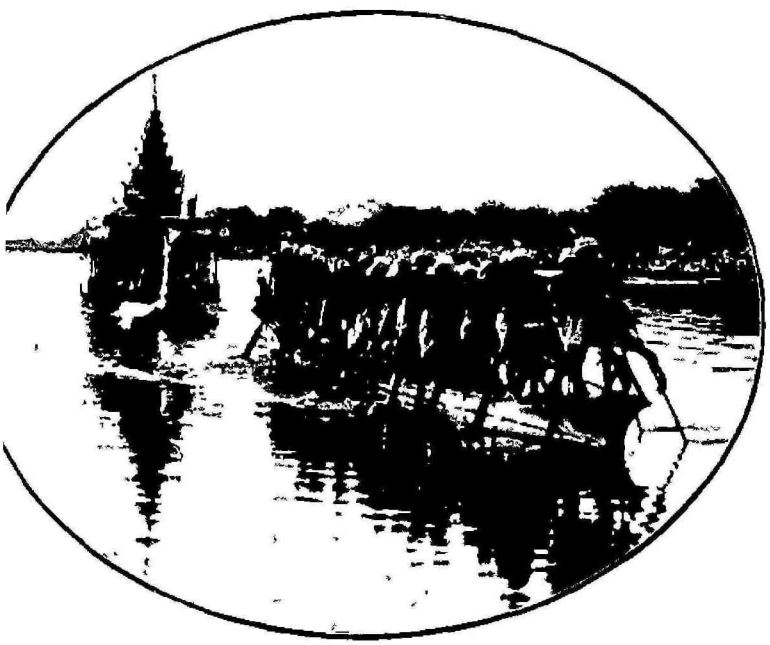
served as an excuse to raise on the river's bank a lofty dyke, which should also protect the palace, in the West, against the British shelling it from the Irrawadi. After the annexation the populace were transferred to blocks laid out south and west of the city. This is how it came about that Mandalay is a place of wide streets with ugly names and no slum quarter. Much more recently the destruction of the bazaar by fire provided an opportunity for re-building it on the most approved modern lines. It is now well-designed, substantially constructed and cleanly-kept, but it is not of the East. Not all the smiling Burmese stall-keepers—Hindus, Mahomedans and Chinese—nor even the stench of the half-putrid fish which is the Burman's savoury, can invest it with an oriental atmosphere. When you see the innumerable western atrocities exposed for sale you admire still more the Burman's taste in dress.



The Arakan Pagoda.

The Arakan Pagoda, whither Their Royal Highnesses drove from the town, is distinguished by the circumstance that it is a building in the ordinary sense of the term, and not a solid pile of brick-work, such as is usually found in Burma. It enshrines the famous Mahuni brass statue of Gaudama—the national image of Arakan—in a central hall surrounded by a wide arcade and crowned by a many-storied roof. Tradition says that it was cast by King Chandrasuriya—an object of adoration to pilgrims from all Buddhist lands—and many wars were waged against Arakan for the main purpose of possessing it. It was carried off by Bodaw Paya on the conquest of Arakan in 1784 and brought in pieces across the hills. Then the native artisans were unequal to the task of restoring the severed portions until Buddha, taking compassion on them, folded the figure in his embrace and the joints were no more visible. The sceptic cannot question the miracle, for the brass is so plastered with gold-leaf that the cracks are indiscernible!

Now the figure, which ranks only after the Shwe Dagon Pagoda as an object of Buddhist veneration, and is said to have been cast from life, is brilliantly lighted by electricity. Does it not sound an act of incredible vandalism? And yet the result is good. Formerly the gloom of the shrine, aggravated rather than relieved by a few smoky candles, rendered the outline of the statue scarcely perceptible. Now the concealed lamps throw the figure into the strongest relief, the gilt shining like pure metal, and the serene face, which alone is free from gold-leaf, gazes benevolently upon the worshipping circle. But more curious than this is the strong Italian influence in the design of the interior of the pagoda. The massive pillars and round arches, lacquered a deep red to the base and then lavishly gilded, supporting a gilded roof, little suggest the common forms of Burmese architecture. They are far more reminiscent of St. Mark's at Venice.



Burmese Chiefs on Fort Dufferin Moat

The Burman probably gets more joy out of life than any other race in the East, but to see him in his most cheery vein you must meet him at a boat-race or a pony contest. Perhaps the former is still the more popular, though the days are slipping past when each district strove to attain the head of the river. No merrier throng could have been found than that which fringed the broad north moat of Fort Dufferin, when picked crews from all parts of the country competed for prizes which were to be presented by the Princess of Wales. It was a Burmese bank-holiday and they kept it right heartily. They roared their applause as the racing canoes sped by, screamed with laughter as the aspirants for the honour of walking the greasy pole flopped one after another in the water, filled in the intervals by repairing the wear of their throats with draughts of freshly-expressed juice of the sugar-cane, and kept up their strength with snacks at the various stalls. But the

Fort Dufferin Moat.

The Royal Barge

prettiest sight was the rippling pink of the turbans and *sarongs* up and down the dense throng, just broken here and there by the orange-robed *pongyis*.

Canoe-racing in Burma is quite a serious business. The craft are keelless skiffs, nearly fifty feet in length and two to three in breadth, hollowed out of a log of teak or the lighter wood of the *yahane* tree, with a high stern. Along both sides of the "dug out" a little water-boarding rises to the height of a few inches, and boat and paddles are painted a distinctive colour of yellow, or light green, or blue. The paddlers sit two abreast, except

Burmese Chiefs' Observation Pagoda

bow, who kneels on a small platform in the forepart of the boat, and the cox who, perched on the high stern, controls its course with a mighty sweep. The crew prepare for the contest with the seriousness of a competitor at the Olympic Games. Stripped to the waist, they tuck their waistcloths tightly between their thighs and discard their head-dresses. Then they tie an old handkerchief tightly round their chests just below the breast muscles. The object of this is not quite clear, but it is probably used to brace the upper muscles of the trunk, chiefly used when paddling with a short, quick stroke.

But the Burmese crew, which averages about thirty-five in these big racing craft, includes one member quite unique. His sole duty is loudly to

bang the cymbals, but whether as an encouragement, or to set the time, is a matter of doubt. His presence lends quite a distinctive air to the race. The moment the starting pistol goes, clang! clang! resound the cymbals. Louder and louder they beat until they finish in a final smash for success, or tail away half-heartedly with defeat. The Burmese method of paddling is a reflection of the national character—a few long steady strokes and then a frantic spurt. They make their long, snaky craft slip through the water, and it was an inspiriting sight to see them coming down the moat, between

Inthas from Fort Stedman

the red walls of the Fort and the parti-coloured throng, their brown skins glistening with sweat, their paddles flashing in unison, urged on by the crash of barbaric music and the yells of their backers. There were rarely more than a few feet between the boats at the finish, and the final was won by inches. When the course was rowed, the crews paddled back with a fancy stroke that cut circles in the air, and broke into a wild boat-song.

In picturesqueness the Burmans were easily outdone by the two crews of Inthas from Fort Stedman—on the frontier of the great Shan States.

Figure an ordinary racing canoe, with a slightly raised deck, through the centre of which runs a light rail; on either side of this are the crew holding the rail with the inner hand to steady themselves, and the heads of their long paddles with the other. Round the shaft of the paddle they bent the outer leg, and in this fashion, balanced on one foot, they threw the whole weight of their bodies into the stroke. In competition with the quick-paddling Burmans over a short course they were easily beaten, but they had such a strong, steady stroke that if the distance had been doubled, a different tale would probably have been told. The Prince and Princess were towed along the moat in a gorgeously decorated barge by racing skiffs, to the

The Thousand and One Pagodas, Mandalay.

accompaniment of the Burmese music and posture dancing with which they became familiar on the Royal Lakes at Rangoon.

Of the *pwe*, or Burmese theatrical performance, which brought the programme of the visit to an end, what can be said? It has so little in common with our conception of dramatic action that it is duller even than a nautch and, although every one would like to see a *pwe* once, few can desire a repetition of it. First there was a marionette display, and one so little illusive that each cord by which the figures were worked was clearly visible, and when anything went wrong brown hands were unblushingly thrust down to repair it. Then the curtain rose on a brightly-painted scene and a king and his consort, followed by a group of the most painfully obvious supers, marched round the stage. Seated on a throne, the monarch

harangued his court whilst two men and a boy applauded behind the scenes. The monarch was bundled out and a Burmese youth and maiden had the stage to themselves—except for two old gentlemen who squatted unnoticed in the wings. In the colloquy that followed the maiden was an easy winner. Her flow of speech was like the brook, she postured with no little grace, and, remembering her tightly-wrapped petticoat, skipped about with extraordinary agility and address. But the story advanced not, and after this had been apparently in progress for hours and hours the curtain was rung down abruptly upon the performance, or the *pwe* would still be in progress. Yet the Burmans will sit this out night after night, from sunset to sunrise. You begin to understand the origin of those "whacking white cheroots"—they are the cheapest means of keeping the audience awake!

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The Royal visit to Burma closed with the most delightful experience the country offers—a voyage down the river in crisp, bracing weather. There was a little duck-shooting on the way. At Prome Their Royal Highnesses rejoined the train and left Rangoon for Madras on Sunday.

Happy the country that has no politics! In the fresh, lustful vigour of its youthful growth Burma has had no time to develop political issues. It has no history, save such as is decently immured with the forgotten King at Ratnagiri. All eyes, all hopes, all energies are bent on the future, and bent too with a serene confidence in her growing wealth and prosperity, for "It is a goodly sight to see what heaven hath done for this delicious land." Coming to Rangoon from the old cities of India is like going from the whist-room at the Athenæum to Hurlingham. So much of India lives in the past, although here and there the dry bones of the centuries are assembling for a new life under the quickening touch of gold; "The Silken East" lives for the years to come. Then with the buoyant exuberance springing from present well-being and certain pending greatness mingles the joyous note the Burman sounds wherever he goes. "The feast, the song, the revel here abounds." So the all too brief days the Prince and Princess of Wales spent in Burma will fill some of the happiest pages written in the book of the Royal progress.

And yet with all these evidences of wealth and contentment, of the *joie de vivre* which distinguishes the Burman from all other eastern peoples, of the really gladsome welcome to the Royal visitors, there would

obtrude a tinge of pessimism. The material prosperity of Burma must grow, for its foundations are built on a solid rock of agricultural and mineral wealth that has scarce begun to be quarried. Yes; but what is to be the place of the Burman in the new State? There is no room for him in Rangoon. British and German merchants, Madras Chetties and Chinese brokers, coolies and hawkers, gharrywallas and servants from Bengal, Madras and Goa, make a fat living. The British India steamers plying between Calcutta and Madras and Rangoon carry hordes of miscellaneous Indians, coming to the land of promise, returning with the present equivalents of corn and oil and honey. The Police is an alien Police and the Army a foreign Army. The Burman still numbers a third of the population, yet so little place has he in the social and economic life of the city that you can live a quarter of a century in it and barely come into contact with him, or walk down the main street for a quarter of a mile and not see half a dozen of his characteristic pink turbans.

If this applied only to Rangoon you could dismiss the subject with a sigh of regret at the scanty representation of such a cheerful and picturesque element in the population. Tempering the privileges of The Gateway City is the penalty of a heterogeneous and cosmopolitan population. The process of displacement, however, does not end there. Mandalay is commonly regarded as a purely Burmese city. In Mandalay the Burman is jostled by Sikh policemen and Indian soldiers. In the great buzzing market he is elbowed aside by Chinese, Mussulman and Hindu traders. If he embarks on any enterprise you may be sure that the capital is found by a Madras Chetty or a Chinese money-lender, and that but a meagre share of the profits finds its way into Burmese cash-boxes. Although the Burman is everywhere, it is not he who has the money. Of the rural districts it is more difficult to speak. If you inquire of those who know, however, you will invariably be told the same tale—that despite the existence of great areas of untilled land the Burman falls more deeply year by year into the toils of the Madras and Chinese money-lender; that where he is not actually expropriated by the foreigner, he is drifting into the position of the sowkar's serf. Why the term "Native" is never applied to the children of the soil, but only to the alien immigrants!

In truth, the virtues as well as the vices of the Burman make him an easy prey to the spoiler. There is a strong strain of the lotus-eater in his nature, for he hates sustained labour as much as My Lord the Elephant, loves sport, the play and his ease; and invariably puts off till to-morrow

what must not be done to-day. Nothing better illustrates the cheerful irresponsibility of his character than the sequel to the fire that gutted the bazaar at Mandalay. The Commissioner, a kind, sympathetic officer, at once raised a fund for the relief of the sufferers. When he went to distribute it in the evening he found that they had improvised a theatre on the ashes of their homes and were wrapped in the enjoyment of a *pwe!*

His religion, enjoining the widest tolerance and the duties of hospitality, deprives him of the protection of caste and the security of the water-tight village community. "Brother, thou art welcome," says the Burmese ryot to the wandering Urya. "Sit here at my board, and I will find you well-paid service in my fields." In a few years the Urya is the ryot and the Burman his hind. The acquisition of merit by the building of pagodas, the gilding of images and the feeding of monks leads to the free-spending rather than the hoarding of wealth. The merit of monastic life attracts to the profitless seclusion of the "Yellow Robe" much of the manhood of the race. And so in small ways the alien is creeping in. If the process is allowed to go on unchecked, what will be the position of the Burman in his own country half a century hence?

Now here the economist steps in and says that the Burman must be judged by the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest. The Burman is a poor economic factor; therefore he must mend or end. That is a harsh and unlovely creed which is violated daily in our social life, and it is not for a moment applicable to the special conditions of "The Silken East." The British Government in Burma is an alien Government. It was forced into annexation by the misdeeds of the travesty of a Court and not because of the shortcomings of the people. Its only excuse for remaining in possession is that it administers the country for the benefit of the people. We have swept aside the abuses and exactions of the Avan sovereigns. We have established justice and order, developed communications, increased trade and provided equal opportunity for all. But of what avail these boons if the Burman finds no room, under the new order, in the land of his fathers? If he is being superseded not by a strong, manly, homogeneous race, but by the sweepings of Calcutta, Madras and Canton? Well might the Burman sigh for the bad old days. Thibaw made his palace at Mandalay a hell of murder; the city was built of bamboo and straw so that it might be burnt out if the populace proved fractious; not a soul willingly followed the deposed King into exile. But there was room and a future in Burma for the Burmans. Can we say the same now, after twenty years of British rule?

There are some who would coldly view as inevitable the overwhelming of the Burmese by the mixed low races who are pouring into the country, and the extinction of the only laughter-loving race in our Asiatic Empire. Happily they are few. But we have a bad habit in India of securely locking the stable door after the horse is gone; of waiting till a vast amount of land has passed out of his possession before we take measures to prevent the expropriation of the Punjab peasant, the Gujarat farmer and the Deccan ryot by non-cultivating rack-renting capitalists. Are we going to wait till the Burman has been squeezed so tight that the process of saving him has become doubly difficult, if not impossible? The ousting forces at work have been noted these years past by men with a practical knowledge of the country; their tendency has also been clearly foreseen. Surely if on inquiry the premiss is established the corollary should be special measures to protect the Burman from the rapacity of the money-lender and secure him in the possession of his land! The famine-immune provinces of Lower Burma offer a promising field for the establishment of the greatest agency for scotching the sowkar—a land bank on the lines of the one which is salving the Egyptian fellah.

H.M.S "Hyacinth" leaving for Madras.

CHAPTER XXIV.

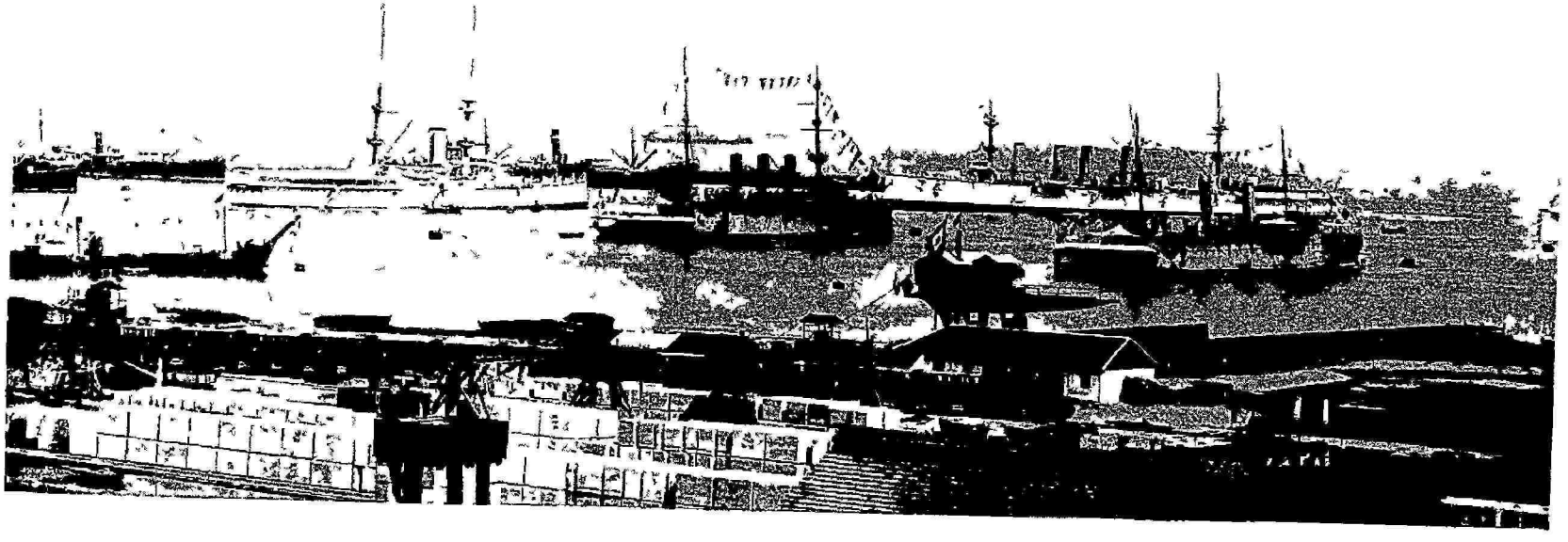
The City of Clive.

Arrival in Madras—A Day of Disillusionment—The Harbour Myth—The Joy of the People—Virgin Soil of British Dominion—The Problem of the Land—The Landlord and Agricultural Development—The Contrasts of India—Amongst Primitive People—Madras Victoria Memorial—The last Queen-Empress' Message: "Be kind and sympathetic to my Indian People"—Historical Monuments of Madras—A Visit of Happy Memories.

Madras, *January 24th.*

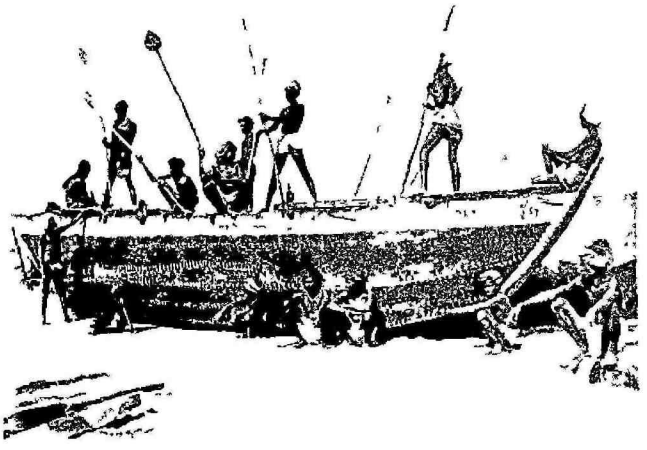
THE Prince of Wales is a sailor and the Princess is an uncommonly keen student of Indian affairs. No doubt unflattering guides had prepared them for anything but a pleasant impression of Madras. That her harbour is a byeword amongst sailormen and shipowners; that her climate is, at the best of times, like that of the bottom of a well; that her people are poor and her industries languishing—are these not amongst the commonplaces of what passes for informed Indian opinion? But the backwardness of Madras bears a sound family likeness to many another Anglo-Indian commonplace. Each bubble has only to be pricked to burst, and to-day was a day of agreeable disillusionment.

First came the explosion of the harbour myth. It must have surprised His Royal Highness not a little to find that in this despised and contemned port the *Renown*, and her giant escort, the *Terrible*, could steam easily into the walled anchorage, regardless of the state of the tide, and moor a stone's throw from the shore. In the magnificent harbour of Bombay the *Renown* was near a mile from the Bunder, and the *Terrible* a mere smudge on the horizon. At Calcutta the battleship anchored at Saugor, eighty miles away, and her sister was many miles further out at sea. At Rangoon both war vessels moored below the Hastings Shoal. It will not be betraying a confidence to recite a characteristic story of the Princess. As the launch



H.M.S. "RENOWN" ENTERING MADRAS HARBOUR.

Howrah was steaming down the Hughli, the Princess was being duly impressed with the manifold excellences of Calcutta—the size of the river, the depth of the channel, and the safety of the navigation. "Yes," she smilingly retorted, "but you could not bring the *Renown* up here." True, at certain seasons the sea swells so strongly through the eastern entrance to the harbour that the Madras anchorage is unsafe, but that eastern gap in the sea wall is soon to be closed and a sheltered opening to the north-east built. It would never have been constructed but for a misunderstanding of expert opinion. Madras, as a port, has suffered severely from ignorance and the bad luck of the 1881 cyclone; but with courage it still has a future.

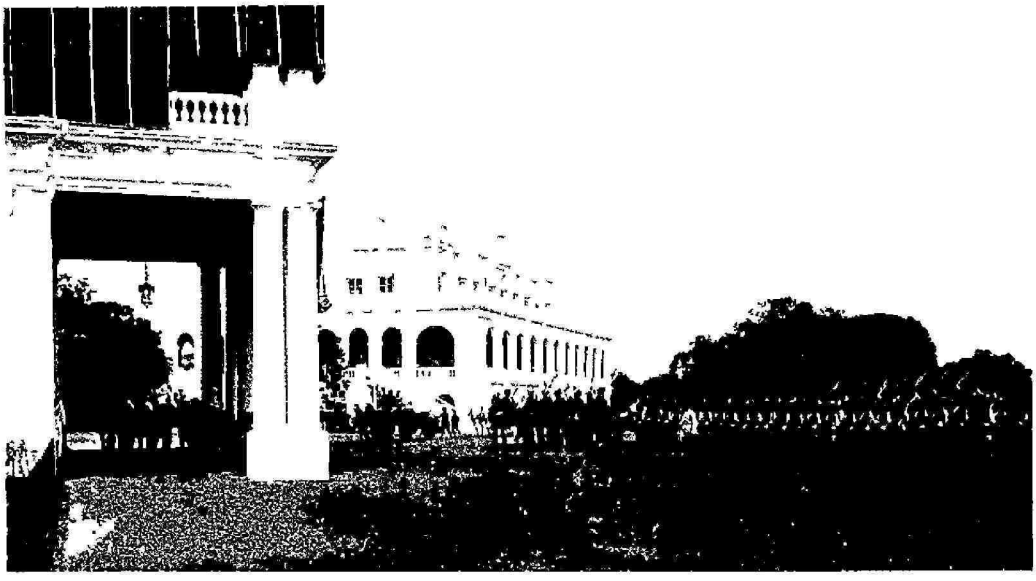


A Madras Surf-boat

Then came the heat myth. It was steamy, certainly, but a strong sea-sweetened breeze blew, which made the moist days in Bombay and Rangoon, and even the afternoon of arrival in Calcutta, a perspiring recollection by comparison. Flicked by this breeze, the wavelets danced across the harbour, and broke with a happy roar on the beach. Pleasant it was to sit in the shade of one of the old surf-boats, built up of rude planks, as rudely sewn together, which were long the only means of landing in Madras, and are still so well suited to surf-work that they had to be called in to land, at Obbia, the men and horses of the Somaliland Force when the steel boats were beaten shapeless. The blue waters were furrowed with smart launches and immaculate gigs bearing Lord Ampthill to visit Their Royal Highnesses, and then the Governor, and the Admiral and the Captains ashore. Those who crowded into the large reception pavilion probably found the waiting-hour anything but a cheerful one, but this, the penalty of distinction, was avoided by the irresponsible beach-comber, for whom the panorama unfolded its best and brightest side.

And then the "poor people." Not even in Bombay, or Delhi, or Amritsar, did Their Royal Highnesses see such a packed crowd, or hear

more joyous chatter. Luckily, in the central streets, a strong barrier was erected, for no human cordon could have held that throng back. Behind this barrier the crowd was so solid that the proverbial sardine may be said to lie at his ease by comparison. If it may be construed into a sign of depression to ripple and bubble with enjoyment, then these strong-featured, swarthy men and women of the South may be regarded as poor. But the impression which this enthusiastic and intensely interested *levée en masse* left on the mind of those not unused in reading the signs of the East, was of a people quite comfortably provided with this world's goods, by no means



The Arrival at Government House, Madras

insensible to the lighter side of life, delighted to welcome the Shazadah and his consort, and determined to enjoy their holiday.

To such accompaniments the Prince and Princess entered Madras. Their launch steamed round the warships and, whilst the air rang with the Royal salute, they were received by Lord Ampthill and Lady Ampthill, who, to the regret of everybody, are soon leaving Madras, and presented with a Municipal Address. The short drive from the harbour to Government House was crowded with signs of the new Madras and with memories of Fort St. George. On the one hand were the High Court, in the Indo-Saracenic style, and the Madras Bank building, which, strongly reminiscent of the Fort at Agra and Fatehpur Sikri, typify the rebuilding of the city; on the other was the venerable Fort, with its smooth glacis, which brings

A Group at Government House, Madras

to mind the work of men like Dupleix, Clive, Bussy, Lally, and Coote. What brains and courage, hopes and ambitions, are summed up in the mere enumeration of the names of the men who, in a short half-century, decided the fate of Hindustan! Then, nearing Government House, the procession passed into the avenues of handsome boscage, the wide lawns and solid houses of the stately suburban life of Madras, and which make it the only Presidency town where the Englishman has room to live.

January 25th.

At every stage in the progress of Their Royal Highnesses through Madras you are reminded that this is the virgin soil of British dominion in the East. To-day the Rulers of Cochin and Pudukottai were received by the Prince. It was in Cochin that the earliest Portuguese adventurers effected a footing in the Sixteenth Century and the Dutch subsequently established dominion. Haider Ali overran it in the course of a career of victory almost unchecked until he beat himself out, as many a mightier prince has done, against the impenetrable wall of British stubbornness. It passed over to the dominant power when the Mahomedan dynasty in Mysore was finally extinguished, since when the restored Hindu House has maintained the smoothest relations with the paramount power. A land of palms and paddy, of spreading lagoons and the lush tropical vegetation which is the India of our early dreams and hopes, it holds now the reputation of a State courageous in its progressiveness and distinguished by the solidity of its administration.

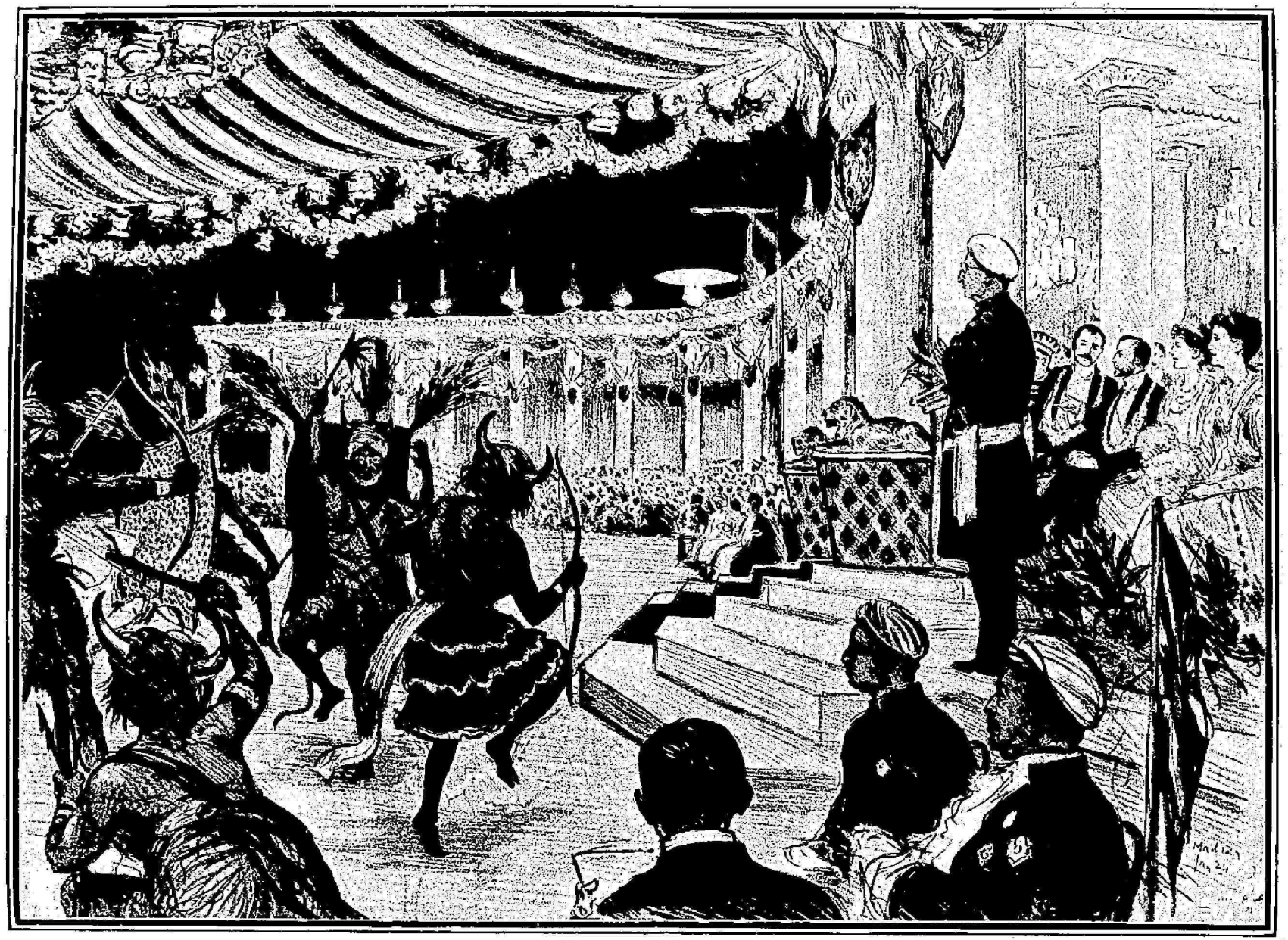
Pudukottai is a State little known outside the Madras Presidency, except in connection with the Raja's enthusiasm for motoring. Yet a century and a half ago, in the days when the Madras forces were knocking unpleasantly at the gates of Trichinopoly, they were in no small measure dependent upon the Tondaman of Pudukottai for supplies. The State was again a staunch ally in the wars with Haider and in the Poleghar campaign against the intruders into the Ganjam District. The Maharaja of Travancore was prevented from paying his devoirs to the Prince by an irritating attack of chicken-pox. Lord of the most picturesque parts of Southern India, of those hills, forests and jungles which yield the finest big game shooting outside Assam, elephants and tiger, bear and bison, his House, too, has an honourable record of steady loyalty to the British in their contest with Tippu. In the assemblage of Chiefs and Zemindars is the Prince of Arcot, the present-day representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic. Spoil of Mughal and Mahratta, Lally and Coote, Arcot has a niche in Indian history whence it will never be cast down. If Clive had done nothing but defend the

fort, with his poor five hundred mixed troops, against the ten thousand fanatics who hurled themselves against it, he would still be ranked with the great Englishmen.

This afternoon His Royal Highness came into contact far more closely than on any previous occasion with the problem that really lies at the root of the Indian Administration—the problem of the land—when a deputation of the Madras Landholders' Association presented him with an address. The Association represents the big landed gentry of the Presidency, from the zemindar, with his revenue of near two hundred thousand pounds a year, to the squireen with a few thousands. These are the landed capitalists to whom the Indian Government ought to be able to look for co-operation in the work of developing Indian agriculture from the primitive state in which it now is to a condition more productive, whilst still in harmony with the genius of the people. They are a stratum of the community almost unknown in the purely ryotwari tracts, like Bombay, but whom the framers of that system looked forward to creating in some measure by the lapse of the inefficient ryots' holdings.

A Southern India Chief.

But that co-operation has not, with a few exceptions, been forthcoming. If we ask what part the zemindars and talukdars and malguzars have had in improving Indian agriculture, and in showing how a great Indian estate should be managed, the answer can be nothing but unflattering. On the other hand, how often has this dreary cycle been repeated—of a career of extravagance culminating in hopeless debt, the interference of the Court of Wards, with the careful nursing of the estate back to prosperity and its thorough disinfection, the rendition of the estate to the heir with a fat surplus, only to find it dissipated and the whole process begun anew. Meanwhile what has been done in agricultural improvement has been accomplished by the Government unaided by the landowners. And what of the future? Looking round the large deputation one noted many rich dresses and some pleasant faces, but discerned only here and there signs of the energy and character which have made the county families of England and the Junkers of Germany sources of strength to the nation, drawn from their contact with the soil.



THE DANCE OF THE KHONDS, MADRAS.

Reproduced, by permission of the [illegible] from a sketch by their Representative on the Royal Tour, Mr. Jacomb Hood.

Still the future cannot be as the past. The Madras Impartible Estates Act provides a substitute for the law of entail and prevents the splitting up of the great estates into unproductive fractions. The Madras Estates Land Bill, now under consideration, is designed to consolidate the rights of the tenants. The Bombay Government have also taken power to prevent the work of the Court of Wards from being immediately nullified. Then the steady, almost unnoticed, operations of the Court of Wards is gradually pushing matters forward. When an estate has been cleaned and its system braced up, though it be almost immediately reinfected with the virus of sloth and neglect, the disease cannot spread as rapidly as it did in the old decrepit body. The advance of education is also doing its part. But Government and public opinion will demand larger common service from the great landowners than has been yielded in the past. With the extension and enriching of their privileges will be expected a higher conception of the duties of their position.

Afterwards Their Royal Highnesses drove to Guindy, the pleasant retreat of the Governors of Madras, where they took tea with Lord and Lady Ampthill.

We talk and write about the contrasts that India affords until every one grows weary of the word. Yet sometimes they thrust themselves upon you with an insistence and abruptness that defy suppression.

This evening the Indian community organised an entertainment in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It brought before Their Royal Highnesses the leading native gentlemen of Madras—High Court Judges of distinction, successful lawyers and merchants, men with brains that would challenge comparison with the best intellects of Europe. It brought also a band of Khonds, aboriginals from the Ganjam District, as far removed from the educated Madrassis as are the pigmies of Central Africa or the Tierra del Fuegians from the Dons of Oxford. Geographically the two races are only a few hundred miles apart: ethnologically æons divide them.

They came like a whiff of Darkest Africa into the rooms of the Royal Society, bare-footed and bare-legged, with short accordion-pleated skirts like an Empire ballerina, and huge shields of leopard's skin on their backs. It is the back, and not the honoured chest, that the Khond turns to meet the foeman's steel. Rude plumes of peacock's feathers rose from their shoulders and heads, charms and amulets dangled from their necks and waists, and they brandished small battle-axes, locally known as tangis, and waved tiny

bows and arrows. Their dance can at once be pictured by turning up Samuel Baker's or Stanley's volumes of African travel and finding the woodcuts of African measures—a crude mimic combat punctuated by hoarse yells. It only had this to commend it—that it induced a certain display of agility and was apparently enjoyed, in marked contrast to the ennui of the Burmese posturings. This, cheek by jowl with a civilisation musty when our forefathers were elegantly clad in woad!

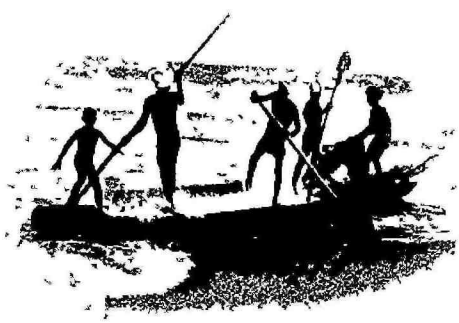
A Street Scene, Madras

The Khonds carried us right back to pre-historic India. Their origin is obscure, for they must have been driven into the jungles of the Eastern Ghats by the Dravidians—who have not yet found a chronicler—before they in turn were pressed back by the Aryan invasion. Their isolation preserved them singularly intact, for their language bears no known resemblance to any Dravidian or Aryan tongue. When we look for linguistic affinities we cannot find them nearer than the aboriginal tribes in the hills of Assam and on the borders of Burma, who were no doubt ousted in a similar manner. Like the Bhils, they are described as a straightforward and truthful people; they are too simple-minded to tell a lie, and prefer veracity; they are loyal

THE SEVEN PAGODAS, NEAR MADRAS

to their chiefs and their friends, brave, hospitable, and laborious, and of a humorous and cheerful disposition. Passionately addicted to the chase, they pursue it with intrepidity and ardour, rarely abandoning the quarry until they have run it down. Yet with qualities like these, some of them open and engaging, they combine the blackest superstition and the practice of human sacrifice.

Many years ago, when punishing some rebellious zemindars in the Ganjam District, the Madras Government found that these were possessed of a sort of semi-detached subjects in the dense jungles above the ghats, and it gradually became known that the practice of offering human sacrifices, the victims for which were procured from the plains, was common amongst them. This barbarous rite was only suppressed after tedious exertions, during which hundreds of victims were rescued, some of whom are to the present day receiving a small subsistence allowance from the Madras Government. Great vigilance has to be exercised, even now, to prevent a recurrence of the practice, for when the rains are deficient or the crops bad, the Khonds invariably put it down to the anger of the gods at not being propitiated in the orthodox manner. It was discovered by the Madras Police a year or two ago that the practice had by no means died out, and that several human victims had been offered in sacrifice by Khonds living beyond the borders and under the jurisdiction of the Bengal Government. It is the custom of the Khonds in the Madras Presidency to offer a buffalo in sacrifice in substitution for the human victim, but in doing so they make long apologies to the deity, explaining that they themselves would willingly make the customary sacrifice, but are prevented by the British Government, on whose head they pray that any anger at their neglect of duty may be visited. With a certain grim sense of humour they plead that the British Government is strong enough to bear the anger of the gods, while they are not.



A Madras Catamaran

The Khonds' great hobbies are drunkenness and revenge. The flowing bowl is easily replenished, for the solapa, or sago palm, which gives toddy for six months up to the rains, and the mhowia tree, abound in the

jungles. But with a certain rude sense of the fitness of things the women do not join in the debauch. The instrument of revenge is never lacking, for the Khond is as inseparable from his tangi as the Bhil from his bow and arrow. It was quite amusing, when the Prince and Princess expressed a desire to examine one of these instruments and a specimen was presented to them, to note the childish anxiety betrayed by the owner lest his weapon should not be restored to him. The offence is speedily followed by the blow, and when the Khond comes into contact with the law the tangi is almost invariably the cause of offence. Indeed, although the evidence is frequently very scanty, the Khond rarely denies the charge, but he will explain why he struck the blow, which according to his simple code is sufficient. The tangi plays a considerable part in the social life of the Khonds. An injured husband will tomahawk the offender on sight. Or the owner of a toddy tree will send up an arrow "with intent" at a too thirsty neighbour making free with his toddy pots. In either case an explanation of the facts is considered a justification of the homicide.

January 26th.

It is a happy circumstance that upon several occasions since he landed in India the Prince of Wales has been able actively to associate himself with memorials to his revered grandmother—the Queen-Empress Victoria: at Agra he unveiled the noble statue, which is one of the many monuments of her reign raised by the loyal and generous population of the United Provinces; at Lucknow he was to have performed the same graceful office, but unfortunately the work was not completed; at Calcutta he inaugurated the All India Memorial, which will be the most beautiful modern building in the country; and in Rangoon he opened the Victoria Memorial Park. In Madras to-day His Royal Highness was able to assist in a movement which is most closely identified with the life and times of the Great Queen.

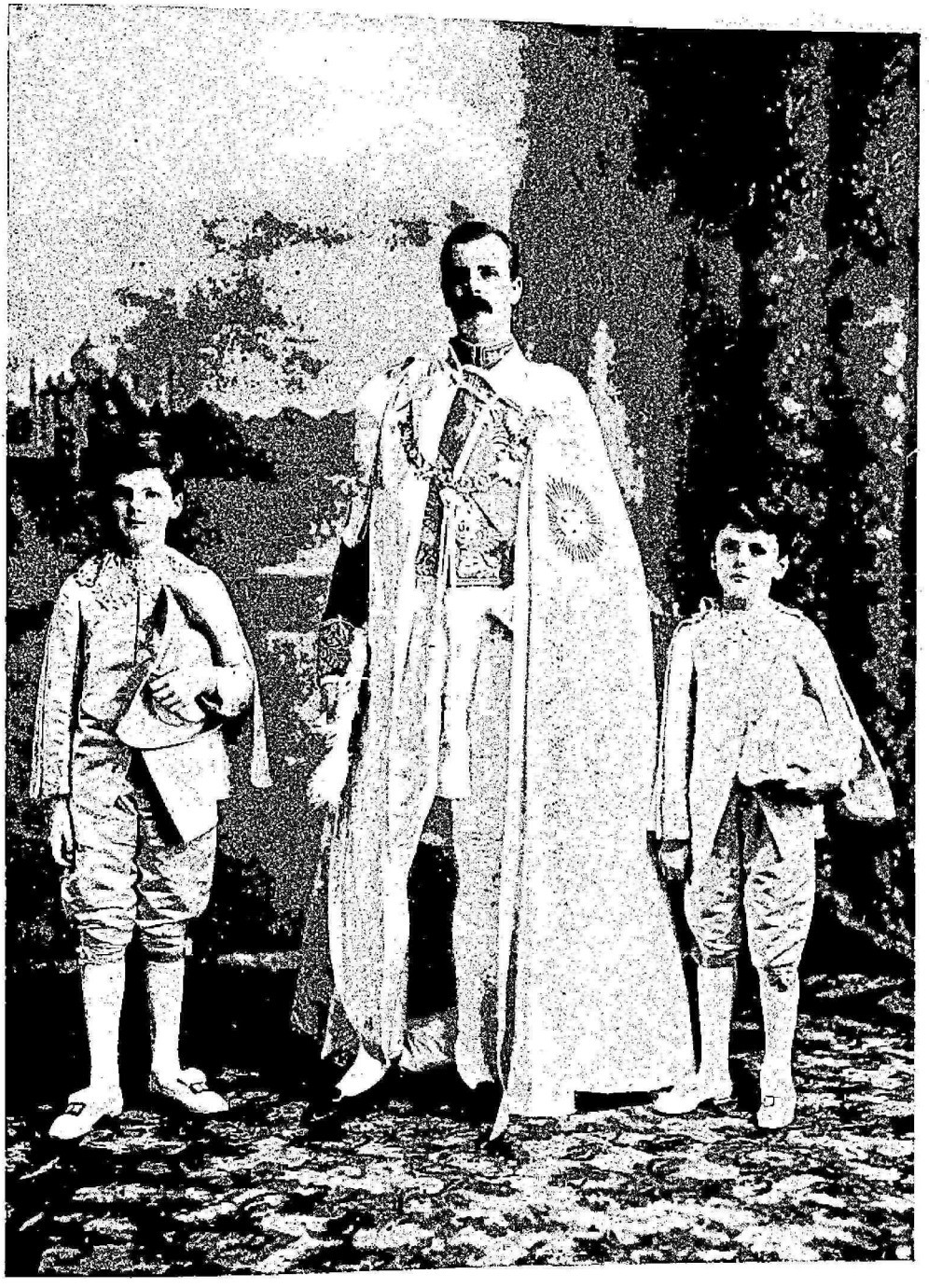
In the celebration of the 1887 Jubilee a general desire was manifested that the permanent memorial should take the form of a technical institute. With the Government grant, nearly a lakh and a half of rupees were placed at the disposal of the Managing Trustees and the income from the fund was utilized in giving scholarships to teachers and normal students to enable them to be trained in the existing institutions. When it was decided to raise a monument to the late Queen-Empress it was agreed that it should be for the encouragement of technical and industrial education, in co-operation with the existing body, and that a building should be erected in furtherance of the object of the fund. Such is the genesis of the movement. In its

practical shape it will be a handsome pile in the Indo-Saracenic style, as exemplified at Fatehpur Sikri, and will form the recognized head-quarters of the technical institute, and constitute a permanent exhibition hall for arts and crafts and a bureau of information on technical and industrial subjects.

The ceremony was simple. The Prince and Princess and the Governor and Lady Ampthill arrived in full state. Sir George Arbuthnot read the address recounting the history of the Institute. Lord Ampthill, in bluff, hearty words, expressed the joy of the people of the Presidency in having

The Prince returning State Visits Madras.

Their Royal Highnesses as their guests, and in the active participation of Queen Victoria's grandson with their Memorial to the beloved Queen-Empress. Then he recalled that it was Queen Victoria who sent him to India to be Governor of Madras, and her parting words still rang in his ears—"Be kind and sympathetic to my Indian people." But a significant and very happy coincidence marked the ceremony. Copies of the local journals were, according to custom, enclosed in the glass casket placed in the hollowed nether stone. In those journals was printed an extract from the leading English newspaper recording the deliberate opinion of one well qualified to judge that "its record of education, its administration, and its



His Excellency Lord Ampthill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras, and his Sons.

peaceful progress, entitle Madras to the designation of the model Presidency of India." The eulogy is justified; the absurd fiction as to the "benighted" Presidency has endured long enough; but it was a pleasant circumstance that this appreciation came at a moment which gave it permanent record.

January 28th.

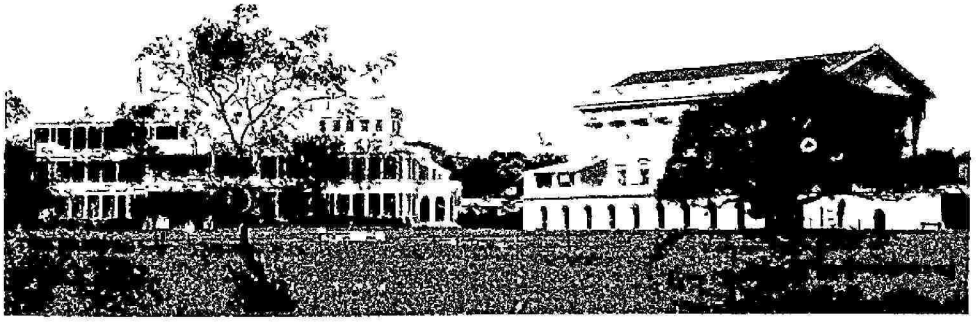
The last days of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Madras were spent in close association with the historical monuments of the early days of the British India in which the city is so singularly rich. On Saturday they visited Fort St. George, which now, after nearly two and a half centuries of chequered

The Victoria Memorial, Madras: Inaugural Ceremony.

history, is still the seat of Government and enfolds the principal administrative offices. From here was directed the long contest that stamped out the efforts of the French to establish dominion in the East. This was the base of the military operations which crushed Haidar Ali and Tippu Sultan, the most formidable enemies the nascent power had to meet until it came to death grips with the Mahrattas. Here, too, the French gained an initial advantage, when they captured the fortress, which, wisely pursued, might have made them the dominant power in India. The old ramparts have been breached and partly removed, and some day, no doubt, the Government offices will be re-erected on handsomer and more convenient lines. But

surely nothing will be allowed to interfere with the conservation of a site immortalised by the genius of Robert Clive!

We have fallen into the habit of dating Indian history from the tragedy and epic of the "fifties." But there were great Anglo-Indians before Nicholson, though even Madras, the scene of his earliest triumphs, has found no time publicly to commemorate the work of the greatest of them all—Clive, or that other distinguished soldier—Coote. Whilst within the Fort the Prince and Princess devoted a fruitful hour to the examination of the historical records in St. Mary's Church. St. Mary's is not only the oldest place of worship built by the English settlers in India, but claims to be the only oldest British building of any kind in India, for it was dedicated



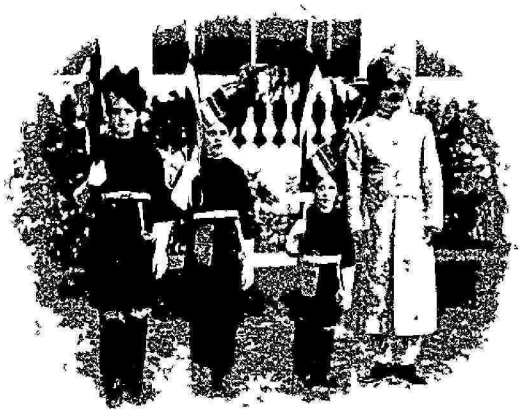
Government House, Madras

in 1678 and retains the thick walls and the original rounded bomb-proof roof. Here Job Charnock's three daughters were baptised in 1689; Robert Clive was married to Miss Maskelyne in 1753; and here the Elihu Yale was wedded, who afterwards gave his name to the great American University.

On Saturday all Madras assembled in the pleasant park—for it is nothing less—of Government House, at a garden party. This morning Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Church and left quietly for Mysore after dinner. Thus closed their stay in the third Presidency city visited. It leaves none but the happiest memories. For this has been a real people's holiday. They flocked into Madras from all the surrounding districts; they assembled in their scores of thousands wherever the Prince and Princess were to be met; they beamed with good humour and enjoyment on each and every occasion. Those who were unable

LADY AMPTHILL.

to come to Madras kept high revel in their own towns and villages. The Prince and Princess brought everyone together on terms of the most cordial amity. It was the Presidency as a whole who welcomed the Royal guests, and not any particular class. And mingled with the Royal greeting were genuine marks of affection for the Governor and Lady Ampthill, which deepened the joyous note. Every arrangement was carried out with a care and exactness of detail of which any Government might be proud. The visit leaves its permanent mark upon the city in the alteration of the name of the native town from "Black Town" to "Georgetown," thus obliterating a slight but invidious distinction.



The Prince's Bodyguard
(Sir Pertab Singh and Lord Ampthill's Sons)

CHAPTER XXV.

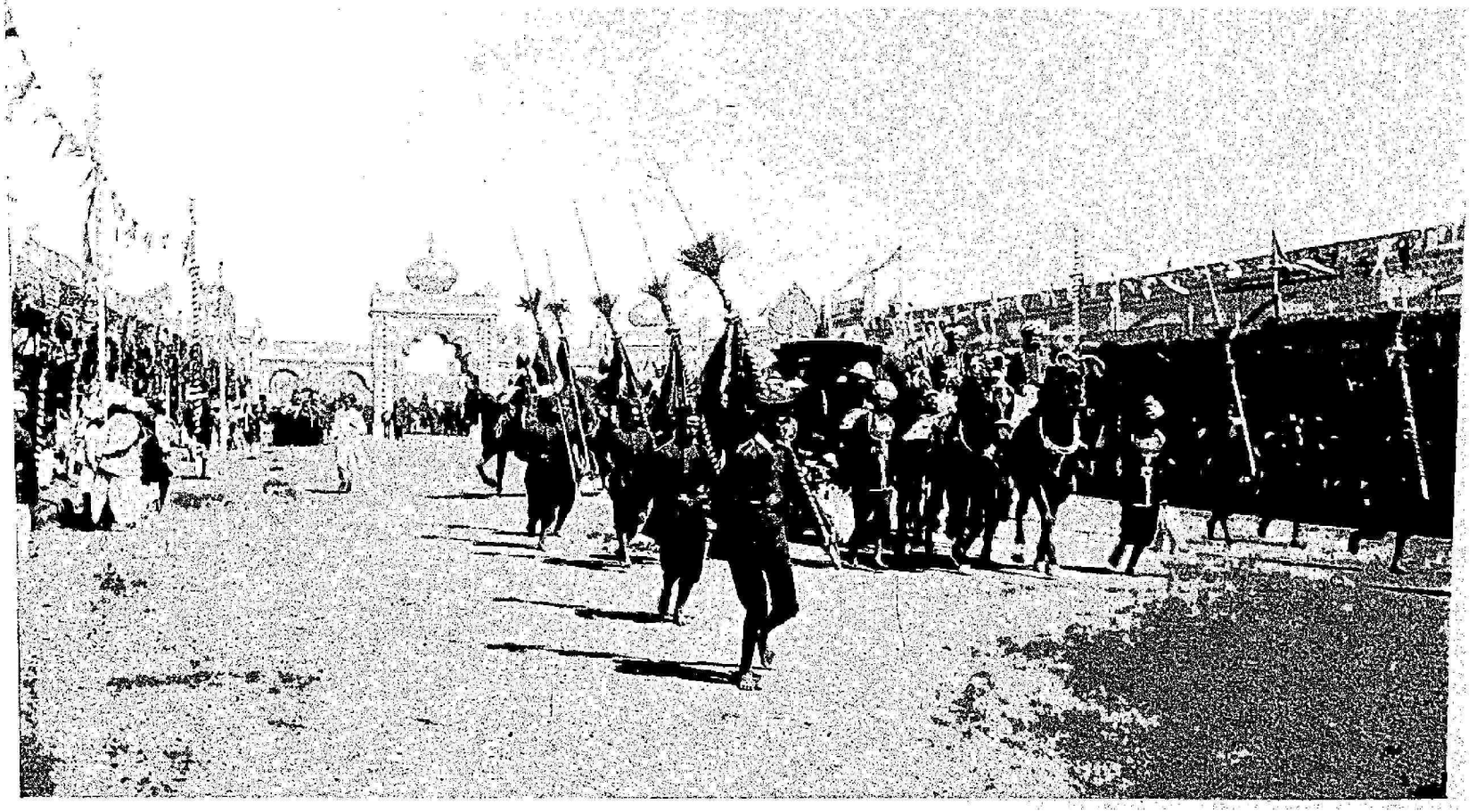
In Mysore.

BACK IN A NATIVE STATE—THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MYSORE—INDELIBLE MARKS OF THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATION—THE CAPITAL IN GALA DRESS—MOTORING TO SERINGAPATAM—TIPPU'S DESERTED CAPITAL—AN INJURED SEPOY—THE PRINCE'S READY SYMPATHY—EDUCATION IN THE STATE—THE STATE BANQUET—THE MAHARAJA'S PLEDGE OF LOYALTY—SPORT IN MYSORE—CAPTURING A HERD OF ELEPHANTS—WILD SCENE FROM JUNGLE LIFE—A LITTLE SHOOTING—DEPARTURE FROM MYSORE.

MYSORE, *January 29th.*

SINCE leaving Gwalior at Christmas Their Royal Highnesses have not enjoyed the hospitality of a Ruling Chief until they entered Mysore in state to-day. And Mysore is the penultimate stage in the long progress through the territories of the great feudatories, which began at Indore in November.

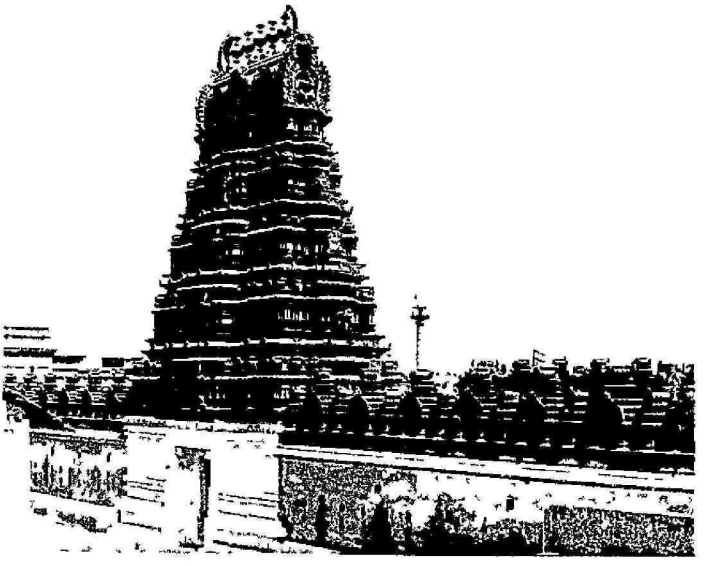
Mysore is a great Native State with the usual picturesque accompaniments of Indian rule left out. It was so long under British administration and under the control of able Native ministers well versed in British methods, that it has lost nearly all its distinctive marks. In the broad streets, the green Curzon Park, and the varied and characterless architecture there is nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary plains city. In the prosperous contentment of its people and the Imperial Service Cavalry, modern India is again suggested. Only two typical old India touches were imparted to the reception spectacle—the *bhalewallas*, or running spearmen, who preceded the Royal carriage, bearing staves tipped with bayonet-like points and beflagged with the colours of Mysore, and the Household Troops, in yellow and scarlet, armed with old Enfields. It is a significant indication of the silent revolution proceeding in India that a State, indissolubly associated with two great epochs in Indian history, should have lost so many of its distinguishing features. For Mysore, under Haidar and Tippu in alliance with the French, came very near to changing the course of Indian history. The rendition of the State to the old



THE ENTRY INTO MYSORE.

dynasty, after half a century of British administration, fixed the basic principle of our relations with the Native Rulers and made possible the partnership that now exists.

But you forgot the plainness of Mysore in the joyousness of the city in its gala dress. From the station a broad highway leads to the old fort, whose walls almost conceal the modern palace now being completed—a palace that reproduces the decorative art of Southern India, almost extinct until the descendants of the original craftsmen were dug out and showed that their hands had not lost their cunning. It is a road that ordinarily holds little to arrest the eye, except that it leads it to two little gilt-topped temples, which betray the exuberant richness of Southern India decoration. But pack it on roadside, balcony and house-top with the dark-skinned people of the South—the men with the triple white horizontal band of Siva on their foreheads, or the broad, white loop with a red centre line that marks the followers of Vishnu—clothe this myriad throng in white and red, mass it under a sky of dazzling brilliancy and make it radiate cheeriness, and you have a human picture that requires no gilded frame.



The Great Temple, Mysore.

It only needed the figure of the young Maharaja, quiet, pleasant, dignified, as he drove to greet his Royal visitors, to complete the human element in the scene. The capacity for good in a young prince like the Ruler of Mysore, who succeeded a few years ago, after a wise and liberal training, to his vast heritage, carefully conserved and in apple-pie order, is so enormous that you cannot forbear speeding an earnest wish for his well-being. So, too, did his loyal subjects. As the cavalcade passed, six thousand children raised their shrill trebles in a Kanarese and Sanskrit version of the National Anthem. The drive from the station to the

in the field some eighty thousand armed and disciplined troops. It was to reduce Seringapatam that Lord Cornwallis assembled what was probably the largest army in Asia ever under the undivided command of one English officer. When he sat down before the fortress in 1792 he controlled forty-eight thousand English and native soldiers, afterwards reinforced by nine thousand troops from Bombay, at whose arrival Haider realised that discretion was the better part of valour.

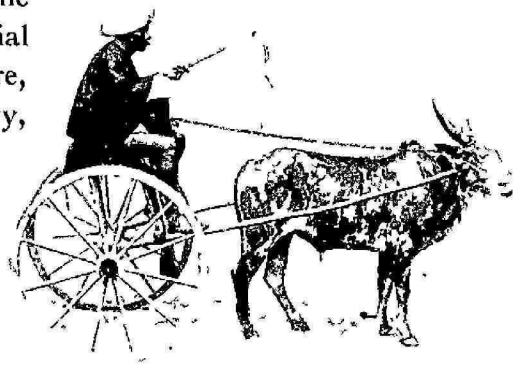
Even in its decay Seringapatam conveys the impression of great natural strength. Standing on an island produced by the bifurcation and reuniting of the Cauvery, it was protected by every artifice known to the age. The river at this season is a multitude of streamlets tumbling amidst a desert of grey rocks; but in flood it must be impassable except by the bridge. You can see now the two cannon, which mark the site of the breaching battery, stuck up in insolent contempt of the artillery on the ramparts, the marks of the round shot on the walls, and the breach through which Baird led the assault. Baird was for three and a half years a prisoner in Seringapatam, so one can imagine in what temper he passed through the gap. Not that his spirit required any artificial stimulus, for was it not his old mother who, on hearing that Haider's prisoners were chained two and two, exclaimed "God help the man who's chained to our Davie!" A tablet marks the spot where Tippu fell, shot by a soldier who sought to rob him of his jewelled sword-belt as he lay wounded in his palanquin. Nor is there any difficulty in identifying the dungeons where were confined the prisoners of Polilore, that miracle of bungling leadership and soldierly courage. Looking round these narrow, heated walls you wonder that men could be chained up for years, ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-tended, and care to live. Physically they bred a different race of Anglo-Indians in those days.

Standing in a delectable garden, on the outskirts of the Fort—a garden recalling the Mahomedan monuments of Northern India—is the domed building that shelters the tombs of Haidar and Tippu. History records actions of Lord Dalhousie towards the Native States that were harsh and impolitic, but he gave the ivory inlaid doors that now adorn a tomb which is still a centre of Mahomedan pilgrimage. Wellington, too, had the reputation, whether undeserved or not, of being a hard and unsympathetic man. But when, as the youthful administrator of the newly-conquered State, he entered into occupation of Tippu's summer palace—the Daulat Bagh—he found that the quaint native painting representing the battle of Polilore was defaced. He had it restored and it is as fresh to-day as when Wellesley left

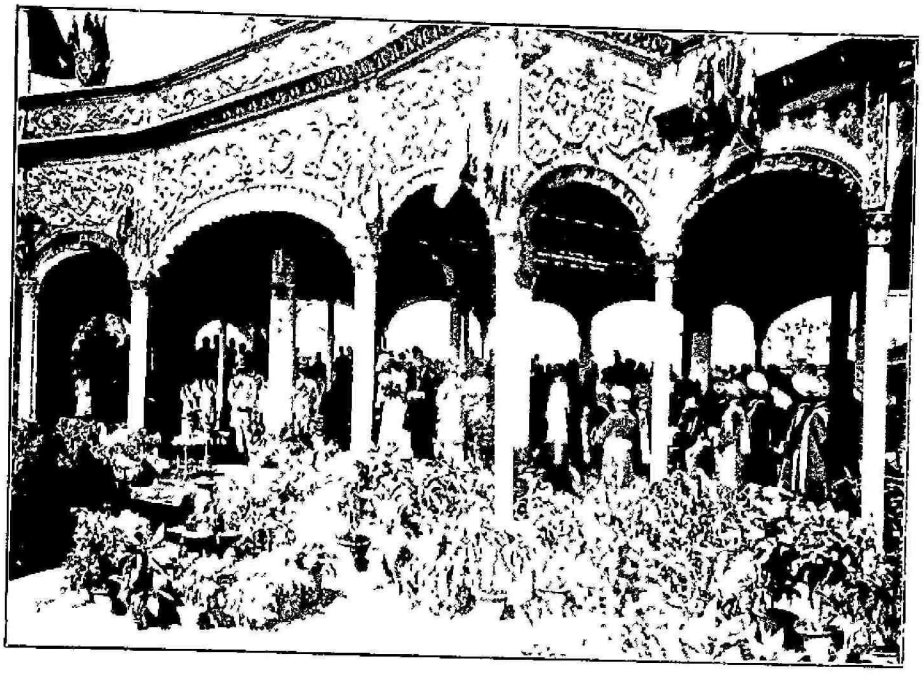
India—the stout little British square, with the wooden soldiers in their stiff stocks, the Mysorean hordes, and the French contingent, all hopelessly out of drawing and perspective, but with a certain character, notwithstanding. How many Polilores are there in British military history, where blundering leadership was redeemed by individual courage?

May I record a characteristic episode of the ride to Seringapatam? The Royal motor car, carrying the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Maharaja, and the Resident, Mr. Stuart Fraser, was preceded by sepoys riding motor bicycles. One of these skidded on the road and heavily threw the rider, snapping his leg like breaking a stick. A crowd immediately gathered, and noticing this as he passed, the Prince had his car stopped and inquired the cause. On being informed he immediately opened the door of the car, jumped out and saw personally the nature of the man's injuries. He also at once ordered water to be brought, nor did he quit the scene until he saw that the injured man had received every care and attention and that arrangements had been made for his prompt removal to the hospital. Then, and then only, did he allow his journey to be continued. The Prince's kindness and ready sympathy made a deep impression on the knot of onlookers. Their feelings may be gauged from this characteristic remark :—"How fortunate is our brother to receive this consideration from the Shahzada!"

Before motoring to Seringapatam Their Royal Highnesses had a duty to perform. The State of Mysore has long possessed an honourable record in matters educational. The late Dewan, Sir Seshadri Iyer, had a keen appreciation of the value of education, and of the importance of basing the state policy upon scientific principles and liberally financing it. He gathered into the service of the Durbar a strong and zealous staff and the lines he laid down have been followed by his successors. But to-day a material step was taken in completing the machinery. Some thirteen years ago an industrial school was opened by the then Ruler of Mysore, since which time drawing and modelling, carpentry, smith's work and pottery, have been taught to boys of all classes, and the numbers on the rolls have increased to over two hundred. Hitherto these classes have been housed in hired buildings of an unsatisfactory character and, as their progress in this unsuitable environment has shown the virility of the



A Southern India Bullock Cart



THE MYSORE TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

movement, it was decided to locate them in a single establishment, to be known as the Chamarajendra Technical Institute—called after the founder. This building, which will cost more than six thousand pounds, will at once commemorate the late Ruler of Mysore and the visit of Their Royal Highnesses.

The news was received to-day of the death of the venerable King of Denmark, which directly affects most of the reigning families of Europe. It of course very nearly touches the English Ruling House, and Their Royal Highnesses were attired in mourning when they attended the foundation-stone laying. In inviting the Prince to perform the ceremony, the Maharaja said that the participation of Their Royal Highnesses was an event of the happiest augury, the memory of which would remain a perennial source of inspiration and encouragement to all connected with the schools. The building destined to rise upon the site would serve to perpetuate, in a shape he hoped pleasing to His Royal Highness, the recollection of the great honour conferred upon the Maharaja and the State by the Royal visit. The Prince replied that, having seen much of the arts of India, but little of the artizans, he was delighted to take part in any ceremony which might lead towards the amelioration of one of the most deserving and important classes of the Indian people.

There were two points of unusual interest in the speeches at the state banquet this evening. In tones which left no doubt of the sincerity of purpose underlying them, the Maharaja said that "The fortunes of Mysore will ever be associated in history with the consolidation of British power in India;" and pledged his word that "whenever the call may come, Mysore will not be found wanting." The Prince as cordially accepted the pledge, and pausing for a moment upon the most important episode in the connection of the Native States with Great Britain, said:—"If any proof were required of the wisdom of the policy of 1881, which restored to your father the Province of Mysore after fifty years of British Administration, it is surely to be found in the contentment and prosperity which the people of Mysore enjoy under the Government of your Highness." The dinner was brought to a close with the most brilliant display of fireworks that Their Royal Highnesses have seen in the course of their progress. For nearly an hour the sky was streaked with blazing rockets and lighted by the glare of their explosions. Set-piece followed set-piece, representing mimic naval battles and waves of flame, whilst the air was filled with the hoarse cries of delight which rose from the great throng of natives that had gathered on the outskirts of the Royal camp.

January 31st.

This morning Their Royal Highnesses saw, on the exercise ground, a parade of the Imperial Service Lancers whose smart appearance on the day of the entry was the theme of such general comment. These are the lineal descendants of the famous Mysorean cavalry of the time of Haider and Tippu, who later were valuable auxiliaries of Wellington in his Deccan campaign. These, too, are part of the force which the Maharaja, in tones which evidenced his earnestness, dedicated in his speech last night to the service of the *Raj* if ever the time comes when India will need the help of every good blade. The parade movements were well executed, and then a couple of

Exhibition of Horsemanship by the Mysore Lancers

dozen sowars gave an exhibition of the trick-riding in which the Indian Horse excel; jumping in half-sections, and vaulting on to the barebacked horse, as it cleared the obstacle; standing on the bare-back; and doing the lance exercise, standing on the horse, at the walk. The parade closed with the gallop in line, and the Prince warmly complimented the Maharaja and the officers on the efficiency and smartness of the State's contribution to India's sword-arm.

Soon afterwards the camp broke up and Their Royal Highnesses left for the shooting camp, forty miles away, where they will remain until Sunday, when they proceed to Bangalore.

* * * * * *

* Hitherto Their Royal Highnesses experiences in Mysore had been confined mainly to the spectacles of oriental pageantry that had, by this time, become familiar. Mysore, however, though presenting in its capital the unromantic features of a well ordered but utilitarian age, is still the home of the wild elephant and the jungle man, and to the haunts of these ancient lords of the soil His Highness the Maharaja was now to convey his guests.

Two hours or so in motors, along a well-kept road undulating between leafy avenues, brought the party to a fine camp, pitched on a rising knoll above the Kabani river and commanding a wide view of hill and jungle, winding stream and feathery bamboos. Some thirty miles from Mysore the more observant might note that the ordinary white mile-stone gives place to black stones, the fact being that "My lord the elephant" resents this mark of civilisation, and, unless it is rendered inconspicuous, pulls it up. An iron bridge under construction on the same road afforded him some years ago full scope for his primitive humour.

The method of elephant-catching pursued in Mysore was introduced from Assam by the late Mr. Sanderson of jungle fame. The process is elaborate and involves weeks, sometimes months, of preparation. The first work is the construction of the *kheddah*, a trenched stockade, enclosing five to fifty acres of jungle, and the clearing of the drive lines. At Kakenkote, the scene of the capture to be described, two stockades were made by Mr. Sanderson, as well as a series of drives or observation lines, converging on a hill, from which the director of operations can follow the progress of the campaign. When *kheddah* and lines are ready a herd of elephants is marked down within a radius of fifteen miles or so by the local *kurumba* trackers, whilst an army of beaters surrounds the herd and moves it slowly in the required direction. This must be done after dusk, as only then is the herd amenable to pressure. The beaters are on duty night and day, and as the drive sometimes occupies weeks together, they are relieved every eight days by relations and neighbours. At length the herd is brought close to the *kheddah* and the critical moment arrives. The Kakenkote *kheddah*, which is typical, is situate on a steep river bank. All weak places in the bank are made good and the herd, once in the river bed, finds no way out except by the sloping approach to the stockade. Lines of *kumki* (trained)

* For this description of the *kheddah* operations the author is indebted to Evan Maconochie, Esq., I.C.S., Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore.

CAPTURED ELEPHANTS IN THE KHEDDAH, MYSORE.

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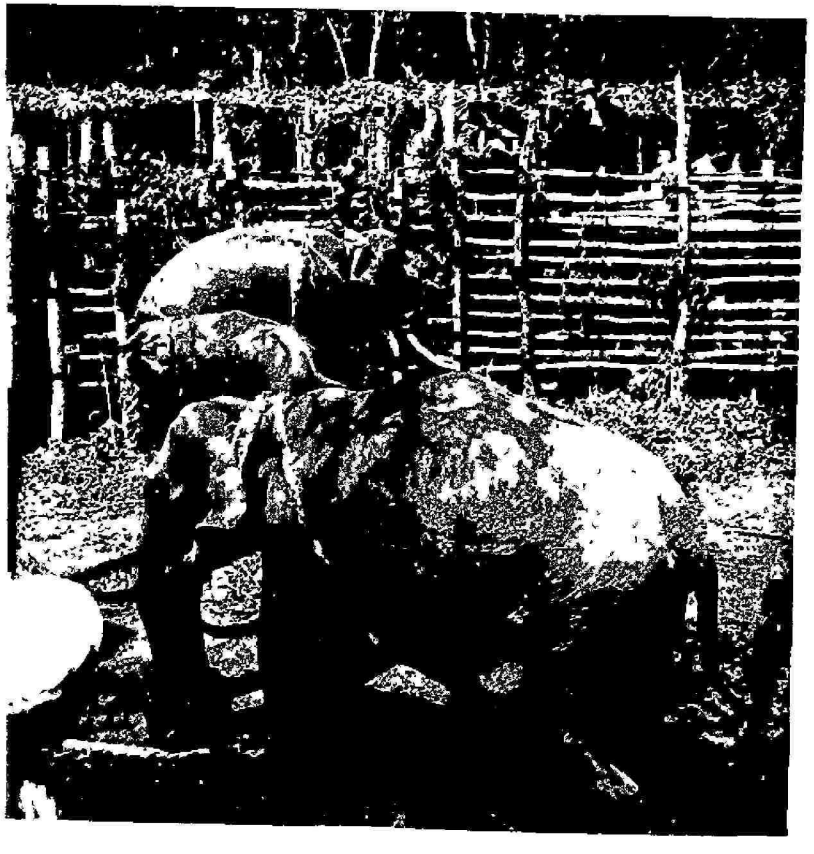
elephants close the river way above and below, and behind are hundreds of beaters armed with bamboo clappers, horns, torches, guns loaded with blank cartridge and any other available means of terrifying the herd. Once safely in the *kheddah* the herd is kept until the preparations for roping up are complete. The beaters' work, however, is not yet over. The most important feature of the *kheddah* is the surrounding ditch, some nine feet wide and of similar depth. With the rarest exception no elephant will cross a ditch of this size, but he will break away the edge or cross over on the body of a friend who has slipped in, unless frightened off by fire, spears and the like. The beaters' watch continues therefore until the herd is driven into the small roping-up enclosure, a stockade of from 50 to 100 feet in diameter, constructed of big balks of timber, sufficiently massive to resist a determined charge. The herd is driven in to this small enclosure, the *kumki* elephants are introduced and the trained elephant catchers, natives of Chittagong, get to work.

The largest animals are singled out first and hustled by the *kumkis* to the side of the stockade. A noose is then passed round each hind leg by men on foot, the two legs are securely bound together and are then fastened by a stout cable to the stockade, or the stump of a tree, if available. Once the hind legs are secured the animal gives little further trouble; ropes are fixed round his neck and he is then ready to be taken out. The trouble then begins again and a heavy and obstinate tusker may require an escort of as many as ten *kumkis* to remove him to the spot where the captives are temporarily tied. The whole operation of roping up requires skill, pluck and knowledge of the animal, and the men on the ground need all their wits. Curiously enough, wild elephants take no notice of the men on the backs of the *kumkis*.

The final drive into the main *kheddah* has rarely been witnessed by anyone not immediately engaged in the operations. The herd must be moved at the psychological moment, the occurrence of which it is almost impossible to predict within a day or two. However, the Conservator of Forests in Mysore, Mr. Muttannah, and his lieutenant, Jemadar Oosu Miah, of Chittagong, Mr. Sanderson's right-hand man in former days, were bent on affording Their Royal Highnesses this unique spectacle and, to their infinite credit, their efforts were crowned with complete success. A herd of some thirty-five animals had been brought down to the final "surround" on the south bank of the Kabani River, a triangular space of some three hundred acres, bounded on two sides by the river, which curves sharply at this point. On the north bank, at the apex of the triangle, a hurdle



The Khiddah: Roping up Prisoners.

The Prince watching an Elephant Fight.

screen, covered with foliage, afforded cover to the spectators, who had a clear view for half a mile or so up and down the river. The evening was calm and clear and a young moon hung in the West. The beat began at about seven o'clock and the interval that followed was one of intense excitement, as the chorus of yells, horn-blasts, drum-throbs and gun-shots swelled and died away, succeeded by moments of profound silence, broken only by an occasional trumpet from the still unseen herd. At last there was a lumbering rush of dusky bodies down the bank at a point down-stream, where the line of *kumkis* was dimly visible barring the river-way. In a moment the hitherto peaceful scene was alive with a riot of energy. The pandemonium of sound became continuous and, as the terrified herd splashed squealing up the river, streams of fire darted along the further bank as the beaters lighted the undergrowth, whilst the torch-lit line of trained tuskers advanced slowly from below, stately and inexorable as fate. On came the herd, clinging closely to the north bank in their search for a way out. But there was only one way, and that to captivity. As they passed the screen the Prince and Princess with the Maharaja walked along the bank to the *kheddah* entrance, and, in a few minutes, a bugle note announced that the Princess had dropped the gate and the capture was complete.

The following day the Prince went after bison, riding the old shikar elephant "Hilda," which had carried his brother in the Mysore jungle fifteen years before. At the start, a sambhar stag, which had been surrounded in the river by the elephant beaters, gave the Prince a long running shot, of which full advantage was taken, and a very fair head was added to the trophies of the tour. Although a solitary bison was seen, the Prince did not get a shot, and the rest of the day was blank. A large contingent from the camp tried for tiger, but had no luck. The Princess motored down to the *kheddahs* and inspected the animals previously captured. One of these was a magnificent animal with a single heavy tusk. The local shikaris stated that he was a well-known "rogue," who had got mixed up with the captured herd by accident. He was an immensely powerful beast and injured himself so severely in his struggles after he was roped up that he died shortly afterwards.

The 2nd of February was spent in witnessing the roping-up of a herd of some thirty animals, including several fine tuskers, which had been driven into the other *kheddah* some time previously. The drive into the smaller stockade was dangerous and exciting, for the herd, having become accustomed to the sight of man, had lost much of their natural timidity and

were in a mood to resent being hustled. The tuskers gave little trouble, but the ladies were less amenable, and one old cow in particular turned and charged repeatedly and was eventually left outside, after nearly succeeding in killing a *mahout*. She was rounded up by *kumkis* later in the day. Wing fences had been run out from the entrance of the smaller stockade; after some trouble the herd was got within these wings, a line of fire cut off the retreat and a fusillade of blank cartridge, supplemented by bamboo clappers, did the rest. Once within the stockade the impression produced by the herd was that of a titanic Rugby football "scrum." The object of each elephant is to keep as far from the sides of the stockade as possible and hide itself, and the huge animals move slowly round, heads towards the centre, heaving, shoving and groaning. How the smaller calves escape being crushed or asphyxiated is a mystery, but they emerge, as the herd settles down, apparently none the worse. The roping-up, which calls for no further description, was followed by the Prince and Princess with the keenest interest, until the lengthening shadows suggested the homeward road. The small tuskers resented their bonds most vigorously, and the sight of these youngsters, hauled out squealing and struggling, was the comic element of the day. Their elders seemed to realise the situation, and, as a rule, submitted themselves to the inevitable with pathetic dignity.

With the final roping-up of the herd the main interest of the camp ceased. Saturday was spent in an unsuccessful quest for tiger. The animals were there, but eluded all efforts to bring them up to the guns.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mysore: A Few Reflections.

BANGALORE, A GREAT MILITARY CENTRE—RETIRED ANGLO-INDIANS—THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL—DINNER IN THE SERAPIS ROOM—A MICROCOSM OF THE INDIAN ARMY—A STANDARD FOR THE CARABINIERS—THE RESIDENT'S GARDEN PARTY—THOUGHTS ON THE VISIT—MODERN HISTORY OF MYSORE STATE—TO BE BRITISH OR NATIVE?—DIFFICULTIES OF THE PROBLEM—RENDITION TO THE OLD DYNASTY—SUCCESS OF THE POLICY—A NEW CHARTER FOR INDIAN PRINCES—BRILLIANT ADMINISTRATIVE WORK—THE FUTURE OF MYSORE.

BANGALORE, *February 5th.*

IT is a little puzzling to understand why Bangalore was included in the itinerary of the Royal progress. It is not that it is the capital of the State, for as far as it possesses any capital, that is Mysore. It is not that Bangalore is an historically interesting city, for the vivid associations of this part of Southern India linger round neither Mysore nor Bangalore, but Seringapatam. It is not that Bangalore is a beautiful or an interesting city. It has a fine climate—dry, crisp and pleasant even now, when the inhabitants are beginning to cry out against the heat, so spoilt are they; it has wide roads and roomy bungalows and big compounds; but if you ask the oldest resident how you may most profitably pass a leisure hour he can suggest nothing more exciting than a drive to the Lal Bagh or the Palace. Neither Mysore nor Bangalore can compare for a moment in historical, antiquarian, or artistic interest with the temples of Madura, Trichinopoly, or Conjeeveram, a knowledge of which is essential to the understanding of Southern India. It is not that there are any special events to absorb the activities of the Prince and Princess for, apart from the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial this afternoon, there are no official functions of particular interest.

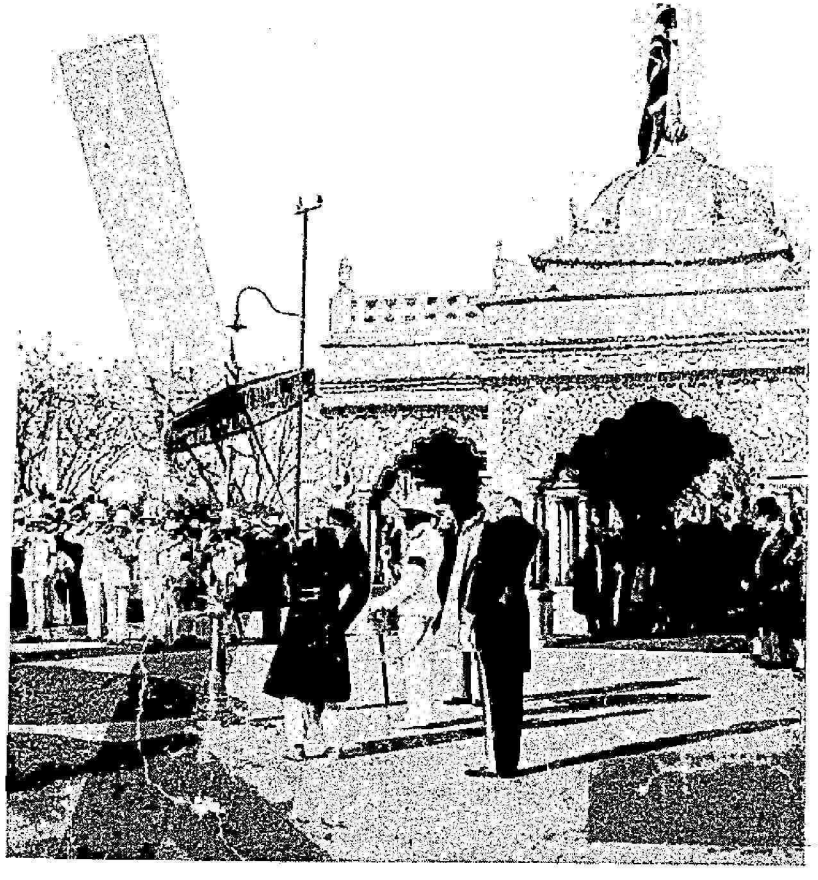
Whatever the cause, Bangalore was delighted to welcome the Royal visitors, more especially as from the presence of cholera, His Majesty

the King was prevented from visiting Mysore on his historic tour. It burst into the usual paper eruption, lined the route in tens of thousands and kept high holiday. It was careful also that Their Royal Highnesses should know that this is a great cantonment and organised as imposing a military display as has been seen on the progress, with the exception of the manœuvres at Rawal Pindi. The Carabiniers turned out splendidly mounted in their handsome uniform of blue and white. "G" Battery represented "The Right of the Line and the Pride of the British Army"--the gunners were studded with evidences of war service. The Kolar Gold Fields Mounted Rifles denoted the Volunteers and Gordon's Horse the Native Cavalry. You welcomed in the procession the absence of the incongruous Wolseley khaki helmet with the traditional British uniform, and the resumption, if only for a season, of the more comely white. Apparently, the whole Bangalore Garrison splashed the roadside with Imperial scarlet.

Old residents tell you that retired Anglo-Indians no longer pitch their tents in Bangalore and spend their declining years amidst those conditions that have been so wrought into the fibre of their being that they cannot forego them, even for pleasures of life in England; and that the increased cost of living, and the difficulty of getting servants, is breaking up the leisured Anglo-Indian colony. This is a point on which the oldest resident is entitled to a respectful hearing, but you will find more healthy, venerable English figures in Bangalore than in any other plains station in India. This was particularly noticeable at the station, where the President and Commissioners of the Station Municipality presented a dutiful address of welcome.

This afternoon it fell to His Royal Highness to perform a duty which he always fulfils with singular dignity and sympathy—to unveil the statue erected by public subscription to commemorate in Mysore the reign of Victoria the Good. At Agra, Calcutta, Rangoon and Madras the Prince of Wales was intimately associated with memorials to the Empress beloved by all India, and his manner of doing it, as also the affection and respect which vibrate in any reference he may make to His Majesty the King-Emperor, helps to an understanding of the strength of the tie that knits the members of the Royal Family to each other. The statue is a fine work in marble by Brock, and represents her late Majesty in flowing robes and with orb and sceptre. It stands on a commanding site, overlooking the high ground, and is a noble and gracious figure of the first Queen-Empress.

The day closed with a state dinner in the "Serapis" room of the Residency, followed by a reception. The "Serapis" room perhaps requires



UNVEILING THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, BANGALORE.

DEPARTURE FOR THE LAL BAGH.

a word of explanation. It was built for the entertainment of His Majesty the King-Emperor when he visited India and named after the vessel which bore him to the East; but, to the disappointment of all classes in the State, the Royal visit to Mysore had to be abandoned. In this apartment, however, King Edward's son and heir was loyally entertained, and all joined in drinking the health of the Sovereign for whose accommodation the walls were raised.

February 6th. This morning the Prince of Wales presented a new standard to the 6th Dragoon Guards, the famous regiment which is so much better known by the name of "The Carabiniers" conferred upon it by King William III. over two

Victoria Memorial, Bangalore The Prince Saluting

centuries ago. He rode to the parade ground from the Residency in the pleasant freshness of the early morning, greeted by the whole population of the city and cantonment, close-packed on the line of route.

Bangalore folk are crying out against the heat. Good heavens! What do they know of India, who only Mysore know? These mornings have the bracing crispness of an English spring. The noonday sun is not an atom oppressive and the nights are delightful. Heat! The grumbler deserves to be consigned for a season or two to Madras or Rangoon. He would then speak with knowledge.

It was not a big military display. The Carabiniers were drawn up dismounted, a line of blue and white on the khaki parade ground flecked with glistening blades. The enclosure was kept clear by men of the Essex Regiment, the Moplahs, the Sappers and Miners and the Punjabis, and Gordon's Horse furnished the travelling escort. But this modest muster was in its way a microcosm of the Indian Army, of whose variety we are all talking, but which so few of us understand. The British Cavalry could desire no better representatives than the Carabiniers. Of the Essex Regiment—the old "Forty-fourth"—those who were there still speak with a kindling eye of the battle of Driefontein on Lord Roberts' march to Bloemfontein, when the Essex with three other regiments of infantry stormed the Boer position.

The Prince presenting a Standard to the Carabiniers, Bangalore.

Undaunted by fire from the sheltered Boer riflemen, the line did not waver for a moment. The little Moplahs, in dark-green and scarlet, the only regiments in India to wear the tarbush and lean almost to the point of weediness, are notable examples of the policy of taming pugnacious races by making soldiers of them, which began with the enlistment of the Highlanders in the Black Watch and was continued to the disciplining of the Kachins whom the Prince and Princess saw at Mandalay. Descendants of the old Arab sailors who sailed on the West Coast, Arab is still stamped indelibly on lineament and physique. In the old days, their fanaticism and truculence were the terror of the countryside, but they were sportsmen with it all, for their cry always was "Send the *saheb log* against us, not the sepoy." And many a weary tramp had John Company's troops from Bombay and

Poona to punish the Moplahs, who always took their chastisement in good part.

The 2nd Queen's Own Sappers and Miners are the survivors of the tragedy of the Madras Army—the army that laid the foundations of British power in the East, and then with the lapse of time became a byword amongst fighting men. But whatever was said of the purely combatant regiments nothing but praise was ever offered to the Madras Sappers and Miners, who have a record of war service not surpassed by any corps in the world, and were never in better fettle than they are to-day. Gordon's Horse and the Punjabis belong to the entirely modern Indian Army. The 30th Lancers were raised by Sir John Gordon in 1826 as part of the Nizam's Cavalry, and for half a century were the 4th Cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent. On the delocalisation of the corps, it assumed its present title. Of the four squadrons only one is recruited from Hindustani Mussulmans, two being Sikhs and one Jats. The 69th Punjabis, formerly the 9th Madras Infantry, raised at Madura a century and a half ago but now recruited entirely from "The Land of the Five Rivers," typified more strongly than any other force the recent improvements in the Native Army.

Amidst this military atmosphere, the time-honoured ceremony was performed, and the new standard, blessed by the Bishop of Madras, was committed to the custody of the regiment by His Royal Highness.

This afternoon all the leading residents of Bangalore, English and Indian, including the Dewan, Sir Krishna Murti, accepted the hospitable invitation of the Resident and Mrs. Stuart Fraser to a garden party in the pretty grounds of the Residency. There a pleasant hour was spent, the Prince and Princess receiving all the prominent and interesting people, and coming into close contact with many who are associated with the good government of Mysore State, or who are connected with the local affairs at Bangalore Civil Station--the little *imperium in imperio* embracing twelve square miles—which is under British jurisdiction. This brought the visit, officially, to a close, as Their Royal Highnesses leave for Hyderabad at ten o'clock to-morrow, when their visit to Mysore concludes.

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In the glaring sunshine of a late January afternoon the Maharaja of Mysore drove through the streets of his capital to meet the Prince and

Princess of Wales. He left the new palace, approaching completion at a cost of thirty lakhs of rupees—a palace which is no extravagance because the serpentine carving in red and white porphyry and marble and granite, the lattices of soapstone and the doors of ivory in-laid with teak, preserved from extinction the ancient arts of Southern India. He passed the statue erected to the memory of his late father, who deserved well of all patriotic Indians for this, that he justified and more than justified the policy of restoring Mysore to the ancient Hindu dynasty after half a century of British administration. He traversed the wide well-kept streets of the city, buzzing with the chatter of a cheerful, prosperous, contented people, whose loyalty expressed itself in reverent salaams. At the age of twenty-one, after a most careful and judicious training, he finds himself before as fair a prospect as ever faced an Indian Prince—twenty-nine thousand square miles of territory, as carefully conserved as an English estate, five millions of well-to-do subjects, an abundant treasury and an efficient civil service. And he looked worthy of it, calm, collected, dignified, for the ruler of Mysore is not of those Indian Princes who imagines that enlightenment is shown in an undue familiarity.

Public Works Offices, Bangalore.

Circumstances have conspired in an altogether exceptional degree to make Mysore loom large on the horizon of Indian history, and for some time it will hold its position there. In the early days of Fort St. George it was the bugbear of the Madras Government. We, with our later knowledge of the seed of decay in Haider's and Tippu's Kingdoms, which would soon have brought them toppling to the ground, and of the sandy foundation of Napoleon's bid for power in the East, can afford to smile at the terror they inspired in the Eastern Presidency. Yet that those apprehensions were very real will be patent to anyone who cares to read one of Lord Mornington's relations with the Madras Administration of the second Lord Clive, when he decided on a policy of "thorough" with the Mysorean "Tiger." Then after Lord Harris and

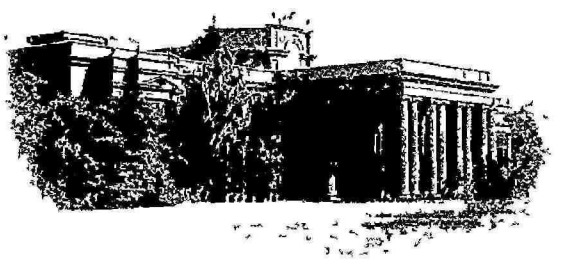
H. H The Maharaja of Mysore.

Colonel Arthur Wellesley had done their work, there arose the very thorny problems created by the misgovernment of the restored dynasty. It was easy to depose the incapable sovereign, to put in efficient administrators, brace up the civil service and see that the liberal policy of the central government was pursued. But it was not easy to decide the fate of a kingdom whose superseded sovereign had no heir and refused to adopt one. As the years slipped by Mysore came to be regarded more and more as a part of British India. It was not until forty-four years after the active interposition of the Government that its rendition was proclaimed, and half a century before it could be carried into effect. Then the natural anxiety to see how the new policy would operate was intensified by the sequelæ of the great famine, and the untimely death of the late Maharaja just when he had demonstrated his rare qualities.

Few now will contest the wisdom that dictated the rendition of Mysore. It has been called, and well called, the greatest act of justice in the history of India. It was all that and more; it was one of the greatest acts of statecraft. The despatch of 1875 completed the work of the Proclamation in calming those doubts in the great feudatories inspired by the Mutiny and the events leading up to it. We can all be wise after the event, and it is not difficult now to postulate on the suspicions that must have been excited in the minds of the Indian Princes by the annexation of Oudh and the extinction of the Ruling House of Satara. Nothing could so effectually have dissipated the aftermath of these suspicions as the free restoration of the great and fertile State of Mysore, twice forfeit, to the old dynasty, when men had half forgot that the old dynasty existed, not in deference to any pressure or because it was expedient, but solely because it was just and right. The Despatch of 1875 is a second guarantee to the Indian Princes that the limits of our internal territorial acquisitions have been set, that we covet no man's land, and that nothing short of the grossest treason or a social cataclysm will induce the curtailment of any Native State. The Rendition made possible the ardent loyalty and eager partnership with the Imperial Government of which Their Royal Highnesses have received so many evidences on this tour.

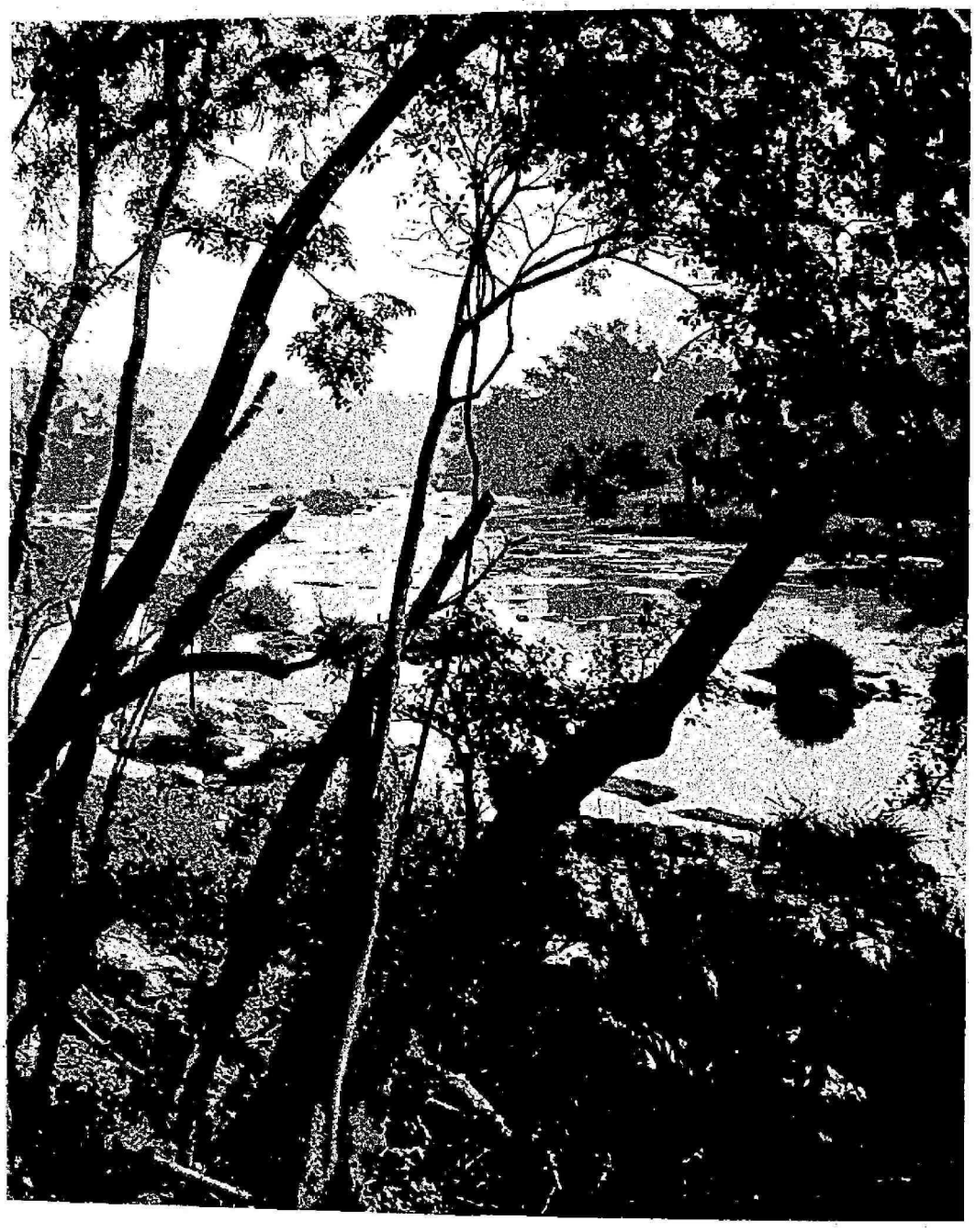
But wisdom and justice are not always justified of their children. In Mysore they were. The history of the State after the late Maharaja was installed on the throne in 1881 fills some of the brightest pages in the book of native rule in India. The Ruler and his Dewan, Sir Seshadri Iyer, were a remarkable combination. You cannot be in the State many hours without

realising that you are confronted with work of an altogether exceptional character. The capital town and the native city of Bangalore bespeak careful and liberal administration. These are, however, the natural "show places" of a Native State, like the jail and hospital. In themselves they signify little; but in the country districts there are good roads, good travellers' bungalows, and substantial government offices. In education the Central College was amongst the first in India to devote special attention to the teaching of science; technical instruction has moved forward a big step by the beginning of the new headquarters, of which his Royal Highness laid the foundation stone; whilst the generous help given towards the establishment of the Tata Research Institute in Bangalore speaks of the interest taken in post-graduate study. The system of railway communication is widespread, if extraordinarily slow, and public works are liberally supported. On the higher Imperial side, the Imperial Service Lancers, the lineal descendants of the famous Mysorean Horse, who were so smartly handled by Lieutenant-Colonel Desaraj Urs that they aroused the unstinted admiration of the Prince of Wales, and the Imperial Transport Corps, which effectively handled the huge aggregation of baggage brought for the central and shooting camps, are valuable contributions to India's defence. All this has been accomplished whilst converting the heavy deficit left by the 1877 famine into a substantial surplus, maintaining the margin between revenue and expenditure which Mr. Micawber feelingly described as essential to happiness, and paying to the Imperial Exchequer the thirty-five lakhs of tribute fixed by treaty.



The Residency, Bangalore

It is not these achievements, however, which give Mysore its unique position amongst the Native States, and Sir Seshadri Iyer his niche in the Indian Valhalla. Are they not the commonplace ideals of good Indian administration? Other States, making due allowance for the start given to Mysore by fifty years of British rule and the fertility of her resources, can



Scene on the Kabani: Near here the Elephants were driven across the River.

show a record no less honourable. The truest test of the statesmanship—you can justly employ no inferior term—of Sir Seshadri Iyer is found in his determination to employ the best brains, no matter where they were to be found; to develop the resources of the State through the only agency now generally practicable—that of British energy and capital; and to pursue a courageous policy of political and social reform. At a time when the Government of India were so perversely obstructive that Indian enterprises stank in the city of London, the exploitation of the resources of the Kolar Gold Fields was judiciously fostered, with the remarkable results we see to-day. The mines support a population of a hundred thousand people on an area that was formerly waste, they have paid royalties amounting to over a million sterling to the Durbar, and they have produced twenty-four million pounds worth of gold. Then with regard to the Cauvery Electrical Installation, which develops eight thousand horse-power in the heart of the jungle for use on the Gold Fields ninety miles away, it is quite simple now to say that the experimental work was done at Niagara, and the certain demand from Kolar made the works an assured success. Matters looked very different when the bold project was laid before the Dewan, and it required courage of no mean order to sink half a crore of rupees in an untried venture. In addition to these developments, the coffee planters have found the Government informed and helpful.

Of the political and social reforms it is difficult to write with confidence, as their work is yet young. But none can fail to admire the enterprise that gave Mysore, first amongst Native States, a constitution. True that constitution is as yet very embryonic, but no real friend of Indian constitutional progress would desire it otherwise. It does not go beyond the stage of representation and interpellation by nominated and elected delegates and the annual conference of the estates, when the policy of the Government is expounded. That, however, is as far as it is wise to go in the present development of the people; it keeps the Government in touch with the various interests in the body politic; and certainly there seems to be no desire for any hasty broadening of the constitutional foundations. In the path of social reform there is the notable interdict on early marriages, and one would like to see the spirit that gave it birth more actively demonstrated now.

Why, it may be asked, should Mysore, at this stage in its stirring history, continue to focus public attention? Why, with this record and this substantial basis of prosperity, should not the State continue to tread lightly

the paths laid out by the genius of Sir Seshadri Iyer? Well because for an interval there was missing from the councils of Mysore the dynamic force and liberality of view that drove it up to its present position. In the life of States, no less than in that of individuals, stagnation means deterioration, as the forces destined for a progressive influence atrophy from disuse. Not even Mysore can afford to rest and be thankful in the days when the leaven is working healthily, without falling from the proud position won by an earlier generation. The time is now ripe for the resumption of a more progressive policy. After an apprenticeship to affairs for three years since he ascended the *gadi*, the Maharaja is in a position to make his influence strongly felt. He has at hand able councillors whose attachment to his person and his house is well proved. It is for these reasons that the eyes of many will turn toward Mysore during the next few years, to see how far it will continue to hold the van in the march of statesmanlike progress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In Hyderabad.

An Indian Dawn—Arrival at Hyderabad—Pictures from a Troublous Past—A Cosmopolitan Eastern City—Oriental Aspect of Hyderabad—The British Cantonment—A Review at Secunderabad—The 2nd Rajputs—Glorious Page from Military History—The Nizam Bereaved—Death of his Eldest Daughter—State Ceremonies abandoned—Medical Work amongst Women—The Princess' Participation therein—Departure for the Shooting Camp—Tiger, Panther and Small Game—The Prince's Unerring Shooting—The Princess at Golconda—Leaving for Benares.

Hyderabad, *February 8th.*

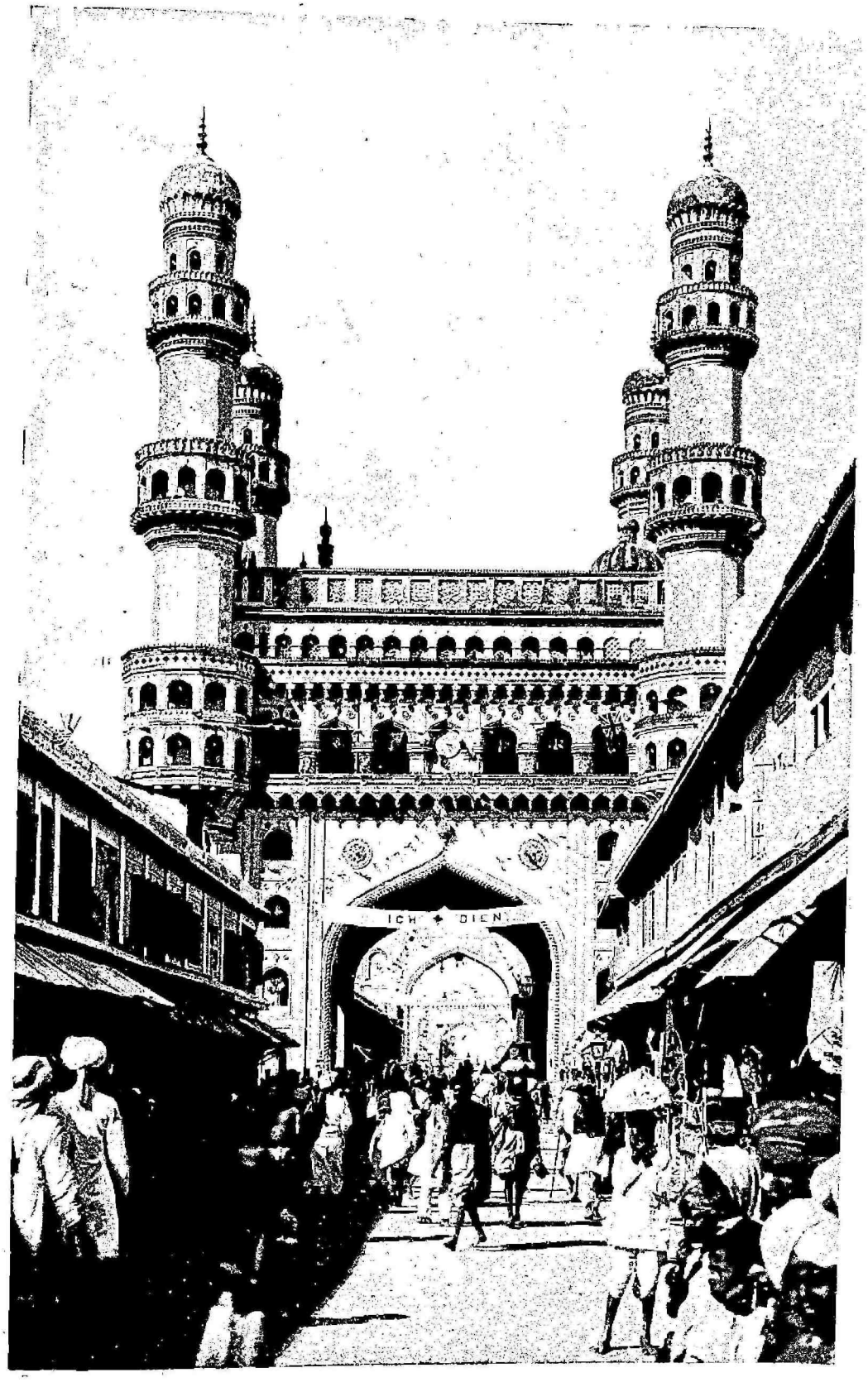
THE sun rose this morning in a blaze of crimson splendour. The wave of dawning day painted the eastern sky a glorious blood-red, lighting ruby fires in the purple bosom of the lake. Soon the crimson paled into a subtle salmon, striping the fading, steel-blue horizon with pink, and almost before the retina had caught its beauties, it fused into lemon and sapphire and then the harsh azure of the Indian day. The cold night air mellowed into a pellucid softness and there sprang up the zephyr which comes with the light. So were the Prince and Princess welcomed to Hyderabad.

At the station and in the city they were met with a greeting scarcely less splendid. His Highness the Nizam, spare, erect, hawk-eyed, stood in front of his principal officers of state. He was attired with the dignified simplicity he affects—a tunic of navy-blue, with sword and belt, and a conical turban of Hyderabad yellow. His Ministers and Officers were in the handsome state livery of blue and gold and yellow, and formed a varied and striking group. In this there was little of the picturesque irregularity and colour that are commonly associated with native rule in India. That was reserved for the intensely oriental streets of the city, where were vividly reproduced those characteristics that make Hyderabad one of the most fascinating centres in the Dependency.

Indeed, on the drive from the station to the new palace the Prince and Princess passed through a series of pictures from the troublous history of Hyderabad. Baggy-breeched and blue-gaitered Infantry, armed with old-fashioned guns and equipped with brass ammunition boxes, and wearing curiously drooping turbans, saluted them as they left the station. These were Jumaeth Nizam Mahboob Rohillas—the men who were gathered into corps and disciplined by the late Sir Salar Jung as a means of keeping them under control. But they look strangely out of place in India; their proper position is with the Turkish Army in Yemen. Coal-black African negroes, with thick lips and curly hair, with red fez and uniforms of sky-blue, represented the African Cavalry, which is such a distinctive feature of the Nizam's army. One could trace the improvement of the state troops step by step. On the lowest tier stood the Household Regiments, decked out in new uniforms, but with obsolete guns and curved bayonets which make them not even food for cannon. On the second, the Hyderabad Line Regiments, incomparably better equipped and organised, and armed with bored out Martinis. In the escort rode the Imperial Service Cavalry, well armed and well turned out, and comparing not unfavourably with the Madras regiments. We all know what a powerful part *Izzat* plays in the East, but, this notwithstanding, it is amazing that any keen Native Prince can compare his Imperial Service Troops with his nondescript forces without, like the Maharaja Scindia, laying plans for the maintenance of none but the former.

The cosmopolitan character of Hyderabad is just as deeply stamped on its peoples. It is the Mahomedan State *par excellence*, not only in its dynasty and its administration but in the inhabitants of its capital. You see more tarbushes and strongly-marked Mahomedan faces in Hyderabad in a day than in any other city in India in a week. You see also a type that has disappeared from British India, and which Their Royal Highnesses have not encountered since they left Rajputana—the squireen of perhaps a score of acres, poor as a Scotch crofter, yet with his belt as full of lethal weapons as a Montenegrin chieftain or a stage bandit, and a certain rustic dignity that he sucks from the soil. Nor are you ever permitted to forget that this is a Deccan State, too, a State with a large proportion of those hardy, lean ryots who win perhaps the most difficult and precarious subsistence of any peasantry in the world. The Mahomedan temperament and the Hindu's struggle with a churlish nature have tinged the Hyderabadi with some of the dourness of

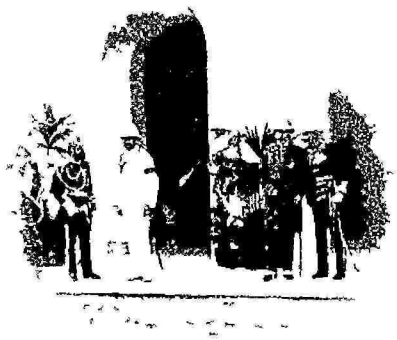
Reputation.



A Street Scene in Hyderabad: The Char Minar.

Northern India. There was eager interest and respectful salutation; but not the bubbling joyousness and lightness of heart that marked every stage of the Royal progress in Southern India.

For a comparatively modern Indian city Hyderabad maintains a remarkably oriental atmosphere, and it was of the East, eastern, this morning. Behind the line of miscellaneous soldiery, sentinels who occasionally refreshed themselves by squatting on their heels, or pulling at a cigarette, there was the ceaseless hum and movement of the throng. From the upper stories of the houses, whose blistering whiteness was spotted with red and green and azure shutters, the women looked down on the scene, half-concealed behind their veils, yet, with true feminine curiosity, the *purdah* was never allowed to obstruct their view of the spectacle. The gold-tipped pinnacles of the mosque carried the necessary suggestion of Islam. Up and down the cleared and watered road galloped orderlies and policemen with no consideration for their horses' legs, and country carts with loads of belated baggage. His Highness the Nizam himself set an example of almost American hustle, for his state carriage, of the most refreshing lemon yellow, dashed past at a respectable gallop, his Bodyguard, with their canary uniforms and saddle-cloths of leopard skins, straining after its fast-moving wheels. It was not long before the whole cavalcade came trotting back—African Horse, Madras Lancers in electric blue, Imperial Service Lancers in blue and silver, Horse Artillery and the 13th Hussars. In the midst of this pompous array Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince with the Nizam, the Princess with the Resident, the Honourable Mr. Bayley, were the cynosure of all eyes and the objects of the most respectful salutations.



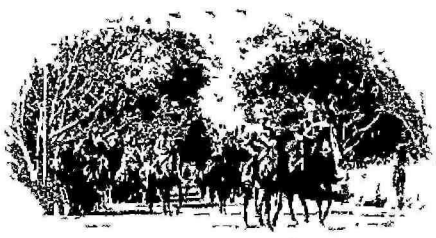
The Nizam and his Guest.

Scarcely had the boom of the guns, which announced the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses at the Falaknama Palace, died away than they spoke again for the departure of the Nizam on his state visit to the Prince; and yet again this afternoon when His Royal Highness returned the visit at the Chau Mahalla Palace. Here was performed a ceremony that has only

once before been seen on the Royal tour—the presentation of the heir to the State to His Royal Highness.

February 9th.

It is only six miles from Hyderabad to Secunderabad, but the two centres are wide as the Poles asunder. Hyderabad is of the East, a city of painted balconies and fretted fronts, of glistering minarets and wandering palaces, with suggestions of eastern mystery in the bye-ways. Secunderabad is a typical cantonment and is not ashamed of its unveiled frankness. The life of the station is on the parade ground and in the streets, and there is no pretence of any mystery more romantic than the ways of Government. From Hyderabad went the Prince and Princess of Wales this morning to a parade of all the troops in the station. They passed, in the freshness immediately following the sunrise, round the fringe of the lake bordering the road whose waters reflected the azure of the sky and mirrored the snowy buildings on its banks; through the broad, straight streets of the cantonment, with their air of middle-class prosperity, wedged with a crowd as dense if not denser than that which lined the streets of the capital on the day of the state entry; through close-packed tiers of happy school-children, whose presence proved that, although the military element predominates at Secunderabad, it is an active educational centre as well; and so to the parade ground, where His Royal Highness rode up to the waiting line and the Princess viewed the ceremony from Lord Shaftesbury's Argyle motor car.



The Road to the Review.

The Secunderabad parade ground is one of the largest in India, and it is certainly the most pleasant. It is no mere prim oblong, but a bit of undulating country rising towards Bolarum, dotted with trees, and yet with plenty of level space for ceremonial movements. Nor is it a dusty desert like Mian Mir and Rawal Pindi, but actually green, even at this season of the year; so green that with judicious watering the possibility of dust has not to be gravely considered. Here were drawn up the regiments in the Secunderabad Garrison, L Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery on the right, the 13th Hussars, the 26th Prince of Wales' Own Light Cavalry, the 20th Cavalry and the Hyderabad

Imperial Service Lancers. Then the Field Artillery, three batteries—the 1st, 16th and 41st. On the right of the Infantry stood the 13th Company of the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, representing the gallant corps which carries on the finest traditions of the old Madras Army. The Infantry were drawn up in Brigade Mass; the Lincolns, Royal Fusiliers, Manchesters, and Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders leading the Brigades and the Native Infantry in a compact wall behind them.

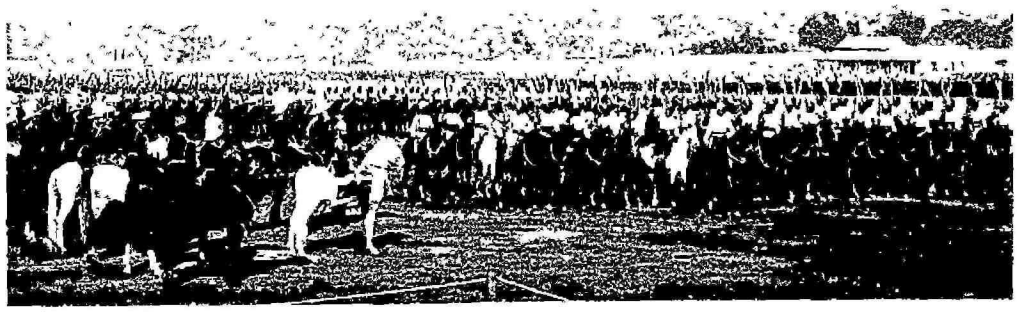
The review was the largest Their Royal Highnesses have seen since there passed before them that great display of armed might at Rawal Pindi. On no occasion have they seen troops of the Indian Army better handled or better led, but the recollection of Rawal Pindi leaves one dead to any fresh impressions of military parades. So it must suffice to say that the Prince, accompanied by Sir Charles Egerton, Commanding at Secunderabad, and His Highness the Nizam, and escorted by the Imperial Service Lancers, inspected the line. The Nizam rode a shapely milk-white charger and wore his quiet, handsome uniform. The gleaming lance points and bayonets quivered for a moment as the columns turned and moved into position for the march past. One little incident is worth mentioning as showing what may happen to the wounded on the battlefield. One of the Hussars lost his helmet near the saluting point, and although three regiments charged over the same ground the helmet was not touched. After the advance in review order His Royal Highness expressed to Sir Charles Egerton his warm appreciation of the appearance and discipline of the troops.

Two brief ceremonies remained. Some of the Officers of the 26th (Prince of Wales' Own) Light Cavalry, whose electric blue uniforms gave a pleasant splash of colour to the scene, were presented to His Royal Highness. Afterwards the 2nd Queen's Own Rajputs received new colours from the Heir-apparent. As the Rajputs marched past, as well set-up and as well-drilled a regiment as the Native Infantry can show, the worn tatters of colours were marked, and also the fact that they carried three colours instead of the orthodox two. Thereby hangs a tale. The third colour was awarded for specially distinguished service at Delhi and Laswari with Lake in 1803. It bears this motto "Lake and Victory." In 1878 some military martinet of the worst type tried to have the third colour removed, but his sterile mind received no support. So three brand new colours were received from the Prince, whose Royal father is the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, to-day, and three venerable and torn ones were enfolded in their honoured

cases. A glorious episode in the history of the Regiment was recalled in the Prince's speech :

> "You are reminded of that splendid page in your history, how the regiment lost 200 men in the first unsuccessful siege of Bhuratpur, and 20 years later, before the second siege, strips of the colours borne at the first siege were produced by the men, who swore on them to earn as high a reputation as their predecessors, and, as the record says, *they kept their oath.* I know that whenever called upon you will equally keep the oath taken upon your colours and add fresh lustre to the noble tradition which you have inherited."

Whilst His Highness the Nizam was on parade this morning, there occurred an event that has sadly dimmed the Royal visit. His eldest daughter, who was also his eldest child, died at eight o'clock. The deceased lady



The Review at Secunderabad

was about twenty-three years of age, not married, though arrangements for the wedding had been made, and described by those who knew her as unusually accomplished for a Mahomedan. She had long suffered from phthisis which, four days ago, assumed a critical form. The Nizam, who was devotedly attached to her, was an almost continuous watcher by her sick couch and was debarred from giving that close personal supervision of the arrangements for the reception of his Royal visitors which he had hoped to exercise. It was noticed that at the state visit yesterday, and at Secunderabad this morning, His Highness looked worried and distrait, and this is now explained. Of course, this grievous bereavement completely upset the ordered programme. With that fine regard for the stoical traditions of oriental hospitality which distinguishes him, the Nizam desired that the ceremonies should proceed as ordained. The Prince, however, could not acquiesce, and at his

His Highness Mir Mahbub Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, G.C.B., G.C.S.I

strongly-expressed desire all official engagements were abandoned; the Nizam's connection with the ceremonies terminated with the review this morning. The customs which surround Mahomedan women debarred Their Royal Highnesses from being more directly represented at the funeral than by the Muslim members of their suite; but everyone in Hyderabad recognised and appreciated the tactful courtesy of the Prince's order that all whose religion permitted them should be present at the mosque.

At The Victoria Zenana Hospital Hyderabad

In the absence of the Nizam and most of his principal officers the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital this afternoon was quietly conducted. This, the first public duty in which Her Royal Highness took the foremost part, was to further a work after her own heart. Since her arrival in Bombay the Princess has lost no opportunity of showing her sympathy with, and practical interest in, the women of India. At the *purdah* parties, and in hundreds of ways of which the public learned nothing, the gracious presence of the Princess has illumined the gloom which surrounds those whose mature lives are passed behind the veil. Of the advantages British influence has brought to the East, none

transcends the gift of healing; of those who have benefited from it, there were none whose case was harder than the women. The truth can never be told of the practices to which custom subjects Indian women in their hour of travail; they are too barbarous. In the Victoria Zenana Hospital, which carries to fruition a movement which has done admirable work in Hyderabad, there will be space for sixty patients, half of them maternity cases, with modern facilities for training Indian nurses and midwives. Only those who are acquainted with the East can appreciate the priceless value of the work Her Royal Highness advanced by her active participation in it to-day.

The Machan, Hyderabad Shooting Ground.

When the history of the hospital had been explained, in low but distinct tones the Princess of Wales said :—"I have much pleasure in laying the foundation-stone of the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and I hope it will be of great advantage to the women of Hyderabad." Accompanied by the Prince, Her Royal Highness laid the foundation-stone, tested it, and declared it as "well and truly laid"—a procedure watched with absorbed interest by the *purdah* ladies, half-hidden behind enormous reed curtains. Her Royal Highness visited the present hospital before returning to the palace. There was a reception this evening at the Residency, largely attended by the English community, who were presented to Their Royal Highnesses.

* * * * * *

The state dinner on Saturday, the 10th, having been abandoned, the Prince started that evening for the shooting camp, with eleven of his staff, accompanied by Colonel Afsur-ul-Mulk, C.I.E., and Mr. Hankin,

C.I.E., the Inspector-General of Police. The preserve was situated a hundred and twenty miles to the north by rail, and the camp was about twelve miles from the line of rail. Great trouble had been taken with the camp, which was excellently laid out, and the arrangements were admirable in every way. The tract to be beaten consisted of the dense forest lying round the Pakhal Lake; two large tigers and one fine tigress were reported to have been seen in different parts of the jungle during the previous ten days and had disturbed the villagers by their family quarrels. The extent of ground they covered nightly was a large one, and it was, of course, impossible to guess the exact spot where they would be found. But they were undoubtedly there, and, with a small army of about 1,700 beaters, Colonel Afsur-ul-Mulk had made up his mind that they should be accounted for.

Tiffin in the Jungle.

Each beat was organised in a thoroughly systematic manner and with military precision. The men were arranged in three different lines, front, middle, and rear, and each line was divided into three sections, each commanded by an officer mounted on an elephant. Between the foremost line of beaters and the Prince's *machan*, some sixteen scouts were stationed in trees, furnished with a red and a white flag—red for tiger and white for panther, bear, or stags. As the lines advanced towards the direction of the *machan*, the scouts signalled the direction which the game had taken by means of the flags, and the section officers then gave the command by bugle call, different notes being sounded for the right, centre, or left to advance or fall back as might be required. If a tiger showed signs of breaking back, the beaters fired a blank volley so as to turn him, and dummies were put up at various points so as to keep him in the desired direction. Should he actually break through the first line of beaters, he was met by the second, and again by the third, so that there was very little chance of his getting through. Monday proved a blank day, and neither the tigress nor her rival suitors was found at home.

Shooting at Hyderabad: Part of the First Day's Bag.

Tuesday, however, was more fortunate. In the first beat, at about 1-30, the signals showed that a tiger and panther were on foot. The sections of the front line advanced slowly, converging towards the Royal *machan*. The first to break cover was the panther, which came out of the jungle exactly opposite the Prince's *machan* about sixty yards off. Behind the Prince was the Colonel who, however, did not shoot. The panther fell to a single shot between the ears from His Royal Highness. The tiger was close behind, but remained crouching in the undergrowth until the beaters came close up, and then with a growl made for the same opening as the panther, springing over his body. The Prince was only able to get rather a snapshot by leaning to the right, but it was enough, and the tiger fell in his tracks stone dead, hit behind the shoulder.

After lunch a move was made to another part of the jungle about two hours distant, where the beat commenced at half past four o'clock. About 5 o'clock a fine tiger jumped into the bed of the nulla and rolled in the sand, but being closely followed by the beaters, who actually leapt into the bed after him, he took refuge in a piece of thick jungle between the nulla and the Prince's *machan*. But he was not allowed to stop long. The beaters, regardless of all personal risk and determined, as they afterwards said, to "show the Great King's son good sport," hustled him through the undergrowth and he came into the open just opposite the *machan*. A bullet in the shoulder turned him. He was evidently hard hit, for, without attempting to touch the beaters, he got back into the nulla, which he crossed with difficulty. As he was trying to mount the other bank, the Prince fired two other long shots, the second of which killed him. A very good bag for one day—two fine tigers, 9 ft. 6 in. and 9 ft. 9 in. respectively, and one panther!

Two out of the three were now accounted for, but there still remained the tigress, for whose favour, as seen by the marks on their skins, the two tigers had been striving. On the following day, Wednesday, she also met her fate. During the morning the Prince and his party went out on the lake duck shooting and got very good sport, and then after lunch motored out to a distant part of the forest, where the tigress was said to have taken up her quarters. This was a very difficult piece of jungle to beat, because, owing to the moisture from the lake, the undergrowth was almost impenetrable. But not quite so for the Colonel's coolies, and about 5 p.m. she was signalled as being on foot. She tried to break back first of all and then to the left, but every movement being signalled by the scouts, and the

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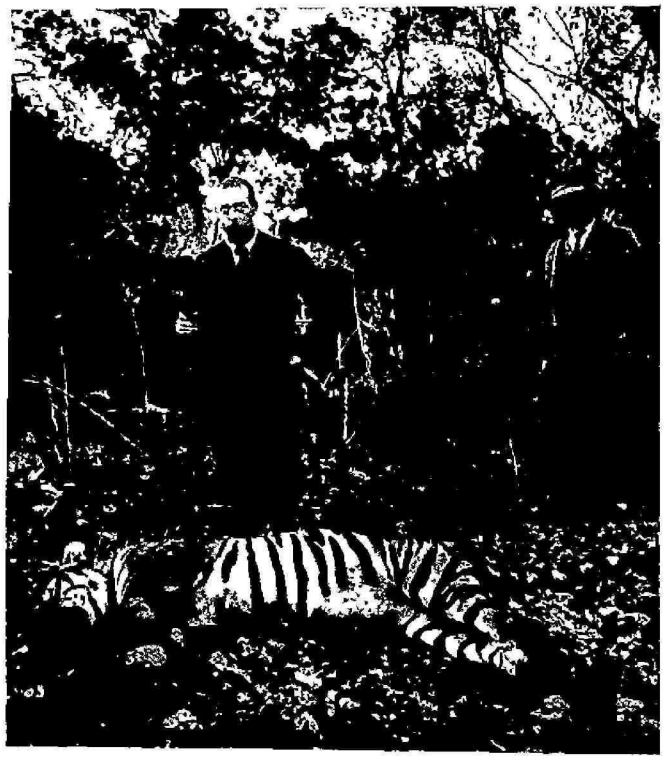
Two out of the three were now accounted for, but there still remained the tigress, for whose favour, as seen by the marks on their skins, the two tigers had been striving. On the following day, Wednesday, she also met her fate. During the morning the Prince and his party went out on the lake duck shooting and got very good sport, and then after lunch motored out to a distant part of the forest, where the tigress was said to have taken up her quarters. This was a very difficult piece of jungle to beat, because, owing to the moisture from the lake, the undergrowth was almost impenetrable. But not quite so for the Colonel's coolies, and about 5 p.m. she was signalled as being on foot. She tried to break back first of all and then to the left, but every movement being signalled by the scouts, and the

beaters pressing her in every direction, except one, she was at last obliged to emerge opposite the Prince's *machan*. At first she still stuck to the bushes, and the Prince, not wishing to risk an uncertain shot, waited until she was clear, and then at once hit her with a ·400 cordite express in the neck. She was practically killed, but as she seemed to be struggling to rise and the beaters were close, a Paradox gave her the *coup de grâce*.

On Thursday morning nothing was done except that His Royal Highness had up the principal shikaries, and congratulated them on the excellent sport they had shown and the plucky way in which they had stuck to their tigers. To some he gave shikar knives, to others watches, and to the officers breast pins. To the Colonel he gave a handsome diamond pin, and greater honour, the Royal Victorian Order, with many expressions of satisfaction at the admirable arrangements he had made. To Mr. Hankin a pin was also given. After a late breakfast the Prince and his party went after duck and snipe, and so shot their way back to the station where they entrained about 8 p.m. and left for Wadi, which they reached early the following morning without stopping at Hyderabad, and rejoined Her Royal Highness.



Second Day's Bag, Hyderabad.

Thus ended a very successful trip, distinguished by the excellent arrangements made and the systematic discipline of the beaters, which had been reduced almost to an exact science, and by the excellent shooting of His Royal Highness. With so unerring a shot the beaters had no hesitation in pressing their tiger at the last critical moment.

The Princess of Wales did not accompany His Royal Highness to the shooting camp, but remained at the Falaknama Palace. But as everyone who knows of Her Royal Highness' ardent interest in Indian history and archæology will readily understand, these were not days of inactivity. The Princess visited the exhibition on the outskirts of the city, and the ruins of the ancient capital of Golconda. Her Royal Highness also received a private visit from the Nizam, and in returning it took tea with His Highness. At Gol-

The Shooting Party, Hyderabad.

conda the Princess renewed her acquaintance with the Mahomedan monuments of India in which she was so intensely interested during the Royal progress through the Punjab and the United Provinces. The capital of the short-lived Qutb Shahi dynasty stands upon a rocky hill rising abruptly from the plain on the north bank of the River Musi, and about seven miles from Hyderabad. The city has long been deserted, but its battered walls are witnesses to one of the most gallant struggles in Indian history. The

bigoted Aurungzebe, with the whole might of the Mughal Empire at his back, beat incessantly for eight months against its fortifications, and then only by treachery secured the downfall of Abdul Hasan, the last of the Qutb kings.

The abandonment of the state dinner through the bereavement of the Nizam allowed no opportunity for the exchange of the ceremonious speeches which accompany all occasions of great importance in India. The position of the Nizam in India, and his character, however, made these speeches of particular interest, and they were formally interchanged. In the speech he was to have made at the dinner His Highness said : "It was my privilege yesterday morning to show you, Sir, that portion of my army which is specially set aside and trained to assist in the defence of His Majesty's Indian Empire. I trust the day when their services will be needed for this purpose will never come, but I wish to assure Your Royal Highnesses, whose visit is one link—and a very strong link—in the long chain of most cordial associations which binds me and my house to the British Empire, that if the necessity for defence should ever arise not those troops only but my own sword, and all the resources of the State, would be placed unreservedly at His Majesty's disposal. I trust that on your return to England you will inform His Majesty of the sincere admiration and loyal devotion which the Princes and people of India entertain for the British Throne and Royal Family, and will not fail to add that His Majesty's faithful ally and the people of his State yield to none in that admiration and devotion." Accepting this pledge, the Prince said : "No one can speak with greater authority on this subject than our kind host, for we all know that it was the Nizam who was the first of the Princes of India to come forward with a spontaneous offer of assistance for the common cause of Imperial defence. I have had opportunities of seeing your two fine regiments of Imperial Service Lancers, and I congratulate Your Highness on their soldierly and workmanlike appearance. As this is possibly the last occasion when we shall be the guests of an Indian Prince, I thank you most gratefully for the assurances that you have made, not only for the important State over which you rule, but for the Princes and people of India. Nothing will please His Majesty more than the concluding words of your speech, and they will be especially valued as coming from one who is pre-eminently qualified by position, experience and tradition to speak on the sentiments of the Princes and people of India towards the British Throne."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Nizam: "Our Faithful Ally."

THE PREMIER NATIVE STATE—ITS POLITICAL IMPORTANCE—THE NIZAM AS RULER—A NIZAM INDEED—HIS PRINCELY QUALITIES: INTEGRITY, HUMANITY, TOLERANCE AND HOSPITALITY—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE BRITISH: CORDIAL AND PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP—CHARACTERISTICS OF HYDERABAD: A CITY OF DISTANCES—FAREWELL TO THE NATIVE STATES—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE PROGRESS—THE OPPORTUNITIES OF AN INDIAN PRINCE—THE NATIVE STATES AND THEIR SUZERAIN—THEIR PLACE IN INDIA—A NEW UNDERSTANDING—THE PRINCE'S GUARANTEE.

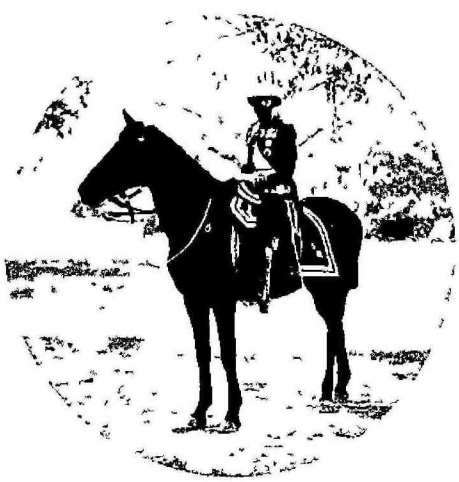
HYDERABAD, *February* 15*th.*

WHEN you glance at the map of India, your gaze is arrested by the splotch of yellow, overspreading the greater part of the Deccan, that is labelled Hyderabad. That splotch represents an area as large as Italy and a population as numerous as that of a German State, both under the unfettered control, as far as his internal policy is concerned, of "Our Faithful Ally," the Nizam, Mir Mahabub Ali Khan Bahadur Fateh Jung, Nizam-ud-Daula, Nizam-ul-Mulk. It occupies, as is patent in a moment, a position of remarkable strategic importance. Sir John Malcolm described it as the centre of gravity of the whole of the Indian Empire. The seat of power has moved north since that distinguished officer's day; but Hyderabad is still the natural breakwater between Northern and Southern India, and the most imposing and interesting administrative unit in the Dependency.

These eighty thousand square miles of territory, with their population of ten millions, are an island of Old India in the ocean of British India. This island is divided from its neighbours by its own customs line, and it has its own coinage, army and administration. Within the frontier, if we except the little islands of British jurisdiction at the Residency, Secunderabad, Bolarum and Aurungabad, the will of the Nizam is supreme.

His writ runs unchecked nearly five hundred miles north and south and east and west. The exterior relations of Hyderabad are defined by treaties and its military strength is fixed, and these limits are so well understood by the Government and their Ally that they do not come under discussion. But within these boundaries the order of the Nizam, short of a course of policy that would lead to civil war, is for all practicable purposes the law of the State. So decisively is it exercised that there is no more than a savour of oriental hyperbole in the saying current :—"Not a leaf falls in Hyderabad unless His Highness wills."

The occupant of this unique position was the last of the great Indian Princes to welcome Their Royal Highnesses. Until the distressing bereavement occurred which compelled his withdrawal from all State ceremonies, none shared with the Prince and Princess and their host the gaze of the multitude. When His Highness is present, you cannot forget for a moment that this is Hyderabad and that he is Nizam. And yet he owes none of this influence to physical advantage or the trappings of state. We are apt, most erroneously, to associate dignity with height. In this regard, the Nizam shares the physical characteristics of Le Grand Monarque, except that he does not attempt to disguise them by high-heeled shoes and a towering perruque. In a country distinguished by splendour of attire, he is known by the unvarying simplicity of his dress. But from the hawk eyes, looking over an aquiline nose set in a lean face darkened with moustache and whiskers, there flashes the light of a man of character. Watch the speed with which that glance exacts attention, the submissive demeanour of the most powerful of his Ministers or his nobles, and you will be in no doubt as to who is the ruler of Hyderabad.



H. R H. The Prince.

Nor do the Nizam's princely qualities end with the power to exact obedience. A Mahomedan ruler of a State, eighty per cent. of whose population is Hindu, and strictly orthodox himself, he is a man of wide tolerance, and gives freely to Christian, Hindu, and Parsi religious foundations. His Chief Minister is a Hindu, and that Minister's Secretary a very

HYDERABAD SHOOTING EXCURSION: THE FATAI SHOT.

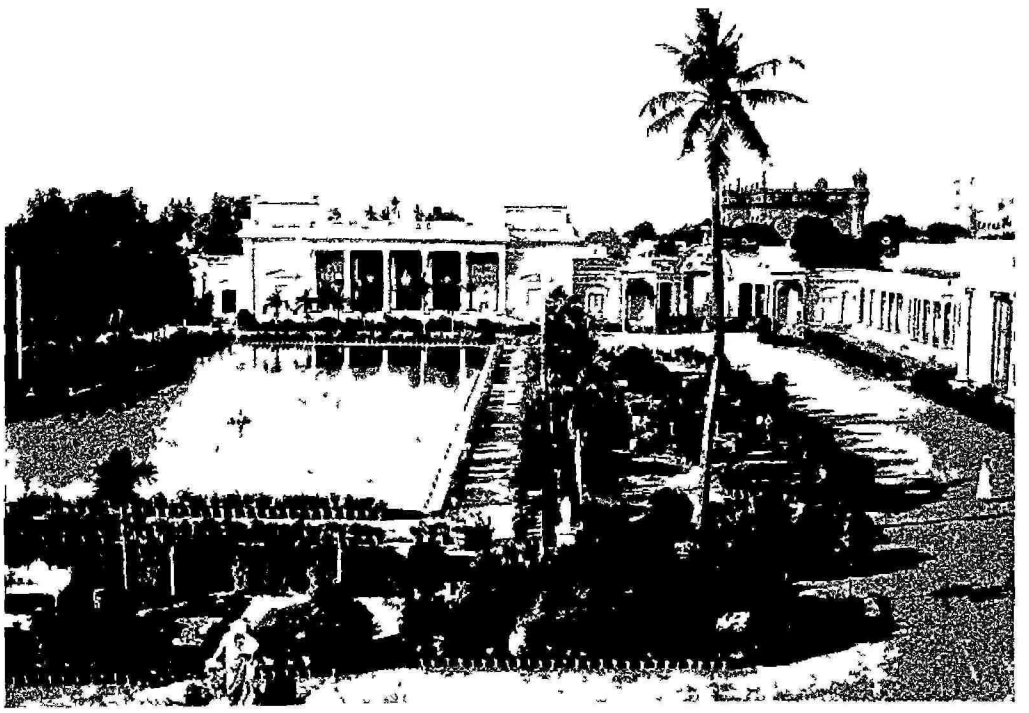
Reproduced, by permission of the Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News," from a sketch by their Representative on the Royal Tour, Mr. S. Begg

able Parsi. He is most humane and with infinite reluctance signs the warrant for the execution of even an abandoned criminal. He is a man of the strictest integrity, and as Lord Curzon justly acknowledged at a State banquet in Hyderabad, the Nizam has never been known to go back upon his pledged word. In receiving his Royal guests His Highness placed the obligations of hospitality above all other considerations. He left the bedside of a dearly-loved daughter, stricken unto death, to greet the Prince and Princess at the station and to pay and receive the ceremonial visits. When he went to the review at Secunderabad he knew that in all human probability he would never again see his daughter alive. Whilst he could not, naturally, entirely conceal his strong emotion, he never allowed it to affect his attitude of respectful loyalty to the Prince or his exact fulfilment of his duties as host.

It is a happy coincidence that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Hyderabad came at a time when the relations of the Government of India with their Ally were never more satisfactory. The stout loyalty of the Nizam, which barred the flowing of the Mutiny over Southern India, has never wavered, but the periods of acute tension have not been few. The knotty question of the Berars was settled by Lord Curzon and Sir David Barr in a manner honourable to both contracting parties. That fruitful source of friction removed, there was nothing to obstruct the cementing of the cordial partnership that now exists. But the change in the governance of the State goes much deeper than this. The history of Hyderabad for the latter half of the nineteenth century is the history of Sir Salar Jung and his successors. Sometimes it was difficult to tell whether he in authority was Minister or Mayor of the Palace. This was no doubt necessary to repair the inextricable confusion that Sir Salar Jung found existing, but it was not conducive to smooth working when a man of strong character was on the *gadi*. There is no Mayor of the Palace now. The Nizam is Nizam, and the Minister is Minister. Consequently there is little of the harassing friction that used to divide Hyderabad into two camps, and drive the Nizam to imitate the example of Achilles.

The Nizam is now genuinely interested in the governance of his State. He moves more amongst his people, and his personality is better understood. In all the mixed peoples he governs—Hindus and Mahomedans, Negroes, Arabs, Rohillas and Pathans—he inspires unmixed respect. No one would say that the administration of Hyderabad is ideal. Every friend to the Native States in India would like to see the march of progress in Hyderabad

rapidly accelerated, so that it might take its place worthily with those other Native States which illustrate so conspicuously the splendour of the opportunities inherited by each occupant of a *gadi*. Still, it moves. Perhaps this improvement is nowhere more conspicuous than in the present condition of Hyderabad. A few years ago not even the bazaars at Peshawar had a worse reputation. Besides an extraordinary mixed, it shelters a low-class and a large criminal population. There are streets whose inhabitants seem to live by selling one another liquor. But if a personal experience is any guide, the



Courtyard of the Chaumahalla Palace Hyderabad

Englishman is treated with as much respect in the bazaars of Hyderabad as in Bombay or Calcutta. In an hour's wandering in the side streets, when the way had to be enquired a score of times, nothing was encountered but the greatest courtesy and an earnest desire to help.

Madras is commonly called "The City of Distances," but it is cramped in comparison with Hyderabad. From the Falaknama Palace, where Their Royal Highnesses were staying, to the Residency, is nearly six miles. From the Residency to Secunderabad is another five, and from Secunderabad the road stretches away to Bolarum, a further five miles distant. So each one of their engagements carried the Prince and Princess through many

miles of characteristic Hyderabad scenery. But no scene—not even the pulsating bazaars, teeming with all the races of India, where every petty transaction has to be worked out in Halli Sicca and "John Company" rupees; where kohl-eyed zenana women peeped through yellow and red and blue shutters on the Shahzada and his consort; where African Horse, Rohilla Foot and Pathan Riflemen stood to arms whilst the dashing Body-guard and smart Imperial Service Lancers swept by—vied in beauty with what they saw from the terrace of their stately abode.

There the city, with its half million of people, lay stretched at their feet. A city lying in a shallow basin, lined with arborescence, wherein the glistering white houses were so hidden that they might have been scattered broadcast by some Titanic sower. In the heart of the town, where the four main roads meet, rose the four graceful minarets of the Char Minar; not a chimney, not a wreath of smoke, not a tower or a dome further broke the graceful beauty of the scene. Then in the distance were seen the snowy roofs and bleached roads of Secunderabad. To the left the bold citadel-crowned rock of Golconda marked the capital of the old Qutb dynasty and the scene of the stubborn defence that held the power of the Mughal Empire at bay for eight months. Golconda is set down in a valley of stones so gaunt and fantastic that Nature must have created it in a freak. It is as if the gods had played bowls with boulders and then left in a huff. Tradition accounts for the tangle by the simple explanation that God having finished the world threw the rubbish in this corner. But even this desolation is made beautiful by the Mir Alum and Hussain Saugor Lakes, gigantic sapphires in the wilderness, each facet perfect and pure.

H H The Nizam.

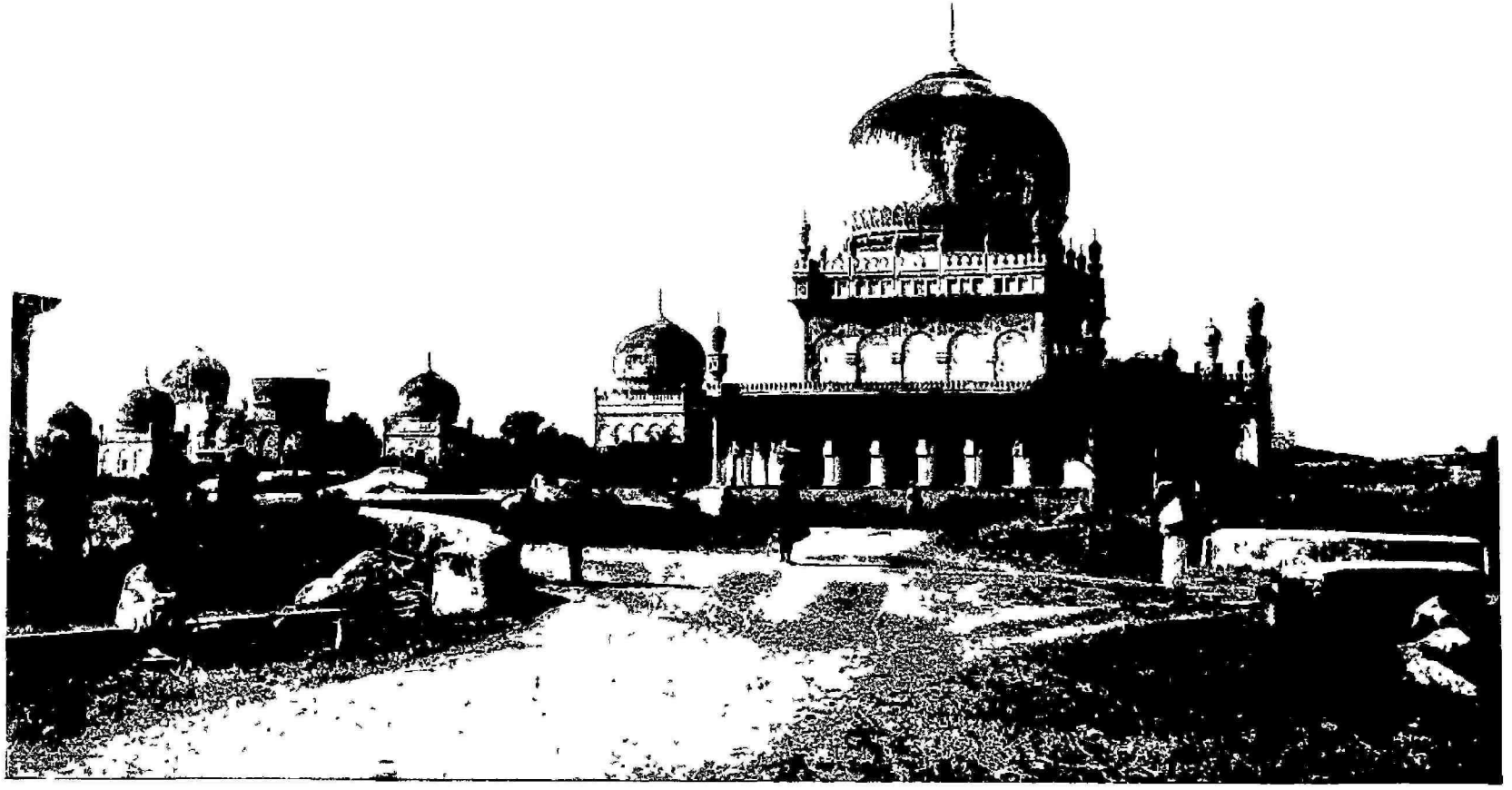
The visit to Hyderabad appropriately closed the long progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales through the Native States of India. They met the Chiefs of the central States in Durbar and in frank social intercourse at Indore. They were the guests of the great Rajput Chieftains—of the Maharana of Mewar in his fairy capital of Udaipur; of the Maharaja of Jaipur in the famous Pink City; and of "The Lord of the Desert," the

Maharaja of Bikanir, in his sandy home. At Lahore they received the Punjab Princes, whose houses are synonyms for courage and loyalty—Patiala, Jhind, Nabha, Bahawalpur and Kapurthala. In the far North the Maharaja of Jammu, a State with important frontier responsibilities, greeted them in the grey town that clings to the outward spurs of the Himalayas, and, retracing their steps to Central India, the high-minded and ardent Scindia welcomed them with all the pomp and circumstance the East can display. Then, after the flying visit to Burma, they passed to the bright

The Shooting Elephants, Hyderabad.

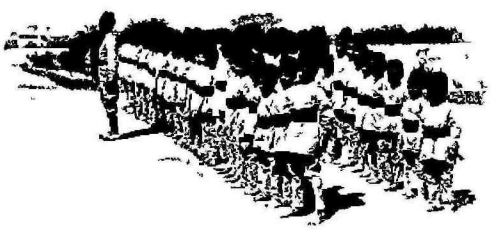
and happy peoples of the flourishing State of Mysore, and thence to Hyderabad, the premier State, and the sole survivor of the old Deccan Mahomedan kingdoms. Everywhere they were acclaimed with genuine enthusiasm and unbounded hospitality, and the Indian Princes vied with one another in their desire to manifest unusual marks of loyalty and devotion.

Pausing for a moment on the experiences of these crowded months, you cannot but be impressed with the unsurpassed opportunities for good that the Indian Prince enjoys. It is indeed hard to find any great situation in life which yields such great opportunity with such little responsibility. He is protected from external aggression and internal disorder by the whole



THE QUEEN'S TOMB, GOLCONDA.

might of the British Empire. His own contribution towards the burden of Imperial Defence, apart from the tribute fixed by Treaty, is bounded by the Imperial Service Forces he may loyally and patriotically maintain, and any military expenditure beyond that is entirely a personal and ceremonial matter. Excluding Mysore, where special circumstances induced a protective constitution, his revenues are as entirely at his own disposal as those of any country gentleman. In the event of those revenues failing through seasonal irregularities, he can draw on the purse of the Government of India at most modest charges. Not only is he secure in his own territories, but he knows that his successor, whether by direct descent or adoption, is equally sure of the protection of the Government and of the full enjoyment of uncurtailed boundaries. He stands in absolutely paternal relations to a population which, in the case of the Nizam of Hyderabad, numbers ten millions, for the Ruler of a Native State is above the law and he is the only fount of authority. And he would not be where he is had not certain English adventurers turned their prows eastwards four centuries ago.



Boys of a Hyderabad Orphanage.

With these privileges there are, of course, certain limitations. The external relations of the States, both in India and abroad, are entirely with the Government of India. A reasonable standard of government is essential, and it is the manifest obligation of the protecting authority to see that it is reached. There must also be restrictions on the strength of the military forces maintained and the importation of arms; but these are so clearly matters of high policy that with any honest and educated Ruler they should never be in dispute. In the past, and to a lesser extent in the present, there have been legitimate grounds of complaints as to the manner in which the policy of Government has been declared and the wishes of the central authority made known; but this cause for offence is decreasing. Even now there are minor matters, costing the Government nothing but ministering materially to the oriental conception of *izzat*, where the desires of the ruling houses should be met. And we may ask whether the increasing frontier and Asiatic responsibilities of the Government have not made them too busy to pay adequate attention to the claims of the Native States, and

whether their business should not be the care of a special department. But how small—you are almost inclined to say how petty—are these limitations in comparison with the magnificent privileges the Indian Princes inherit!

Out of an appreciation of these conditions has grown a new understanding between the Native States and their Suzerain. On the one hand, the Princes are convinced that their position and their privileges are secure; on the other the members of the Government have come better to appreciate the very important part the Native States fill in the governance of India. It is not only that the Native States are amongst us, fixed and permanent

View of the Pakhal Lake, Hyderabad.

factors in the Indian Empire—factors to be fitted into the Imperial machine, and not fretted into passive hostility—though this is an aspect that might have been considered by those Civilians ever tilting at the "backwardness" of Native rule; but they have a distinct and important function in the machine. One charge levelled against the rule of Britain in India is that it has taken the life and movement and romance out of the government and substituted a rather uninspiring greyness. Or, as it was put by the old Punjabi fire-eater in his conversation with the Lieutenant-Governor. The Punjabi was bewailing the good old days when every soldier of fortune carried a kingdom in his scabbard. "Why grumble?" said the Satrap.

"You might have been a prince to-day and bowstrung to-morrow. Your fortune, your honour, your life depended on the whim of a despot." "True, Huzoor," was the answer; "but we had our chance." The Native States provide this chance for enterprising Indians. They afford a field for social and political experiment much safer than the huge expanse of British India, and they open a second outlet for those sentiments of personal loyalty which lie at the base of the oriental character. With the vastly superior education of the younger generation of Indian Princes there have also arisen administrative ideals in far closer harmony with those of the Government of India, and the old points of difference have narrowed.

From this better understanding there grew the cordial partnership between the Government and the Native States that now exists. It was kindled by the advance of education and the defining of the policy governing the relations of the two partners. It burst into flame at Lord Curzon's clarion call to join action in the splendid work of governing India. It flamed when fanned by the strong Imperial gale that swept over the Delhi Durbar. It has burnt strongly, brightly, confidently at every stage in the Royal progress. Nothing could be happier or more hopeful than to find that in the pride and joy with which each Chief acclaimed the heir of their beloved Emperor, the grandson of the revered Queen-Empress, there mingled no doubts as to the Government policy, no suspicions as to the future, but the conviction that though atoms of dust may get into the machinery, the wheels are turning toward a common goal.

Hyderabad · A Fine Tiger.

To these Chiefs the Prince and Princess of Wales came as a guarantee of the permanence, as far as we are permitted to see, of the conditions under which they hold their privileged position. Viceroys come and go; members of Council change with bewildering rapidity; and Politicals are here to-day and are gone to-morrow. But over the Government of India and its agents, that "impersonal power of an administrative abstraction," stands the Royal

House of England. That House, whilst keeping strictly within the bounds set by the constitution, has many means of greatly influencing both the Government of England and the Government of India. Its influence has always been wisely and sympathetically exercised for India's good: this country never had a truer friend than Queen Victoria. The progress of Their

The Army of Beaters, Hyderabad.

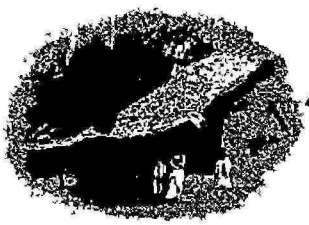
Royal Highnesses through the Dependency is the assurance that not only in this generation, but in the next, the sovereign of all the Britains will be a monarch who knows the Indian Princes, who appreciates their position, who has met them in the frank comradeship of the field as well as in eastern ceremonial, and who will add to inherited tradition a warm personal care for their interests.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Kashi: "The Splendid."

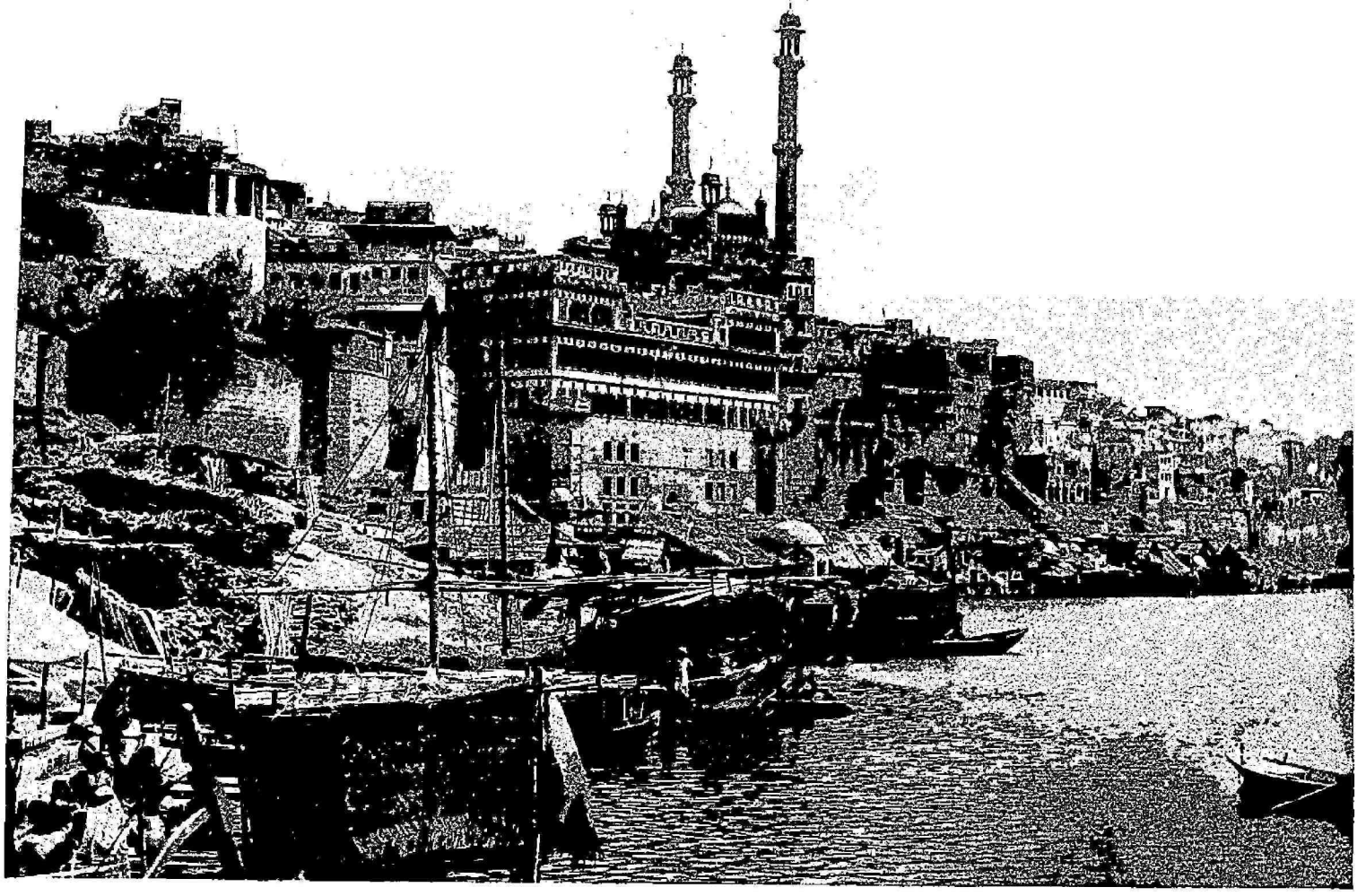
THE ROME OF THE HINDUS—THE BEAUTY OF THE HOLY CITY—THE STAMP OF THE RENAISSANCE—THE CITY OF BENARES—VENICE BEHIND THE GRAND CANAL—THE PRINCE'S STATE ENTRY—THE SPIRIT OF BENARES: ITS HINDUISM—A REGAL ELEPHANT PROCESSION—SCENES FROM INDIAN MYTHOLOGY—CHOLERA IN THE NEPAL SHOOTING CAMP—ENFORCED ABANDONMENT OF THE EXCURSION—ALTERNATIVE ARRANGEMENTS—A SECOND VISIT TO GWALIOR—"RIVER OF FLAME": BENARES ILLUMINATED—THE REWARD OF VALOUR—LEAVING BENARES—THE PRINCESS' UNOFFICIAL TOUR—AMONGST THE HIMALAYAS.

BENARES, *February 19th.*



IN certain aspects the river front of the Holy City of Benares enthrals you by a beauty not even surpassed by the fairy grace of Udaipur. The high-walled, tortuous streets, leading from the Chowk to the river, possess a charm, a character and an atmosphere of mystery found nowhere else outside eastern Italy.

Viewed in the pellucid freshness of the early morning, or in the quick-ebbing twilight that is the glory of the Indian day, who can forget the fillet of palace and temple, ghat and minaret, that binds the upper bank of "Mother Ganga?" The turquoise crescent of the mighty river now lazily laps its tawny sandbanks, but in spate climbs half way up the steps and walls, and claims the miles of lowland to the distant fringe of trees for her bed. The massive stepped ghats plunge boldly into the silent tide—ghats from which arises the array of silent palaces, some warm with red sandstone, others glistering with the whitewash which only the Indian sun can make beautiful, generous in the bastion-like buttresses that hold the retaining walls, graceful in the dainty towers and cupolas that suggest Agra and Fatehpur Sikri. Over all stand sentinel the minarets of the mosque that the dour iconoclast Aurungzebe raised on the site of the temple of Vishnu to set the seal of Mahomedan conquest on the



THE RIVER FRONT, BENARES.

Rome of the Hindus. But far more marked than Mughal or Hindu influence is the stamp of the renaissance. So viewed, Benares might have been built by the Venetians.

At sunset, when the purple mist rising from the river embraces the smoke from the dying pyre; in the early morn, especially when the city has been washed as it was by last night's storm and the air is limpid beyond words, the Italian atmosphere dominates all. It is not till the pilgrims descend in their myriads, flecking the sandy red or ochreous yellow ghats with their reds and cobalts and salmon pinks, that the East once more asserts her mastery. If the palmer is wise he will hold his hand here, nor seek to lift the *purdah* that from the river screens the Hindu pilgrimage. As with the river so is it with the city. Plunge into the astounding maze that shuts the Chowk from the river and you are in the Venice that lies at the back of the Grand Canal, coursing with a life as strong as that which ran in the palmiest days of the Republic. But the moment you leave these high-walled bazaars, with their patient vendors of hammered brass and broidered silk, and get at hand grips with Benares Hinduism, you are affronted by its materialism.

It was the happiest side of Benares that the Prince and Princess saw to-day when they made the formal progress which took the place of the state entry—the Benares of the bustling bazaars and flourishing commerce. It was a sight all the more striking, because for the first time in their long tour through British India every phase of the reception was stamped with the spirit of the city—its Hinduism. Here were in the streets no rows of cheap bunting disfiguring them almost beyond recognition. In their stead were festoons of marigolds, glorious lemon and orange yellows— the flower sacred to the Hindus, because it was beloved of Parvati, the wife of Siva—and festoons of the leaves of the *asok* tree, employed on all ceremonial occasions, because it was in its shade that Ram took his first refreshment on his wanderings. Here were triumphal arches, not mere things of canvas and bamboo affronting the eye, but having a definite relation to their surroundings. There was the Shikar arch, decked with the spoils of the chase and the vegetation of the jungle, round which were grouped the foresters of the Maharaja's dominions and aborigines from the South Mirzapur forests; the Weavers' arch, adorned with the products of their looms; the Brass-makers' arches, studded with examples of the famous Benares ware in high relief, in brass and white metal. There was the

"Kinkob," arch erected by the craftsmen who vie with those of Surat and Ahmedabad, and the Idolmakers' arch, each niche occupied by figures from Hindu mythology.

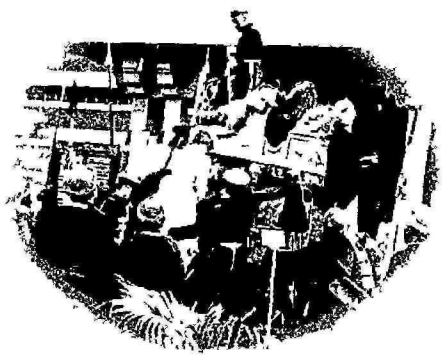
The programme was simplicity itself—a drive to the Municipal Offices, where an address was presented; an elephant procession through the Chowk and the return by carriage to Nandesar House; but each part of it was made to fit into the general scheme. The route took Their Royal Highnesses past the Queen's College—a handsome building in the Italian style, which must be amongst the oldest educational foundations in India, for it was in 1791 that Jonathan Duncan, then Resident at Benares, suggested to Lord Cornwallis the establishment of a college for the preservation and cultivation of Sanskrit literature; past the Prince of Wales' Hospital, of which His Majesty the King-Emperor laid the foundation-stone when he visited Benares thirty years ago; past Madho Dass' Garden, where Warren Hastings was encamped when he put Raja Chet Singh under arrest in 1781, and whence he was forced to flee to Chunar, five days later; and so to the Town Hall, which was opened by King Edward in 1876, and where now his Heir received an address that was a model of terse expression and devoted loyalty.

The Idolmakers' Arch, Benares

This paved the way for the elephant procession. It was headed by two noble beasts, bearing lustily-beaten drums; then came the Prince and Princess of Wales on a superb animal whose forehead was dyed Imperial purple, whose trappings of gold swept the ground, whilst a tiger rampant was poised on each side of the howdah of beaten gold. Followed a score or more of elephants caparisoned in scarlet and green, with the Staff and the principal members of the Maharaja's suite, the Maharaja and Sir James La Touche riding immediately behind the Royal elephant, which was preceded

by priests from the various temples, scattering flowers and blowing wailing conches. The scenes in the streets were typical of every phase of Benares life. There were scores of *fakirs*, with their ash-smeared bodies and coiled black-brown hair; hundreds of orange-robed *sunyasis*, upon whom the tired eye rested gratefully. But entirely dominating this side of sacred Benares were the tens and tens of thousand of prosperous Hindus and Mussulmans, enterprising merchants and keen traders, who regard pilgrims as rather an encumbrance.

Along the route were enacted scenes from the miracle plays of the Hindus. Here were temple mummers, elaborately decked out, playing the Coronation of Ram and Sita, which is usually the last act of the Dasera festival. Next came the "Krishna lilla," representing Krishna and the milkmaids, the very human episode in the life of the god that makes him so popular a deity. The *pahlvans* (Indian wrestlers) were ranged in line with massive Indian clubs and enormous discs of stone, but if the portly gentlemen standing beside these trophies were in reality the wrestlers of Benares, then it was long since they had swung those clubs, or moved those discs, without the assistance of a hand cart! Through such scenes, and through a lane of people quivering with pleasure, and to the crash of oriental music, Their Royal Highnesses moved at the stately pace of my lord the elephant to the circus where the Chowk joined the Chetganj Road. Here were massed the students of the Central Hindu College, which owes its existence to the self-denying efforts of Mrs. Annie Besant, a wind-ruffled pool of lilac, azure, lemon, and rose-coloured turbans.



Mounting the State Elephant, Benares.

To-day has been a day of disappointment. The Prince of Wales, with his enthusiastic love of sport, had naturally been anticipating with no little pleasure a fortnight in the Nepal *terai*. There, quite free from official pomp and ceremony, he would have enjoyed such *shikar* as is only given to Princes. The Maharaja of Nepal made arrangements on the most comprehensive scale. Camps were prepared at Thori, close to the border between Nepal and British India, north of Bettiah, and then forty miles into the

Chitwan district of Nepal. There were elephants by the hundred, and beaters by the thousand, and everything pointed to a record bag of tiger and rhinoceros, with perhaps an elephant or two. Then, last night, came news of an outbreak of cholera, and when this was confirmed, all idea of the shoot had to be abandoned. It was of course a very bitter disappointment, and mingled with this a sense of keen regret that the Maharaja of Nepal should have made these great preparations for nothing. But what was to be done during this fortnight? The wires were soon busy and the Maharaja Scindia, who had begged the Prince to revisit his State if any part of the

The Royal Procession, Benares

tour was abandoned, was delighted to welcome His Royal Highness, who with a very small staff will proceed to Gwalior on Thursday for a quiet shoot. Otherwise the programme will be adhered to. The Princess of Wales, with Sir Walter Lawrence in attendance, will spend the time between Lucknow and Dehra Dun, and Their Royal Highnesses will then fulfil their engagements at Aligarh, Quetta and Karachi.

February 20th.

With the discretion that has characterised all the arrangements at Benares, the Prince and Princess of Wales were able to see the chief glory of the city—the river front—under its everyday conditions. There was no bunting, no trium-

phal arch and no red cloth, except a strip at the Assi Ghat, when Their Royal Highnesses were rowed quietly down the Ganges. Perhaps the bathing places were a little more crowded than usual, for news of the Shahzada's movements will get noised abroad, and where he goes there will the people flock; but beyond this there was no disturbance of the morning routine. When the Maharaja of Benares' state barge was pushed out from the ghat, the superb panorama was unfolded in an atmosphere of exceptional brilliancy —the mighty flights of steps; the bastion-bosomed walls; chatri and tower and fretted balcony, with the smooth "Mother of Rivers" crystallising under the beat of oar-blades. If some had specially come to bathe, because

The Chausati Ghat, Benares

this was the morning of the Shahzada's visit, they betrayed no sign as the barge slowly passed, and the Prince and Princess saw the amazing scene, so rich in its colour and its significance, when it was uninfluenced by any touch of the artificiality which must frequently surround a Royal progress.

In the course of the day Their Royal Highnesses came into close contact with the oldest and the newest educational foundations of Benares. On their way back from the river they halted at the Queen's College—the striking building in the familiar style of the fifties, which owes its foundation to the Jonathan Duncan who was Resident of Benares in 1791.

BENARES : THE BURNING GHAT.

Duncan's plan was to establish a Sanskrit College—"For the preservation and cultivation of the Sanskrit literature and religion of the Hindu nation, at the centre of their faith and the common resort of their tribes." When in 1835 English became obligatory as a course of study, the Sanskrit College declined, and was only saved from death by inanition by separating the English and Sanskrit courses, but continuing both under the same roof. In the Sanskrit College the discipline, the methods of teaching and examination, and the selection of pupils are all according to the Hindu Shastras, and it is still recognised as the centre of Indian Sanskrit learning.

In the afternoon, on their way to take tea with the Maharaja of Benares at the Ramnagar Palace, the Prince and Princess called at the Central Hindu College, the work of six years, which is the creation of Mrs. Annie Besant's active brain and the foundation of the Maharaja of Benares and a few wealthy Hindus. Mrs. Besant's end is familiar to all acquainted with the progress of Indian education; she seeks to combine eastern religion, philosophy and logic, with western education. Whilst teaching up to the Government standards in the College and Schools, the day's work begins with a Hindu prayer and the reading out of the Shastric precepts, followed by a religious lecture. The progress of the College has so far been rapid. When the report for 1905 was issued there were 163 students in the College and 480 pupils in the School. The Trustees control a substantial endowment fund, the College and School buildings are expanding, and the hostel works well. Whilst boys come from all parts of India, the very large majority belong to the United Provinces and Bengal. This is a remarkable record of progress for an educational institution that accepts no Government aid; but it is still in its first youth, and its future is one of absorbing interest to thoughtful people of all classes.

Grouped on the wide recreation ground, which belongs to the College, the boys awaited the Prince and Princess, and a most conspicuous, even in this throng, was the figure of Mrs. Annie Besant, to whom the institution really owes its existence. Time did not permit of any prolonged ceremony. The Prince accepted an address, from which the following passage is extracted, as it aptly sums up the scope and basis of the College:—"In this College we seek to wed together the religion, the ethics, the philosophy of the hoary East with the science and the literature of the young and vigorous West; to give to our students all that is best in European culture with all that is wisest and noblest in Asiatic thought. We believe that we shall

THE PALACE, RAMNAGAR.

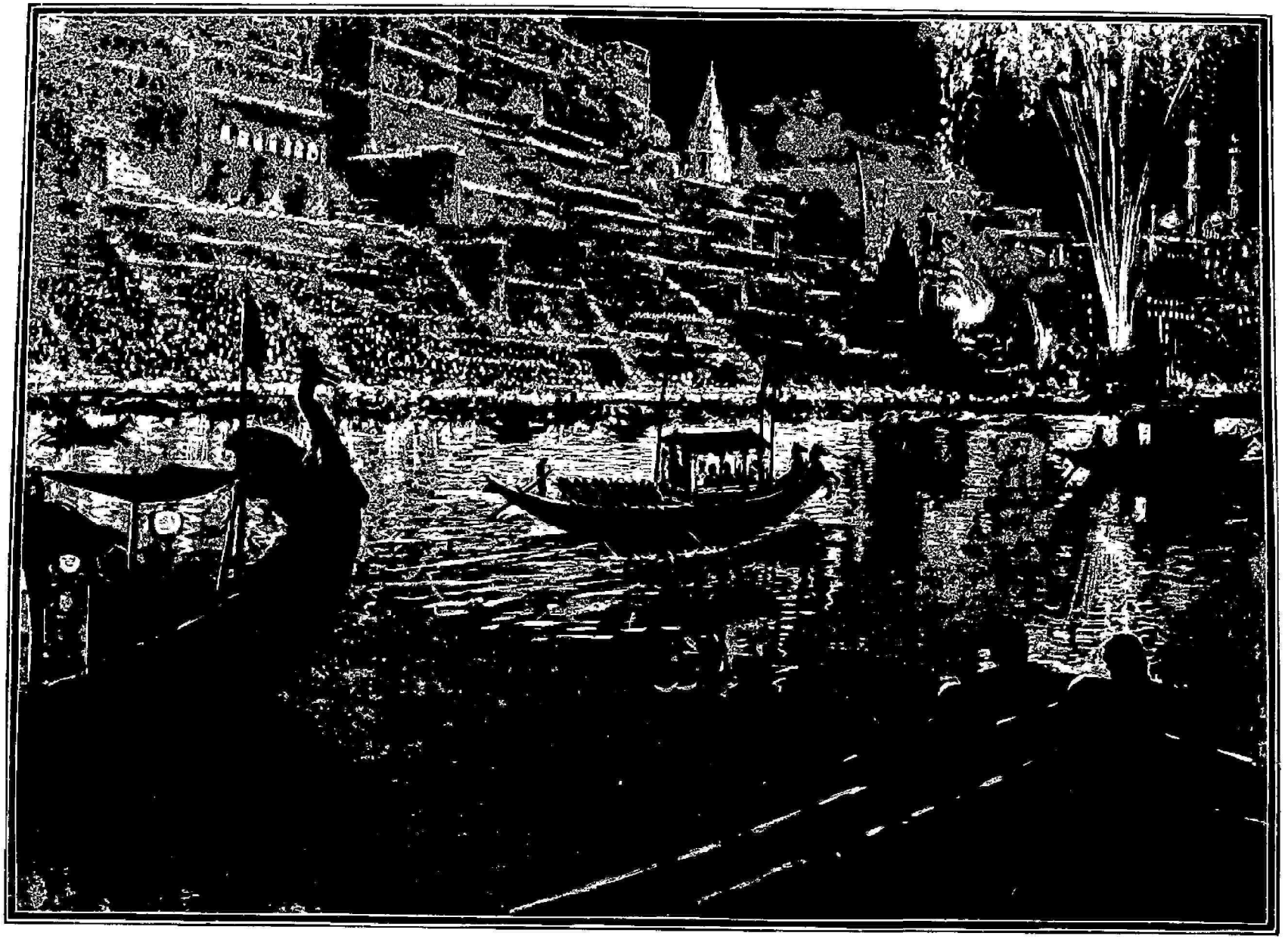
ARRIVAL AT RAMNAGAR.

thus train up a race of men who will be loyal and useful citizens of that World-Empire over which, in the course of Divine Providence, Your Royal Highnesses will one day be called to rule." The address was enclosed in a silver model of the temple to Sarasvati that is now rising in the College compound.

From the College it was but a short journey to the river and then, on curiously-fashioned barges, across the water to the Ramnagar Palace. There the Maharaja had arranged a series of tableaux, which brought back recollections of the fascinating days in Rajputana. The road was lined with forest guards in their suits of green, camelmen with swivel guns, and elephants in trappings of red and green. The background was the fine old palace, the foreground the turquoise river. Silver palanquins were provided for the conveyance of Their Royal Highnesses, but they preferred to experience on foot the sights which recalled the happiest episodes of the tour—those days amongst the brave and chivalrous Rajputs. Then, whilst the Maharaja's guests were being served with tea, tiny lights were set afloat on the river, sowing its bosom with little tongues of flame.

This was but the prelude to the splendours of the illuminated river steps. When the sun sank, it left neither moon nor star to relieve the purple blackness of the heavens. As the darkness deepened, little wisps of light appeared along the splendid river front as the lamps were coaxed into flame, until by the time the afterglow had disappeared ghat and palace were etched with softly flickering light. As the eye travelled up the river it rested on the purple shadows of Ramnagar. Then, at Assi, where the bathing stations begin, it traced the outline of the steps, where the pilgrims plunge into "Mother Ganga," in lines and circlets of fire. Swiftly the glare increased, until at the palaces of Vizianagram and Darbhanga and the ghat dedicated to the "goddess of small-pox," it blazed like streaks of golden lava, which ran into a river glowing like a current of molten gold. Then the almost fierce glare faded so that at the "Panch Ganga" it showed the sullen reddish tint of a cooling ingot. Beyond all was purple darkness, except where the minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe reared crowns of lambent light—the Wardens of the Prophet in the City of Siva.

Up and down the sluggish river moved a fleet of the shapely Benares barges, some as high-pooped as the caravels of Columbus, others as gaily decked as the house-boats at Henley; whilst the air was filled with the



THE ILLUMINATIONS AT BENARES.

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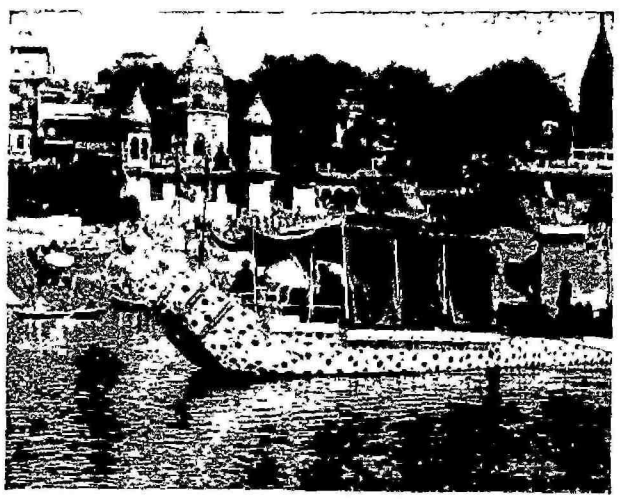
music of military marches, the raucous notes of the native oboe, and the muffled beat of tom-toms. Now the procession of boats was half hid in the deep shadows, now it splashed into phosphorescence the golden stream, and over all rose the roar of the city's thousands who clustered where man, woman or child could find place to put his feet. As the state barge left the palace, bearing the Prince and Princess of Wales, the dark river bank rushed into all the colours of the rainbow as rockets screamed, catherine-wheels buzzed, and Roman candles starred the sky with reds and blues and yellows. To-night's spectacle will linger in the memory with that of the illumination of Udaipur as the most striking panorama of the Royal progress.

February 21st.

There were two pleasant and attractive little ceremonies at Nandesar House this morning. On Monday the Prince of Wales was to have presented new colours to the 2nd South Staffordshire Regiment, part of which is stationed in Benares. But the rain of the previous night so soaked the ground that the ceremony had to be postponed until to-day. The Benares Companies of the Regiment were strengthened by the presence of others which were passing through on relief, and the regiment made a gallant show when paraded on the smooth turf of the old lawns. At the conclusion of the picturesque ritual the Prince, addressing the officers and men, as he entrusted the new colours to their charge, said :—

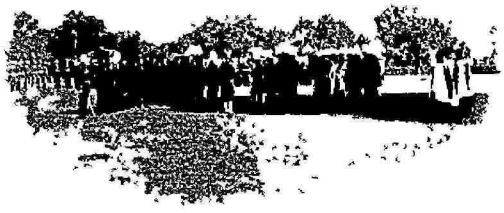


The Royal Barge, Benares.

"Meeting here to perform this ceremony on Indian soil, we are reminded that during the 112 years that have elapsed since your Battalion was raised, some of its most brilliant services have been achieved in this portion of the British Empire. With regard to its gallant conduct at Ferozeshah in 1845, Lord Hardinge—the then Governor-General of India—described it as 'that regiment which has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British Army,' and not only on the field of battle has your Regiment gained renown, for no less than three times did it suffer shipwreck in eastern waters. We know that there is

no greater test of the discipline of a regiment than under such terrible experiences, and the conduct of the 80th Regiment in the last disaster of this nature in 1844 was brought to the notice of Queen Victoria and commended in a General Order by the Governor-General of India. It is, indeed, a grand tradition which surrounds the colours of your Regiment—a tradition created by those who in days gone by fought and fell in their defence."

The Staffords were marched off the ground and a small body of brave men took their place. Everyone in India remembers how, when Dharmsala was overwhelmed by an earthquake last Spring, the utmost gallantry was shown by the English officers in the station, and many of the Gurkha Rifles stationed there, in rescuing the survivors at imminent risk to themselves. Their services were represented to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, and the Chapter General of the Order conferred the medal awarded by the Order "for distinguished acts of gallantry in saving life on land at imminent risk," to the most conspicuous of the rescuers. Silver medals were allotted to Major Patrick Hehir, Indian Medical Service; Captain Cyril Grey Stansfeld, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Walter James Evans, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Donald Stuart Orchard, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Lieutenant Barry Hartwell, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Subadar-Major Birbal Nagarkoti, 7th Gurkha Rifles; Subadar Khial Sing Gurung, 1st Gurkha Rifles; Subadar Abiram Gurung, 7th Gurkha Rifles; and bronze medals to fourteen non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st and 7th Gurkha Rifles. It was this courageous band which mustered before the Prince this morning to receive from his hands the recognition they so well deserved.



Heroes of Dharmsala.

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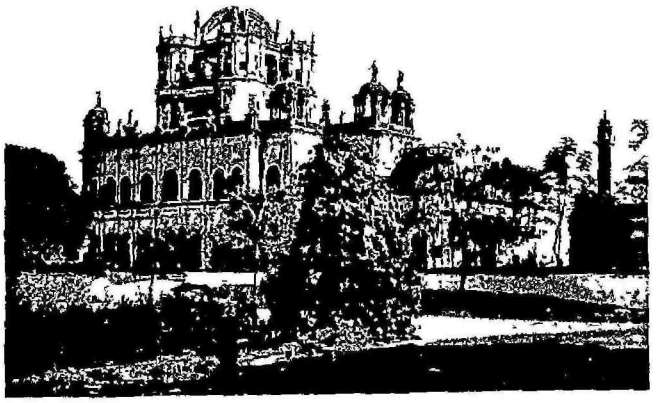
From Benares His Royal Highness railed to Gwalior, with one short halt for a few hours at Cawnpore. The Princess commenced an informal little tour, which brought her into very close touch indeed with phases of Indian life which she has lost no opportunity of studying. The first days were spent at Lucknow, where Her Royal Highness renewed the fruitful acquaintance with the memorials of the Mutiny which was commenced at the official visit. Whilst here the Princess attended the Assault-at-Arms, and

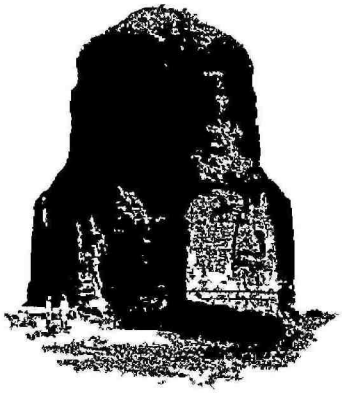
witnessed the section tent-pegging by British and Native officers and the musical ride by the Sixth Cavalry. On Sunday morning Her Royal Highness visited the Station Hospital, and before leaving gave each patient a bunch of flowers. In the evening the Princess witnessed the first of the Muharram processions—the great festival when the Shiah Mahomedans commemorate the death of their first martyrs, Hassan and Hussain. From Lucknow an excursion was made to Cawnpore, where aspects of Anglo-Indian life wide as the Poles asunder came under the notice of the Princess. After lunching with Mrs. C. T. Allen Her Royal Highness inspected the leather works of Messrs. Cooper Allen & Co., and the splendid factory of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills. This is the new India, the beginnings of the industrial development which has illimitable possibilities in the Dependency, and with which is bound up the ultimate solution of the agrarian problem, by reducing the pressure on an overtaxed soil. To see, as did the Princess, Indian workmen, whose forbears have been agriculturists for untold generations, producing goods only failing in finish to reach the best European standard, or tending machines which grind out finished stockings with almost eerie facility, is to begin to understand the forces which are stirring age-worn Asia. In the afternoon there was a short visit to the scenes of the great tragedies of British rule in India—The Memorial Gardens and the Well, the Massacre Ghat and the Memorial Church.



La Martiniere College, Lucknow.

A night run from Lucknow brought Her Royal Highness to Agra on the morning of February 27th. The Princess at once plunged again into the riot of architectural magnificence within the Fort, which is one of the most impressive monuments of Mughal taste. After lunch the Maharaja of Bharatpur and his mother were received and the Princess motored to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Dowlah, the Chini-ka-Rosa, and to the Taj Mahal, whence was witnessed a sunset of exquisite beauty. Dehra Dun was reached on

March the 1st, and in this lovely little station, hidden amongst the forests of the lower Himalayas, several restful days were spent. The Princess stayed in the cottage home of Major Watson, C.I.E., Commandant of the Imperial Cadet Corps. Her Royal Highness visited the Mess of the 2nd Gurkhas, taking tea with the officers, and was much interested in the Mess trophies and plate; she inspected the Lines, and conversed with the Native Officers. Another excursion was to Mokampur by motor, where lunch was served in the heart of the forest. On March 2nd the Princess motored to Rajpur and was carried in a dandy—the Indian equivalent for a sedan chair—to Mussoorie, the loveliest hill station in the North. The weather during the three days' stay there was magnificent, and the view of the snow-clad hills superb. Advantage was taken of these favouring conditions to see as many places of interest as possible. Luncheon was taken at the Himalaya Club, whence Her Royal Highness climbed to the still higher military sanitarium at Landour. Landour was covered with more than a foot of snow, and some of the roads were impassable. However a path was dug to the cemetery where the tree planted by the Duke of Edinburgh was seen to be flourishing exceedingly.



Sarnath Buddhist Tope, Benares

Amongst other places honoured by a visit were the Mussoorie Convent and the Soldiers' Home at Landour. The Princess took a keen interest in all she saw, down to the manufacture of walking sticks—a trade that is greatly encouraged in these parts. Some walking sticks were bought by the Princess from an exceedingly poor craftsman. "Lo!" cried the admiring onlookers. "Now is our brother's shop made. And he was of the poorest. How did the Rani know it?"

On Sunday, March 4th, after service at Christ Church, the Princess returned to Dehra Dun. Thence a motor excursion was made over the Mohan Pass on the Saharanpur Road, returning *via* Assaroie, and visiting the Hurbanswala tea estate, where the whole process of manufacture was witnessed, from the plucking of the leaf to the packing of the tea for shipment. On March 6th the Princess returned to the plains, halting at Hardwa, doubly famous as a centre of one of the most sacred pilgrimages in India and the

site of the head works of the Ganges Canal, which irrigates more than a million acres of land. Motoring along the banks of the Ganges Canal, and stopping *en route* personally to work one of the great gates that regulate the flow of water, the Princess came to Rurki, where a large foundry has grown up to supply the need of the Irrigation Department, and the Thomson College, established to meet the evergrowing demand for engineers. With visits to both these establishments the private tour of the Princess closed. In this manner Her Royal Highness completed her acquaintance with a country in which, at every stage, she manifested a keen and informed interest. For not even the Indian village, that unit of the whole administration, escaped her close examination. It is an old story now, but it has not been told, how a favourable opportunity occurring, Her Royal Highness, accompanied only by Sir Walter Lawrence, drove privately to a village on the outskirts of the Royal camp. There, all unannounced, she walked through the ill-kept streets and saw what manner of people are those agriculturists who constitute nearly seventy per cent. of the population, how they live and under what conditions. And here occurred an incident that will illustrate better than reams of explanation the attitude of the mass of the people towards the Royal Family. An inkling as to the identity of this regal lady soon spread abroad, and in a moment a grief-stricken old woman prostrated herself at the Princess' feet with a prayer. Her story was a simple and not uncommon one. Her son had, in a fit of jealous anger, murdered a woman, and was then a prisoner in the Andamans. Would not the Rani order his release? Patiently was it explained that this was a question for the law, in which the Princess could not interfere, however warm her sympathy. The petitioner was quieted; but who would say that she was convinced? In her heart she almost certainly believed that if the Rani had so willed she could have restored her son to her.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Core of Mahomedanism.

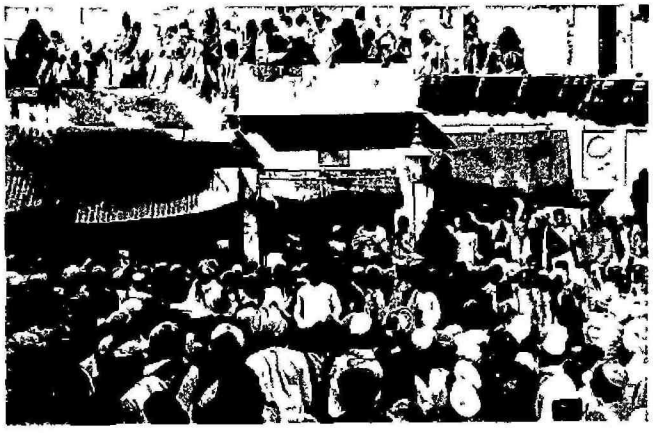
THE SEC) VISIT TO GWALIOR—GOOD SPORT—THE PRINCE AT A FAMINE CAMP—PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE RELIEF WORK—ARRIVAL AT ALIGARH—A PLEASANT DAY AT THE MAHOMEDAN COLLEGE—GENESIS OF THE COLLEGE—ITS RAPID GROWTH—TRAINING MEN OF CHARACTER—HIGH REPUTE OF THE STUDENTS—IMPORTANCE OF ALIGARH TO MAHOMEDANS—THE FUTURE OF THE COLLEGE—DUTY OF THE RISING GENERATION.

ALIGARH, *March 8th.*

THE second visit to Gwalior of the Prince of Wales terminated to-day. The recent change in the weather rendered the climate of Gwalior and Sipri most enjoyable, for a cool, pleasant breeze tempered the keen rays of the sun. The Maharaja spared no personal effort to ensure the perfect comfort and good sport of his Royal guest, and, assisted by officials of the State, succeeded admirably in his desire. One great feature of the shooting was the opportunity given to His Royal Highness of seeing jungle life and its surroundings in their normal conditions. Owing to the sudden change of plans elaborate preparations were impossible, and in the outlying and unknown beats His Royal Highness' experiences were just those which occur to soldier and civilian. On the whole, the sport was good, and on several occasions somewhat exciting. The Prince greatly enjoyed his life in the shooting camp, no day appearing too long for him, and he invariably showed, even on blank and hot days, the cheerful patience of the true sportsman. During the second visit to Gwalior, six tigers, three panthers and two sambhars, in addition to small game, were killed, and the Prince showed that he is equally good with rifle or gun.

During his stay at Gwalior the Prince availed himself of the opportunity of visiting a famine relief work, and of personally acquainting himself with the operation of the machinery that has been devised, as the result of experience, for the relief of the distress which must arise, in an agricultural

country, when the seasonal rains fail. The work was in the Marwar District, some seventy miles from Gwalior, and in the shape of an irrigation dam, which is expected to produce, in the revenue from the lands watered, a return sufficient to pay seven per cent. on the capital outlay. About six thousand men, women and children were employed, and His Royal Highness saw the whole chain of famine relief—the organisation of the able-bodied into gangs, with a scale of labour so proportioned that a full living wage can be earned by a reasonable day's labour; the light toil, with a fixed wage, provided for the weakly; and the gratuitous relief given to the infirm and to children. He was also able to appreciate the advantages of the modern system of relief, as practised by an enlightened administrator like the Maharaja of Gwalior; there was no emaciation amongst the workers, although all were absolutely destitute of resources outside the generosity of the State; that distressing accompaniment of famine was forestalled by the promptitude with which relief measures were instituted.



Aligarh: A Street Scene.

His Royal Highness evinced the greatest interest in all the details of the work, riding in amongst the workers, inspecting the bazaar, hospital, huts and those receiving gratuitous relief; before riding away he left a sum sufficient to give each individual on the works an extra day's pay.

Perhaps no incident of the Royal Tour in India awakened more widespread interest, or touched the hearts of the people more nearly, than this visit. The conventional accompaniment of a Royal progress is too often the concealment of such scenes as do not indicate complete and abounding prosperity. The fact that His Royal Highness insisted on visiting a famine relief work, and satisfying himself by personal investigation of the character and efficiency of the measures provided, was a gratifying proof that he is amply conscious of the necessity of becoming acquainted with the less cheering aspects of life which the people of India are sometimes called

upon to endure. The presence of Royalty at a famine work is probably without precedent in India. There are many Englishmen who have passed their whole lives in this country without gaining any acquaintance with famine conditions by direct contact in the mofussil. The knowledge His Royal Highness has now acquired will stand him in good stead should he ever be called upon to assist in appealing in England for help in India in time of famine. It was the sympathetic character of the incident which was more widely appreciated even than its practical aspect. No people are more responsive to sympathy than the natives of India; and though this simple visit only illustrated in brief conditions that have unfortunately prevailed sometimes on an extensive scale, it struck an answering chord in many hearts that might be left untouched by pageantry and applause.

The Prince from his shooting camp and Her Royal Highness from Hardwar—which point she reached after a most pleasant visit to Lucknow, Dehra Dun, and Mussoorie—met at Hathras Junction and thence the Royal party travelled to Aligarh, where a halt of six hours was made, so that Their Royal Highnesses might gain a first-hand acquaintance with the College—that creation of the late Sir Syed Ahmed, which was moulded into its present permanent shape by the late Theodore Beck and Mr. Theodore Morrison.

The visit to Aligarh, at first intended to be quite private, gradually developed into a semi-state ceremony. Their Royal Highnesses drove through a series of triumphal arches to the College, escorted by a Mounted Infantry detachment of the Naini Tal Volunteers. There they were received by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James La Touche, as Patron, and His Highness the Aga Khan, as Visitor of the College, and a gathering of the Trustees, including Nawab Fyaz Ali Khan, the President; Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, the Secretary; Nawab Yusufali, Nawab Syed Hosain Bilgrami and Mr. W. A. Archbold, the Principal. After a number of presentations had been made, the Royal party passed through the Great Court, through lines of cheering students and old boys, to the Lytton Library, where they lunched with the Trustees and a small gathering of those specially engaged in, or interested in, the success of Aligarh.

After lunch there was a detailed inspection of the College. The Prince and Princess saw the classes at work, and inspected some of the students' rooms and the dining hall. Then, escorted by a detachment of the 18th Tiwana Lancers, they drove to the English House, which is a part of the College carried on on the same lines as a House at an English

public school. This they inspected carefully, and made a circuit of the College grounds, returning to the Great Court. Their Royal Highnesses paid a lengthy visit to the tomb of Sir Syed Ahmed, in which they were deeply interested. On their way out the Royal party was again vociferously cheered by the students, and accepted from the Trustees a handsome cabinet containing views of the College. They appeared greatly pleased with all they saw, and before leaving, expressed their warmest appreciation of the work carried on at Aligarh.

There yet remained an hour or two before the Royal train was due to resume its long journey to Quetta. These were spent in watching that famous regiment of Silladar Cavalry, the 18th Tiwana Lancers, give, on the *maidan*, an exhibition of the horsemanship in which the Indian Cavalry are unexcelled. All Aligarh kept high holiday, and thousands lined the *maidan* and the roads through which Their Royal Highnesses passed on their way to the station.

Trustees, Professors and Students at Aligarh.

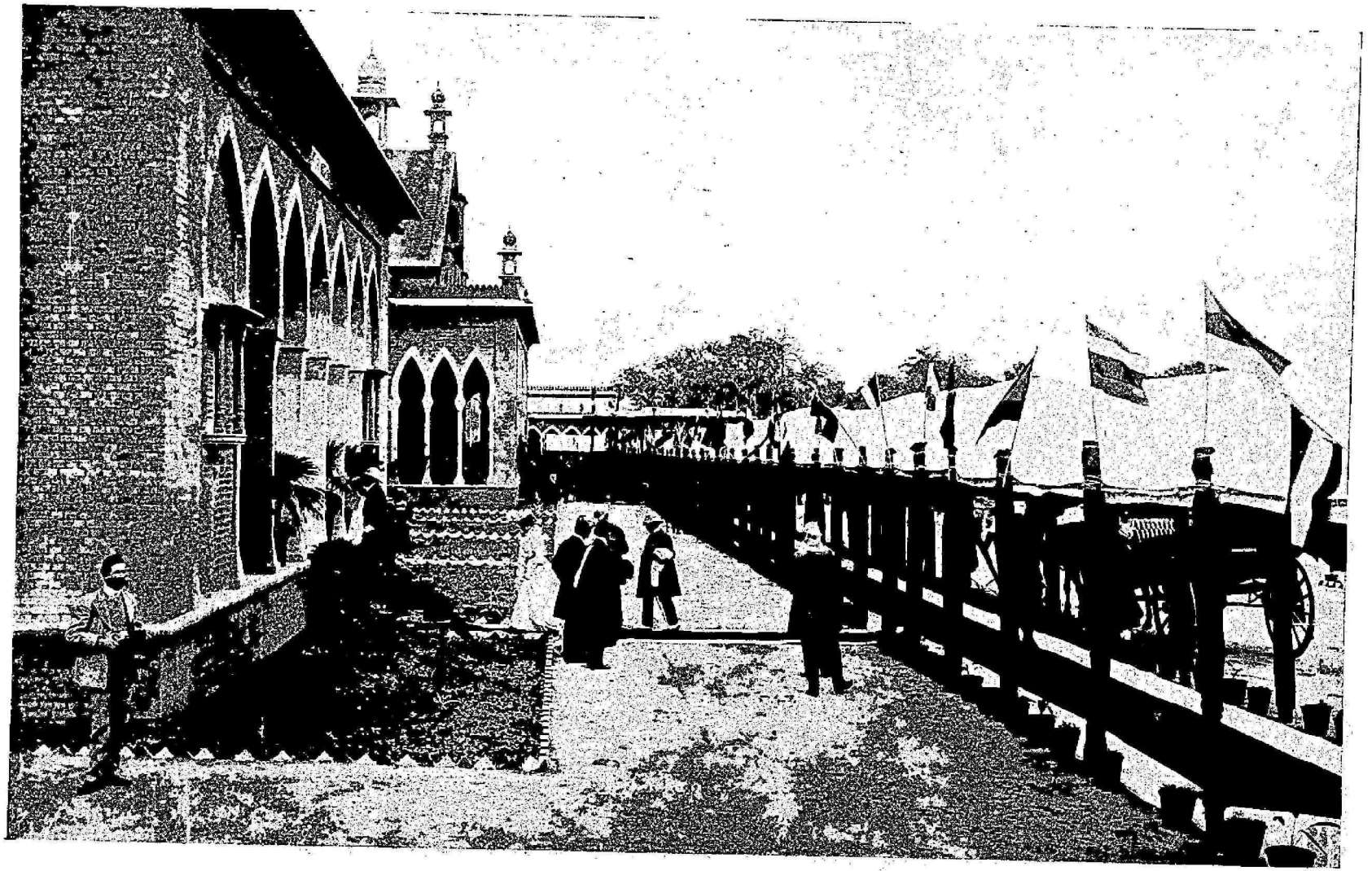
It was a fortunate circumstance that the route of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Quetta carried them through Aligarh and allowed them thoroughly to appreciate the work of the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College. For not to know the M. A. O., is to be ignorant of the most remarkable educational movement in India, and to fail to understand the forces that are moving His Majesty's sixty millions of Mahomedan subjects. As the M. A. O. has passed its troublous adolescence, and is now bursting into full manhood, Their Royal Highnesses' visit revives interest in the principles underlying the formal educational work of the College—principles which, if the institution is to realise its full responsibilities to the Mahomedan community, must never be allowed to fall into the background.

What was the service for which the College was called into existence? When the last century was about to enter its fourth quarter certain Maho-

medan gentlemen in the United Provinces, realising the backwardness of the Mahomedans in the matter of education, determined to find the remedy. Led by the distinguished scholar who was born for this duty, the late Sir Syed Ahméd, they decided that a return to the old methods of oriental education was impossible. They agreed that the only education which could bring their race into harmony with the civilisation around them, and so restore it to a position of influence, was an education frankly acknowledging the advance of science, catholic in its sympathies with all that was admirable in the history, literature, and philosophy of other countries, broad in its outlines and exact in its studies. Knowing full well that they would have to pass massive obstacles of ignorance and conservatism, but imbued with the faith that moves mountains, they commenced work at Aligarh in 1875. The reasons determining the selection of Aligarh were two-fold. It was a convenient centre for the great areas of Mahomedan population, and it was an abandoned cantonment, with many acres of Government land and many deserted military buildings waiting to be put to some useful purpose. There the work of the College was commenced, with a few school classes and a modest staff of seven masters.

Yet even at this stage the note was struck that has rung through every phase of the work at Aligarh. Whilst utilising the standing buildings Syed Ahmed began his permanent structures on the most extensive scale. Men seeing the tiny classes, laughed at his quadrangles larger than those of Oxford and Cambridge: at his plans as ambitious as those of a western American township. They smiled in their beards when he anticipated the day which would see the College expand into a University "whose sons shall go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land to preach the gospel of free enquiry, of large-hearted toleration and of pure morality." Yet with scant intermission the history of the College has been one long struggle to find adequate room for those who would come within its walls. Its early combats were not few. It had to fight against apathy and prejudice, against peculation and dissension. But Syed Ahmed found a coadjutor in Theodore Beck, who linked to his enthusiasm a generous ardour and disinterestedness which warmed the College into a life that resisted all chilling blasts; and to-day with its four hundred college students and a like number of boys in the school, with buildings covering many acres and others rising on every hand, the cry is still for room.

Yet we should perpetrate a gigantic blunder if we regarded the M. A. O. as a mere machine for imparting instruction up to the Government



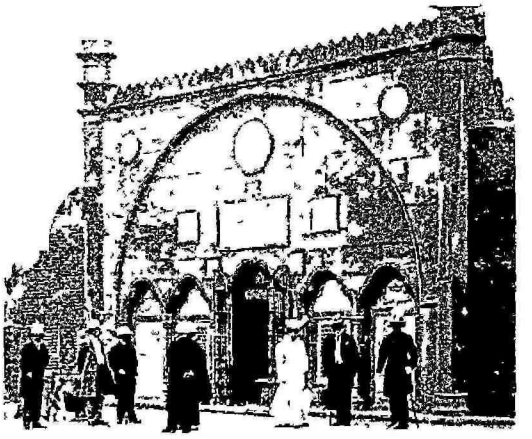
ARRIVAL AT ALIGARH COLLEGE.

standards and for preparing students to pass those tests which, most curiously, are designed to be proofs of intellectual capacity. Though Aligarh might be well content to be judged by these standards, its main purpose is to develop men of character: it stands or falls by its moral and intellectual tone. The predominating aspect of the College is its common life. Round the huge quadrangles are the students' rooms, where they live in small "chummeries," adorned according to their individual tastes, and they dine in the common room. These boarding-houses are divided into blocks, each in charge of a Sub-Proctor, who is responsible to the Proctor and the

The Decorations, Aligarh

Provost, the idea being to make the Sub-Proctor as much like an English House Master as the disposition of the quadrangle will permit. Athletics are encouraged, though the boys are so addicted to cricket, football, hockey and riding that direction rather than stimulus is required. There is the Siddons Union Club, where debates are conducted on the model of the Cambridge Union. There is the English House, where a number of boys live with an English master in a detached bungalow exactly as they would in the "House" of an English public school. Joining in this pleasant common life are boys from Shiraz, Teheran and Bushire; from Peshawar and Quetta; from Bengal and Bombay, as well as from Northern India;

from the great Mahomedan State of Hyderabad; from Mysore, Madras, and even from Burma and Hong-kong. All are linked not only by a common faith, in which they are carefully instructed, but by a common love for Aligarh.



The Mosque, Aligarh

Has the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental College succeeded in its purpose of making men, and not superficially-educated machines? A few years before his death Theodore Beck claimed that the College "had turned out some very nice, manly and loyal young men, who are likely to be of service both to Government and to the Mahomedan community." Speaking with all the weight attaching to his official position, Sir Auckland Colvin declared that "to have been an Aligarh man is, I have over and over again found, a passport to the respect and confidence of both Englishmen and natives. They carry with them the stamp of their training: the impress of the mind of the man under whom that training has been accomplished." Those opinions will be subscribed to by everyone who has had a considerable experience of the products of the College. But you find the leaven working strongly within the quadrangles of Aligarh. What but a genuine appreciation of the highest purpose of the College could have inspired the Duty, or Anjuman-al Farz, founded to collect funds for scholarships for poor students and to remove the prejudices existing in Mahomedan society against the College? The members of the Society, or Servants of the Duty, collect money by begging during the holidays, and the invested capital already exceeds thirty thousand rupees. What but really happy re-

Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, Honorary Secretary.

H. H. The Aga Khan, G.C.I.E.

collections of College days could bring the students back to Aligarh, as they do come, to fight again the battles of their glorious youth? What but a pervading and moulding influence could induce the quiet dignity and simple manner that you find in all who wear the College uniform? This manner is by no means inconsistent with the *joie de vivre*, as you gather from the joyous shouts in the playing fields, ringing as true as if they came from English throats.

Yet with all these solid and hopeful signs the College has not reached maturity. The old generation has passed away. Syed Ahmed, Beck, and Morrison, who dug the foundations and prepared the superstructure, are gone. Syed Ahmed left energetic successors in Faiz Ullah Khan and Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk; Strachey and Macdonnell bequeathed their interest to Sir James La Touche, who knows more of the work of the College even than his predecessors; the mantle of Beck and Morrison has fallen on Mr. W. A. Archbold, who combines with wide learning an acquaintance with India gained as Secretary of the Board of Civil Service Studies at Cambridge, and the knowledge of men and things that comes from travel; and His Highness the Aga Khan has thrown all his influence and experience on the side of the movement. But it is with the Mahomedan community rather than with a few individuals that the future of Aligarh rests. On the extent to which they are prepared to sink their local prejudices, to throw themselves whole-heartedly on the side of progress, depends the ability of Aligarh to fulfil its mission as the rallying point of Mahomedan enlightenment—as the instrument that will fit Mahomedans worthily to take their place in the new India.

And that introduces the wider question whether Aligarh should continue on its present lines, or develop into a great Mahomedan University, not only for India but for the East. In burning words the Aga Khan appealed to his co-religionists for a crore of rupees to make Aligarh a home of learning that would command the same respect as Oxford or Berlin, Leipsic or Paris. "We want," he said, "to create for our own people an intellectual and moral capital: a city that shall be a home of elevated ideas and high ideals: a centre from which light and guidance shall be diffused amongst the Moslems of India and out of India too, and shall hold up to the world a noble standard of the justice and virtue and purity of our beloved faith." Certain objections

The Jemadar, Aligarh College

have been urged against particularist universities, chiefly that they would divide instead of uniting the Indian peoples. On the other hand, Mr. Morrison urges that they would make possible genuine university towns: that they would be able to insist on religious instruction: and that they would be able to stipulate for a residential qualification. These are now academic questions, as the money is not forthcoming. If it ever is and the Government grant a charter, the material is ready: if it is not, the College can do its work under its present name.

The interest excited amongst the Mahomedan community by the Royal visit to Aligarh bore valuable permanent fruit. Mr. Adamji Pirbhai, one of the leaders of the industrial movement in Bombay, presented an additional £5,000 to the fund for establishing the Prince of Wales' School for Science, to be attached to the College. He also gave £1,600 for the establishment of a Fellowship for Scientific Research, in the School, to be called after the Prince of Wales. In offering this donation Mr. Pirbhai wrote:—"No better mode can be devised for fittingly commemorating the Royal visit than by the establishment of such a school, as the status of Mahomedan education, which has hitherto been at a very low ebb, if not wholly neglected, cannot fail to be thereby greatly raised, with the most gratifying results."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Winter in Quetta.

WINTER IN QUETTA—AN INDIAN ENGADINE—AN UNWELCOME CHANGE—RAIN AND SLEET—THE TRIBES ON OUR FRONTIER—GROWTH OF QUETTA—TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT BY BRITISH RULE—TRIBESMEN IN DURBAR—A PAGE FROM BORDER LIFE—FRONTIER STRATEGY—CHARACTER OF THE QUETTA POSITION—A VISIT TO THE FORTIFICATIONS—BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE VALLEY—THE PRINCE AND THE SOLDIERS—IN MEMORY OF SANDEMAN.

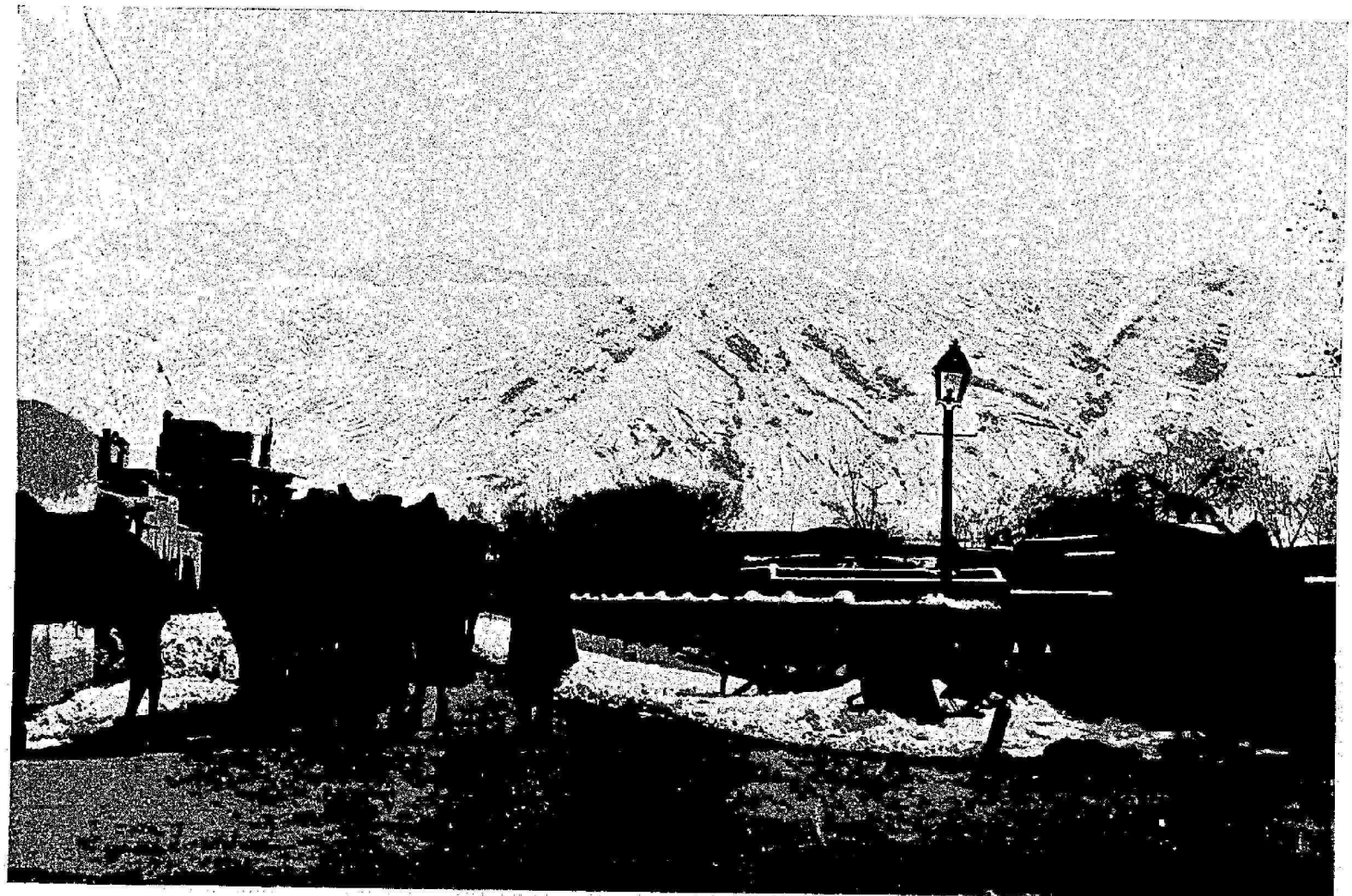
QUETTA, *March 11th.*

THE spell of truly Royal weather that the Prince and Princess of Wales have hitherto enjoyed was broken when they entered upon the most picturesque stage of their progress. The climate of Quetta, at this season, has all the bracing charm of the Engadine in winter. The apricots and the almonds are not in bloom; indeed, they are barely showing the pink fleshiness of their budding life; and the poplars, chenars and walnuts betray the bareness of an English December. But the weeping willows are flecking the brown hedgerows with the green promise of Spring, and their red-stemmed congeners temper their harshness with the rich colours of the afterglow. To compensate for the absence of the exuberant vegetable life, which makes Quetta, in April, an Indian paradise, the climate at its best is wine to the jaded dweller in the plains. Cold without the damp rawness of the winter months, the clear ringing air sends the blood surging through the veins until your animal spirits run riot. In the azure brightness of the cloudless sunlight, in the ethereal beauty of the full moon, the giant peaks—outposts of the Quetta Valley, their barren rockiness clothed with the daintiest garment of snow—evolve in every change of light and aspect a new and more perfect beauty. To be in Quetta in such times is to appreciate the full joy of living.

This was Quetta for the week preceding the Royal visit. Then came the news of the depression forming in Persia, which is the infallible

harbinger of rain and snow; but as the days slipped by without signs of the threatened break, one began to hope that, for once, the portents might be astray. But Saturday morning broke with a deepening bank of purple cloud overhanging the valley, and a moist softness in the air that could have but one significance, and an hour before noon the rain came down in torrents that speedily converted the trim roads into a quagmire. A little later, the rain succeeded in tearing a jagged rent through this murky pall, and the troops marched to their stations under more cheery conditions. The Warwicks trudged through the mire, overcoated to the eyes, to form the guard-of-honour; the Native Infantry, drawing their drab surtouts more closely round them, and the Cavalry, in hood and cape, invested the military display with the stern business-like air that properly belongs to the fortress station that guards India's second "Back Door." When all arrangements were complete, the news came that, in view of the bad weather and the inconvenience that would be caused to all by a state reception in a downpour, Their Royal Highnesses, with the invariable consideration they have evidenced for the comfort of all on duty in connection with their visit, had asked that their arrival should be quite private. So the troops were marched off, the formal ceremonies were abandoned, and the Prince and Princess drove to Government House with only a travelling escort. They were scarcely within its walls before the rain again descended in torrents.

Still there were many elements of picturesqueness in the scene. In the forefront of the gathering at the station was the Khan of Kelat—the titular overlord of Baluchistan. The Khan nominally controls the arid mountain region, some ten times the size of Switzerland, that lies between Persia, Afghanistan, British India and the Arabian Sea; but of recent years a distinct change has overtaken the relations between the Khan and his Sirdars. Mir Khodadad Khan, working through whom Sir Robert Sandeman wrought such an amazing change in Baluchistan, now lives in retirement at Pishin. With all his faults, he was a man of character, but under his successor the Sirdars have come to look more to the British Government than to their traditional feudal Chief. Near the Khan stood the Jam of Las Bela, whose territories abut on the sea-coast north-west of Karachi, and near whose capital stands the still-honoured grave of Sir Robert Sandeman. Round the Agent to the Governor-General were grouped the handful of officers, who not only directly administer British Baluchistan, but are the comptrollers of a hundred and thirty thousand square miles of mountain, desert and valley, peopled by more than a million souls, where order is well-nigh as profound as in the most settled districts of British India.



QUETTA: THE BAZAAR IN WINTER.

At the head of his officers stood the Military Warden of these Marches—the guardian of nine hundred miles of mountain and plain, the watch dog over the easiest natural entrance into India from the north. In the gamut of military appointments there is none more attractive to the keen soldier than this. There is the bracing contact with the Frontier, with its lesson that soldiering is a splendid profession, and not an excuse for living. There is a climate which keeps men as hard as nails; to see a Battery of "Heavies," or a Company of Mountain Artillery, march through Quetta is to realise what Mulvaney meant when he spoke of soldiers "crammed full wid' bull mayte." There is a Division of all arms to train, soon to be increased to two, and there are miles of defences to study. It is just the command for an officer like Major-General Smith Dorrien, who has further left a mark upon the station by materially improving the amenities of the soldier's life. Wherever they could find room clustered the Sirdars of the Baluch tribes—Baluchis, with their curly locks and flowing white robes; Afghans, with their strong Semitic features; the Brahuis, betraying a still unexplained Dravidian strain; the Bugtis, Marris, and the strange wild clans whose existence was one of incessant strife till Sandeman extended his arm right up to the Waziri border.

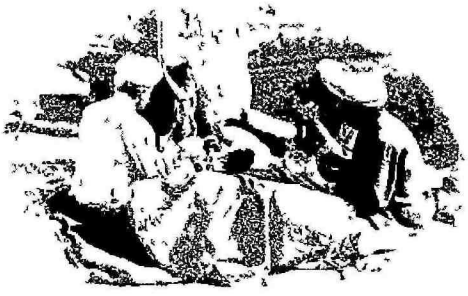
The Khan of Kelat.

To-day, in accordance with the invariable practice of the tour, was a day of rest. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine Service in the Church of St. Mary of Bethany in the morning, and there was no state ceremony. To-day, too, the weather has betrayed a perfection that made it hard to realise that this was the raw, chilly, wet station that greeted the Prince and Princess of Wales twenty-four hours ago. The sun has invested the valley with the cheerful crispness of an English Spring, and although the triple peaks, Takatu, Murdar and Chhiltan, are dipping their summits in the greyish clouds and purple shadows are clinging to the low hills round Baleli, there is the hope of the splendid freshness of last week.

March 12th.

This morning broke with the full splendour of a mountain winter day—with the brightest of blue skies, just flecked with diaphanous clouds, warm enough to be pleasant, cold enough to make brisk physical movement a joy. It is this weather that makes Quetta in winter an Indian Engadine.

The official programme opened with the reception of the Municipal address that would have been presented on Saturday had not the rain so sadly upset all arrangements. It was the more interesting, because it traced a development that cannot be paralleled in modern India, outside the Chenab Irrigation Colony. When, as the most valuable fruits of the second Afghan War, we entered into possession of the passes that, now scientifically fortified, make our frontier against eastern Afghanistan and north-eastern Persia practically impregnable, the Quetta plateau was one of the most depressing places in Asia. "A few groups of aged and stunted mulberry trees stood about in despondent attitudes at intervals in the swampy plain, surrounding the ancient mud volcano, which forms the basis of the central fort; and round the fort clustered a mud and wattle collection of dome-crowned huts which figured as the town." So wrote Sir Thomas Holdich of the Quetta of a quarter of a century ago.



Cloth-Workers, Quetta Bazaar.

To-day the Municipality were able to claim that the mud and wattle huts, with their four thousand poor occupants, have expanded into a town of over seven hundred acres, with a population of twenty-five thousand—a town with twelve miles of good road, mostly lined with fine trees, though the ravages of an insect called the "borer" have been direfully destructive of all whose wood is soft; with a revenue of sixteen thousand pounds, a good water-supply, adequate sanitation and improving facilities for education. The bloodshed and anarchy, common all over Baluchistan, have been replaced by peace and order. The appalling communications that strewed the valleys and the passes with dead and dying transport animals in the two Afghan Wars, have given way to railways up the Bolan and the Harnai; good military roads and facile means of travel, even to Loralai and Fort Sandeman, in the remote Zhob Valley; telegraphs and posts. The scanty commerce,

A Winter Scene, Quetta.

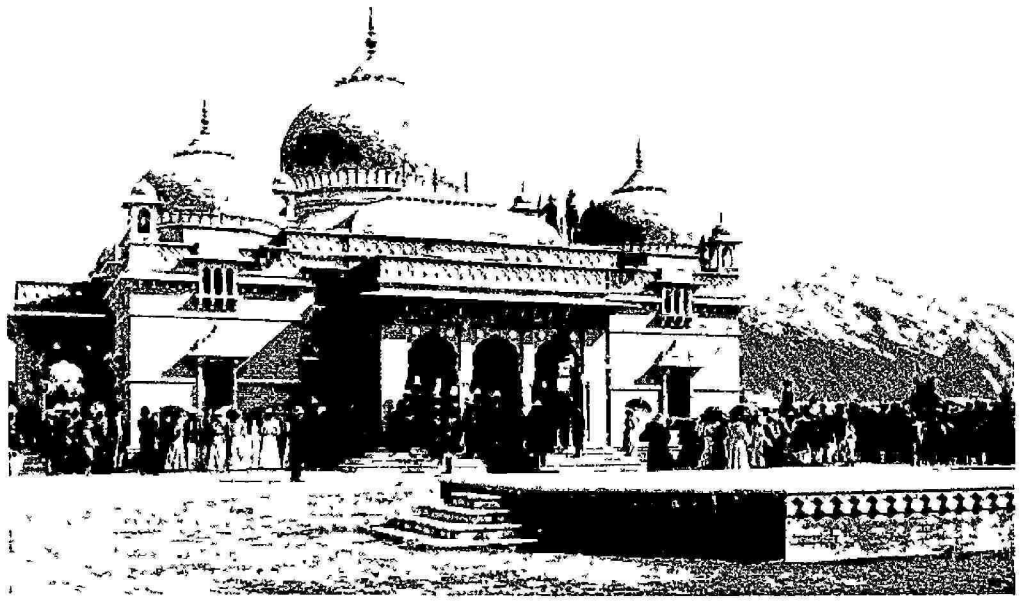
constantly interrupted by tribal feuds, has grown into a flourishing trade with Kelat, Seistan and Southern Afghanistan, which has increased by five hundred thousand maunds* in the imports, and two hundred and fifty thousand in the exports. With this record the Municipality could honestly claim an extraordinary advance on previous conditions that affords an example of what can be effected under the enlightened ascendancy of British power.

His Royal Highness received formal visits from the Khan of Kelat and the Jam of Las Bela. The conditions have markedly changed since Sir Robert Sandeman, working through the Khan, pacified Baluchistan with a facility that made his administration a subject for puzzled admiration. In their most desperate feuds the Baluch tribes owned a certain shadowy allegiance to the Khan, which Sandeman, with his intuitive perception, turned to profit. But the man through whom he worked, and who was devoted to him with a quite touching affection, was deposed for an act of savagery, and the Sirdars now look to the British Government with the confidence Sir Robert inspired. Still his successor is a figure amongst the Indian feudatories, controlling a mountainous kingdom ten times the size of Switzerland, and he paid his homage in full state, but with an escort of native cavalry instead of his own picturesque horsemen.

On the east side of Quetta stands a low, domed building that commemorates the great work of Sir Robert Sandeman in Baluchistan. There, this afternoon, were gathered the Sirdars of all the varied Baluch tribes, to pay their duty to the heir to the Throne that Sandeman taught them to respect. It was a wild and picturesque assembly which in many respects recalled the meeting of hard, strong-featured frontiersmen who greeted Their Royal Highnesses at Peshawar—Baluchis, Brahuis, Bugtis, Kakari, and Marris; they squatted on rich carpets in the aisles of the cruciform hall with the iron reserve and patience characteristic of these fighting tribes. The Baluchi is said never to wash his garments except for a Durbar. When he does he makes as dashing a figure as any to be found in the East. With his voluminous robes falling round his stalwart figure with Grecian simplicity, a drooping white turban, his uncut, raven locks tumbling over his shoulders in careless profusion, and hawk eyes looking over a hook nose set in a gnarled face, darkened with a flowing beard, he looks what he is—meet habitant of this wild borderland of rugged mountain and arid plain. Besides these striking figures the Sirdars, in heavily embroidered surtouts of crimson and lace and russet, despite their Kabul caps and baggy breeches, looked almost tame.

* The maund, the standard Indian measure of weight, is eighty-two pounds.

Conspicuous, even in this assemblage of what the Americans would call "real live men," who paid homage to their Emperor's son with a proud dignity that had not in it a trace of servility, were the representatives of the forces that keep the peace on the borderland. One essential factor in the Sandeman system was the tribal levy—the policy of making the tribesmen their own policemen, since adopted with conspicuous success in other parts of the North-West Frontier. And when the formal presentations were over and His Royal Highness bestowed *sanads** upon those who have deserved well of the Government, no figure challenged more general



The Sandeman Hall, Quetta

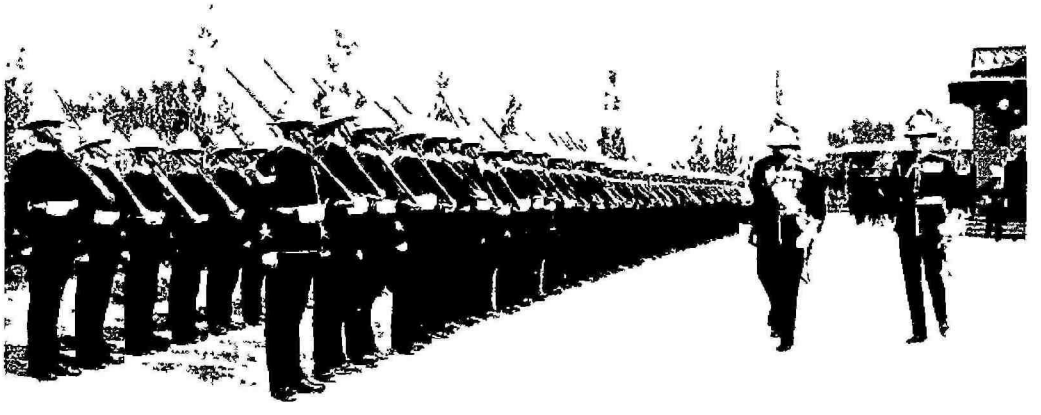
admiration than the soldierly Subadar-Major of the Zhob Levy Corps, which was raised almost immediately after Sir Robert's expedition through the valley. A little later, an illustration was given of the character of some of the men who compose these militia. A Havildar and two sepoys were called up and the Prince pinned on their breasts the Order of Merit of British India of the Third Class, awarded for conspicuous courage. In a raid on the Shinbaz post, last April, Havildar Heyat Khan, who was in command, continued fighting, though wounded, and by his personal example encouraged his men to continue the defence; Sepoy Ali Jan, when

* Sanads: Charters. The parchment sheets on which are engrossed all Government Grants.

left severely wounded in a lower room in the hands of the raiders, at imminent risk of his life shouted to his comrades in the upper room that the ceiling was being lighted, and enabled them to extinguish the flames; and Sepoy Sultan Khan put out the flames although in so doing he exposed himself to a heavy fire.

March 14th.

The comparatively open country south of Kandahar butts against the Khwaj Amran mountains—more familiarly known as the Khojak Range. At the foot of the hill crouches the little station of Chaman—sixty miles from Kandahar—which is our actual frontier line against Eastern Afghanistan. Of



The Guard of Honour, Quetta Durbar.

old the only route over the Khwaj Amran was the pass, trodden by the invaders of India, and if Sir Robert Sandeman had had his way, the railway would have crossed the hills by the path followed for centuries by truculent *powindahs,* * as well as the foreign legions. But probably alarmed by their terribly costly experiences in the Bolan and the Harnai, the Government, in the late eighties, resolved on a tunnel, and, three years later, after a severe struggle with the inflowing water, the bore, which the late Amir likened to "a knife thrust in his vitals," was complete. After emerging from the mountain side, the railway climbs down the spurs of the Khwaj Amran for ten miles, and then enters the broad, open Pishin

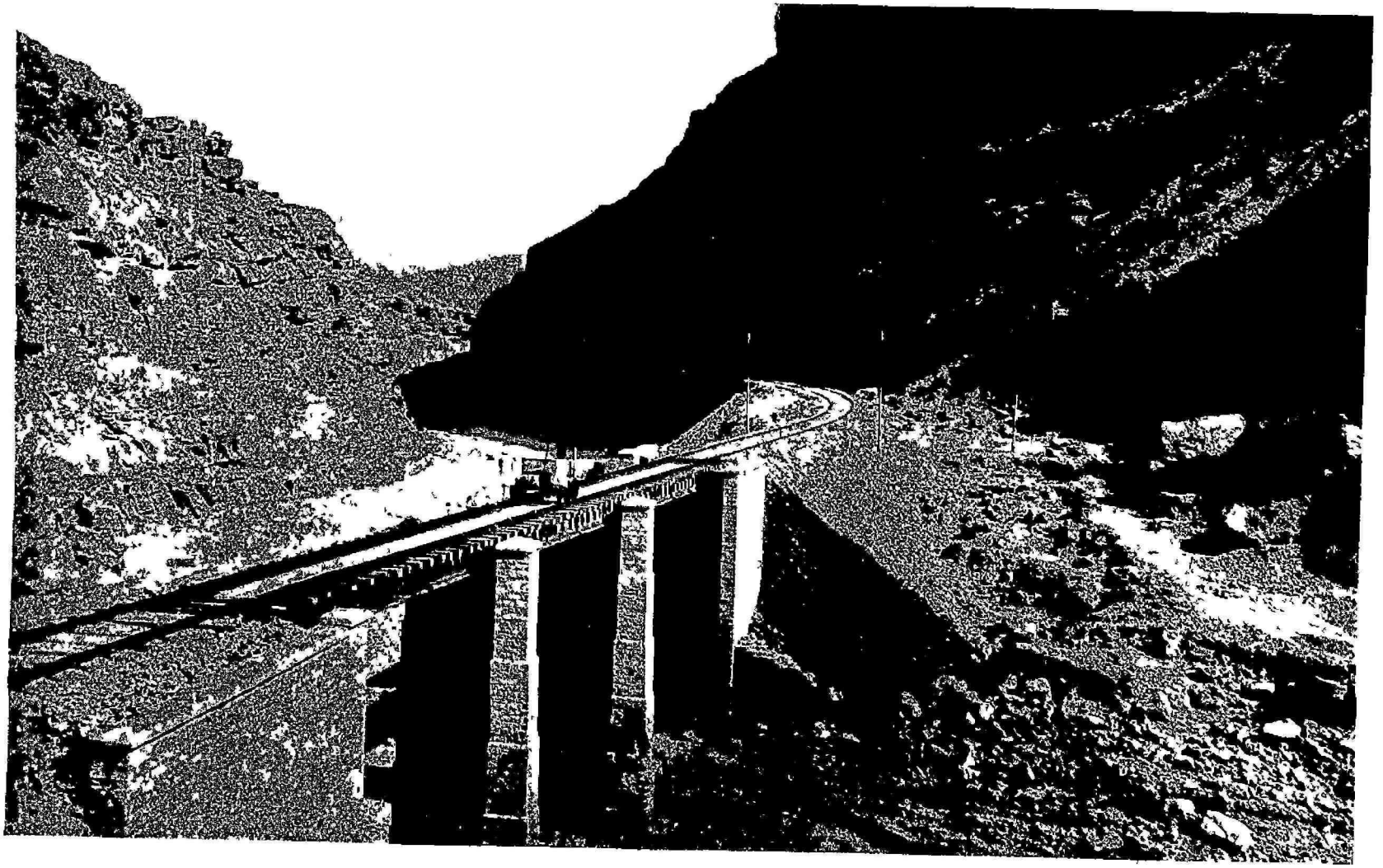
* Powindahs : Truculent military traders.

Valley. Such, in brief, is the position on the first line of defence on this section of our North-Western Frontier.

The Pishin Valley flows placidly on until it strikes against the chain of hills hemming in Quetta, where it meets a mountain barrier, rising at Takatu, Murdar and Chhiltan to a height of near eleven thousand feet. It carries the easy line to Bostan, where it bifurcates, one branch running through the famous Chappar rift and Harnai, the other through Quetta and down the Bolan, above the ruins of the two earlier lines wrecked by the floods, until they unite at Sibi. But the mountain barrier isolating Quetta is not complete. At Baleli a narrow neck of level ground unites the Quetta and Pishin Valleys, and the encircling chain of hills is broken by other passes, difficult, dangerous perhaps, but practicable for armed men. These passes are dominated by the immense line of defensive works which make Quetta rank with Attock as one of the two great fortresses in India. Its natural strength has been so increased by art that, more especially with the improvement in the range and deadliness of modern rifle fire, so sound an officer as Sir Thomas Holdich regards the position as absolutely barring this section of the frontier in present circumstances to the invader.

This was the position which Their Royal Highnesses spent an active afternoon in investigating. They drove up the road leading to the crest of the ridge commanding the Baleli entrance, to the fine new battery named after that stout frontier soldier General Lockhart, whence Major-General Smith Dorrien was able to point out the broad scheme of this section of the defence works—the gun emplacements, located wherever a good field of fire is obtainable over a possible line of advance; the infantry positions, and the little holding grounds on the ridge where the cat-like Mountain Batteries get a foothold; the roads that would enable the defenders to mass superior forces at any threatened point whilst the enemy was laboriously climbing over horrible ground; and the paths that would allow any accessible ridge speedily to be crowned. Then, in the particular battery which was their eyrie, they were able to study the development of the art of fortification. For this particular position is the newest in the Quetta chain and was not constructed until the lessons of the Boer War had sunk well home. It embodies the latest ideas in the way of concealment, shelter, and protected accessibility from behind.

Near the Lockhart Battery rises the ridge that gives the most commanding *coup d'œil* of Quetta that is at all accessible, and with unabated energy Their Royal Highnesses determined to ascend it. Until recently



SCENE ON THE BOLAN RAILWAY

only the barest Pathan path climbed its rugged steeps and scarps, but the Pioneers have now hewn a road just practicable for mules. So the Prince mounted a sturdy Persian, and Her Royal Highness was borne in an improvised sedan chair by the men of the Army Bearer Corps. Even the hardy mules found the stiff and steep path more than arduous, and although the latter part of the ascent was up heights where the snow lay thick, their shaggy coats were bedraggled with sweat, and the bearers did not get more than half way. But the reward was worth the toil, for from the summit the Prince was able to seize the position at a glance. He saw the distant Khwaj Amran, still flecked with their winter snow, and the broad Pishin Valley, veined with magenta where the warm rock outcropped. He saw the mud-paved Quetta Valley whereon the growing station and cantonment were so overwhelmed that they looked no more than the shadow of a passing cloud. He saw the white-capped peaks that are the glory of the Quetta landscape silhouetted against a sky of the most perfect azure, and the scars made by the Engineers wherever it is necessary to place a gun, to prepare an infantry position, or to provide the means for the rapid movement of troops. Indeed, Quetta and its surroundings were spread out like an exceedingly legible map.

Baluch Types

During these pleasant days Their Royal Highnesses have come into contact with every side of the dominating military influence of Quetta. After taking tea informally with Major-General and Mrs. Smith Dorrien, they walked to the new Soldiers' Park, which the station owes to its present ardent Commandant and which will be a boon to the growing garrison. They also walked through the Soldiers' Club, which has become so popular that its considerable extension is an imperative necessity, and delighted the members by promising to give some pictures for the walls. They dined with the General on Monday evening, and met the principal Officers of the Division, and to-day they lunched with the Officers of the Welsh Regiment at their Mess. One of their last semi-official acts was to pay a modest tribute to the splendid frontier officer to whose genius and courage Baluchistan owes its peace and prosperity. They planted in the Residency compound, as near as possible to the spot where Sir Robert Sandeman first pitched his tent, a hawthorn bush.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Outpost.

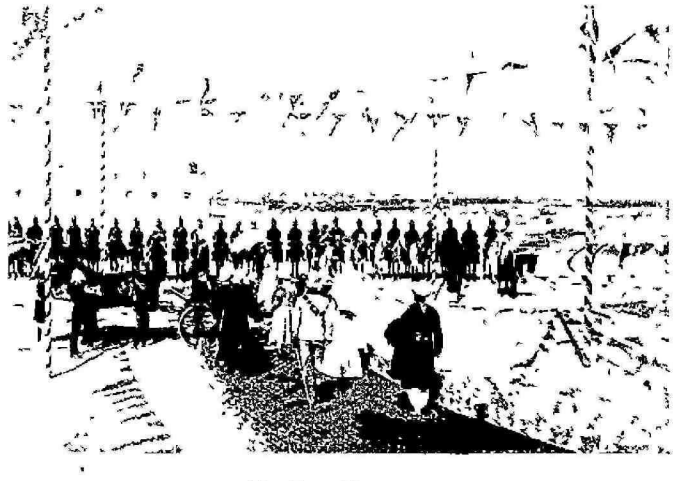
TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN—'TWIXT QUETTA AND THE BORDER—A MEETING GROUND FOR ARMIES—BRITISH PREPARATIONS—MOBILISATION SIDINGS AND CAMPING GROUNDS—THE RAILWAY TO KANDAHAR—A PEACEFUL FRONTIER—PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—FRUITS OF SANDEMAN'S WORK—THE KHOJAK TUNNEL—LEAVING THE FRONTIER—STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF QUETTA—THE ROAD DOWN THE BOLAN.

CHAMAN, *March 15th.*

THE Quetta plateau flows North into the Pishin Valley through Baleli, and the Pishin plain washes the Khwaj Amran mountains, which constitute our real frontier against Western Afghanistan. But a frontier on the wrong side of the hills is apt to circumscribe the vision. So in the final rectification of the boundary line the demarcating pillars were pushed a few miles over the mountains into the champaign that lies across the watershed, and an arbitrary line was set up just beyond Chaman. Then, to avoid leaving the outpost in the air, the mountains were pierced by the Khojak Tunnel, and a double line of rails run from the junction of the Bolan and Harnai routes at Bostan into the open country that leads to Kandahar. Here, to-day, the Prince and Princess of Wales stood, a span or two from the actual limit between India and Afghanistan, and looked out over the great stretch of prairie whereon our legions will mass if ever India is menaced from this quarter. It was their first glimpse of the actual Frontier, as the boundary on the Peshawar side is not visible from the fort of Landi Kotal, where they halted after their drive through the Khyber.

And what a frontier! From Cape Comorin to Peshawar there is nothing more typically illustrative of the unpretentiousness of Indian administrative methods. From the railway station a well macadamised road leads to within a mile of the whitened pillars which mark off India from Afghanistan. Thence the old highway to Kandahar meanders through the plain and.

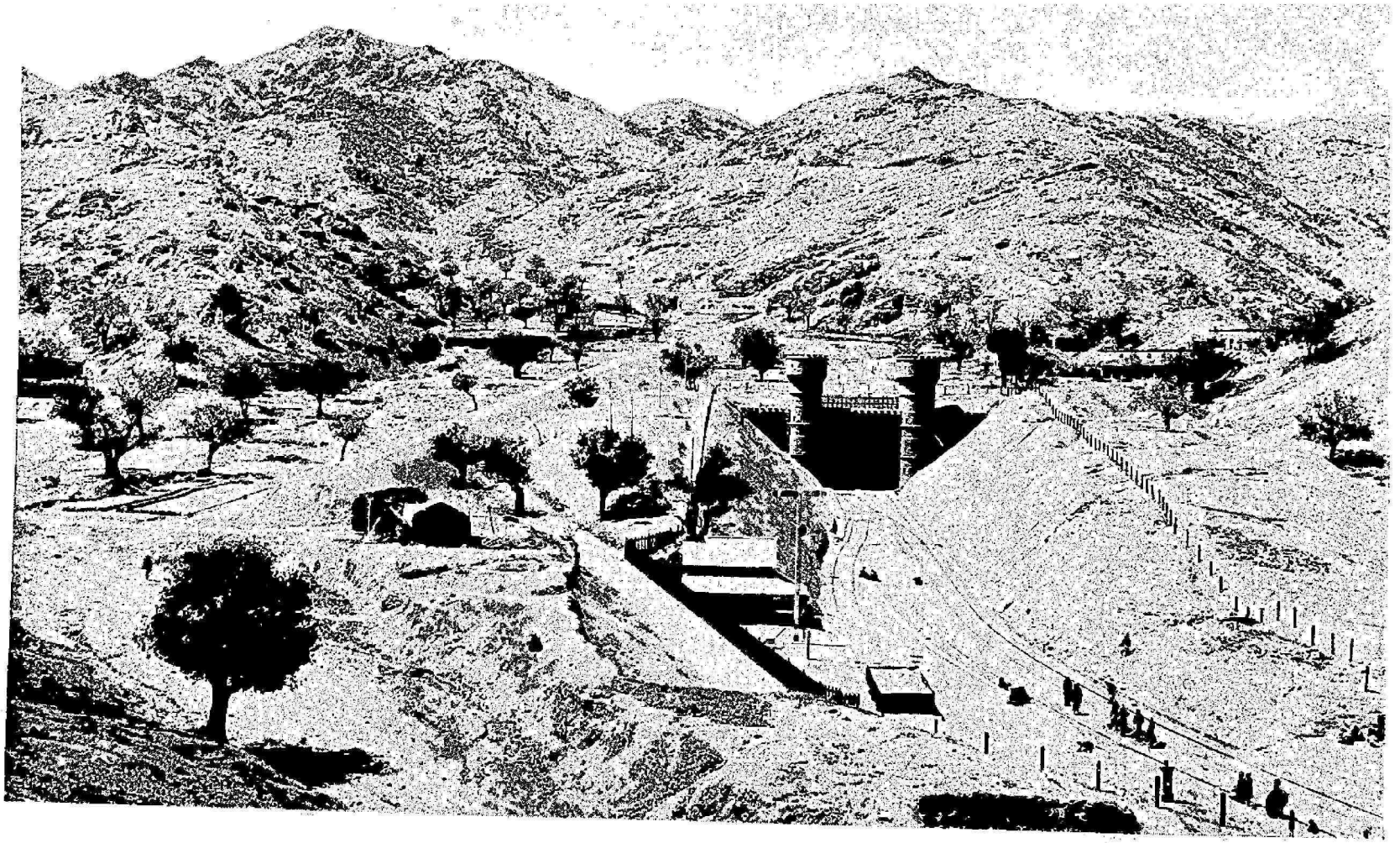
unless you were told that the boundary marks existed, you might be pardoned for wandering into forbidden territory. Not a soldier, not even a *chowkidar*,* places a bar upon your progress. Not a Customs' barrier, not an octroi post, warns you that the Amir's possessions must not be infringed upon. The prairie rolls on until it strikes the low ochreous hills a dozen miles away. Half that distance from you there rises a little ridge, crowned by three tiny towers like khaki oil tanks. That is Spin Baldak Fort, where the Amir's Governor keeps watch for intruders, and for subjects who disobey his own peculiar laws. Towards Quetta the modest station buildings are barely discernible, not the mud brick barracks that shelter the battalion in garrison. The fort that stands on the outskirts of the cantonment scarcely deserves that name. With good glasses you may trace the passage of the railway as it laboriously climbs the spurs of the Khwaj Amran before plunging into its vitals through the Khojak Tunnel, but apart from these almost illegible signals to its real purpose, the veldt might be the undisturbed possessions of the picturesque horsemen galloping over it, of the nomadic goat-herds and wild camelmen who lazily emerge from their skin hovels to gaze at the strangers.



The Fort, Chaman.

Nature designed the Khwaj Amran to be the frontier between neighbouring States. From these snow-capped hills there is no other great natural obstacle, not only as far as Kandahar, but far beyond to Herat and the southernmost limits of the Russian advance. She also spread out this campagna to be the meeting ground for armies. Not Divisions but Army Corps might here be cantoned with ease. If you care to look beneath the surface, there are already many signs for those who would read of the important military purpose to which it has already been put. The railway station differs in no material respect from scores of others in India, but from it radiate the sidings which would enable the biggest force that

* Chowkidar; a native watchman.



ENTRANCE TO THE KHOJAK TUNNEL.

could be mobilised to detrain as fast as the double approach massed it at Chaman. The scanty herbage of the down-like land is studded with red blobs. These mark the sites of the camps, which are ready for the reception of two Divisions whenever they are required. The fatigue party of Sappers at work are repairing the water-pipes that would supply the camps, and which the predatory Afghan is constantly cutting for the sake of the metal. At the station yard are assembled the rails and sleepers, the wires and the girders that would rush the rail-road forward to Kandahar at record speed if there were need to stiffen the capital of Western Afghanistan against foreign attack. So far have the immense natural difficulties of this frontier been supplemented by art, that it is almost inconceivable that anyone will butt against it until the conditions to the north are vitally altered.

Sir Stuart Beatson, Military Secretary.

Here, on the confines of the Empire, His Royal Highness performed a graceful ceremony that carried one back to the most settled districts of the country. Without any special precautions and with much less of military display than has usually accompanied state or semi-state functions, he drove to the parade ground and presented new colours to the 127th Baluchis, now quartered at Chaman. Nothing could better illustrate the soundness and permanence of Sir Robert Sandeman's work than this unostentatious, peaceful gathering in a country peopled by the wildest nomadic tribesmen, and within a stone's throw of the Afghan kingdom. The material Sandeman had to deal with differed in many important particulars from that on the Peshawar side of the Frontier. The Baluch is less fanatical than the Pathan, and he possessed a better organised tribal system that made political action more practicable than with the unfettered democracies north of the Gomal. But Sandeman's success with the section of the Waziris who came under his jurisdiction was so marked, that one cannot but premise that if his methods had been simultaneously adopted all along

the Frontier, we should not now be wondering how long the peace of the new Province will be maintained. The regiment receiving its new colours from His Royal Highness well deserved this honour. Raised by Sir Charles Napier in Karachi in 1844, it served in the Mutiny, taking part in the siege of Delhi and the campaigns in Oudh and Rohilkhand. Its share in the Abyssinian Expedition is marked by the presence amongst the Mess plate of a finely-chased cross, given by Sir Charles after the capture of Magdala. Its colours have been borne in Afghanistan, Burma, East Africa, Egypt and China, and its detachment composed the major part of the force that captured Nodiz Fort, in Mekran, five years ago.

Then from the walls of the fort the Prince and Princess saw the principal features of Chaman, under the ciceronage of General Smith Dorrien, who knows every inch of this borderland. The outward journey was made at night, so Their Royal Highnesses were not able to view the great engineering obstacles pluckily surmounted when the railhead was carried from Bostan to the Frontier. But returning, they saw how the line, which, as it leaves Chaman, seems to butt right into the hills, climbs their flanking spurs in long sweeps, doubling back on each other like a hare's track, steadily mounting in much the same fashion as the railway ascends the St. Gothard. To appreciate the character of the works, however, one should enjoy the privilege of a seat on the front of the engine, for then only can you realise the stiffness of the gradient, which makes the powerful locomotive sob like a distressed athlete, drawing its burden up a continuous slope of one in forty. The moment it dips into the Khojak Tunnel the air is filled with a metallic singing as if billions of cicalas had been disturbed and the atmosphere has the cold nippiness of a sharp frost. Suddenly there appears in the distance a faint torch-like gleam, which instantly changes into a flash of dazzling incandescence, stabbing the darkness like the aceteline headlight of

A Baluch Encampment.

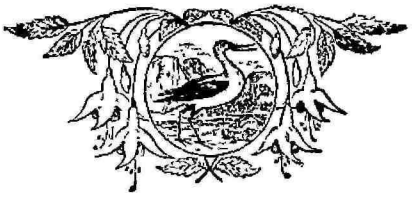
an advancing locomotive. But it is the noonday sun penetrating the southern entrance, and the straining engine at once breathes freely, for the ascent is over, and it slides easily down the falling gradient. There is but one drawback; the water that pours in torrents from the roof is a reminder of the heavy body that was tapped when the tunnel was being bored, and handicapped the engineers until the headings were completed. At the exit from the bore trollies were in waiting to run Their Royal Highnesses down the spurs of the Khwaj Amran to Gulistan.

At Quetta Their Royal Highnesses bade farewell to the Frontier, which during the pleasant days spent at Jammu, Peshawar—with the drive through the Khyber,—Quetta and Chaman they had come to know intimately. It is one of the many contradictions of life in the East that in Quetta, the narrow spit of British India thrust into tribal territory and the keystone of the system of frontier defence, they should have been able to thrust state and escorts aside. The frontier associations of Englishmen are so largely bound up with the sinister memories of the Khyber that the importance of Quetta is only understood by those who have studied the Border. Yet, in all human probability, if ever the legions of Britain are massed for a continental war, it is on the Quetta-Herat line that the heaviest force will be concentrated. Sir Thomas Holdich, whose knowledge of the Indian Borderland is not surpassed, asserts that the importance of Quetta as the outpost to Western India can hardly be overestimated; it occupies a position of great natural strength and strategic significance. "Knowing full well the nature of the country that intervenes between Quetta and Herat to the North-West, between Quetta and Seistan to the West, or between Quetta and the Arabian Sea Coast to the South-West, I find it impossible to indicate any possible line of advance on the Sind, or Southern section of the North-Western Frontier of India, that would not be dominated by the Quetta position." At Quetta lies one of the keys to the back door of India. At Kabul lies the other. If these two doors are locked—the Quetta

Guardians of the Road

defences are regarded as impregnable—there is no need for apprehension as to the military safety of India. The broad outlines of this keystone of the Indian Empire are now as familiar to the Prince and Princess as the purlieus of Sandringham.

Unfortunately the length of the coaches on the Royal train did not allow Their Royal Highnesses to return by the Harnai route, across the daring Margaret Louise Bridge that spans the Chappar Rift. The days are long past when the voracity of the frontier railways was a nightmare to Indian financiers—when the repeated gigantic slips at Mud Gorge, on the Harnai Line, so dismayed the Engineers that in 1893 a commission declared that it could never be relied upon; when the Bolan line was twice overwhelmed by floods; and when the work on the Khojak Tunnel was so heavy that European miners had to be engaged. Given time and money there is little that the Indian railway engineer cannot accomplish. He has made the frontier railways as safe as the Great Western. But in passing up and down the Bolan, paved with the bones of the transport animals lost in our Afghan wars, the Prince and Princess gleaned a vivid impression of the appalling desolation conquered by the railway, and from the now secure track looked down on the traces of two abandoned railways and one wrecked military road which stamp with the mark of failure redeemed the wild and narrow Bolan gorge.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

Karachi: The Last Stage.

A VIOLENT CONTRAST—FRONTIER CITY AND BUSTLING PORT—WINTER AND SUMMER—THE SPIRIT OF KARACHI—ITS BUOYANT CONFIDENCE—A GREAT GRAIN PORT—THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL SPEECH—A GRACEFUL APPRECIATION—A REMINISCENCE OF ZULULAND—SIND VICTORIA MEMORIAL—LAST DAY IN INDIA—AN INVESTITURE—HONOURS FITTINGLY BESTOWED—THE FAREWELLS—A LAST GLIMPSE—LORD LAMINGTON'S MESSAGE.

KARACHI, *March 17th.*

NOTHING could better illustrate the immense variety of conditions encountered in India than the journey of Their Royal Highnesses from Quetta to Karachi. They left the mountain fortress on Friday morning in the clear, bracing cold of an English Spring, and bade farewell to a landscape that, in many of its features, must have reminded them of Home. Then the Royal train dropped easily down the stiff gradients of the Mushkaf-Bolan Railway, running through scenery of appalling barrenness. They saw the last of the picturesque tatterdemalions who guarded the line, and of the stalwart Levy police, with revolver and scimitar buckled round white robes falling with classical simplicity. Then at Sibi, and in the run across the desolate *Put** to Ruk, they experienced a suspicion of what the hot weather can mean in these wastes, and at Karachi returned to the atmosphere of profound peace and prosperity, characteristic of the modern Indian sea-port towns. Here, too, there was an end to furs and tweeds, and a resort to the cool white duck and simple muslins worn in Bombay.

Not even the most enthusiastic Karachi resident—and who, living in Karachi, is not an enthusiast?—would call this city of the future beautiful. But everyone who has visited Karachi has experienced its buoyant spirit and joyous hospitality, and those characteristics were imparted to its welcome of Their Royal Highnesses on this last stage of their tour. The streets blossomed into the usual display of bunting, and the whole station

* Put: The waterless waste lying between the Indus and Sibi.

gathered in the pavilion for the formal reception of the Royal visitors. Karachi pays the penalty of its newness and prosperity in possessing few of the ethnological and distinctive features that lend colour and life to other parts of India; and in all this large assemblage there was nothing to arrest the eye but the venerable figure of the Mir of Khairpur, who brought a whiff of those fierce swordsmen's battles that won for Britain the possession of Sind, and the inverted top hats peculiar to the province, which must have been devised in a spirit of caricature. On the platform the Prince and Princess were met by Lord Lamington; Sir Archibald Hunter, Commanding the Western Army Corps; Major-General Smith Dorrien, who includes Karachi in his Frontier command; Major-General Duff, who came to convey the Army's farewell; and Mr. Younghusband, the Commissioner in Sind. And nothing gave greater pleasure than to notice that, in honour of St. Patrick's day, the Princess had pinned into her dress a bunch of shamrock. A pleasant personal recollection hung round these little sprigs of green. When the Duke of Connaught last visited India, the Royal representative of the King at the Proclamation Durbar, he planted shamrock at Quetta. In its strange surroundings the plant wilted, and seemed to have died; this year it burst into vigorous life, and the first sprigs from their uncle's shamrock were gathered for the Prince and Princess to wear to-day.

The Mir of Khairpur

In Quetta the address of the Municipality brought forcibly before Their Royal Highnesses the transformation wrought by a quarter of a century of British rule. The same story was unfolded at Karachi, though as the tranquillising forces have been longer at work, and the soil was more suitable, the results have been proportionately greater. Already Karachi can claim to have exported in a single year thirteen hundred thousand tons of wheat as the result of the irrigation policy pursued in the Punjab and Sind. The works now in progress in the "Land of the Five Rivers" will create three new colonies—the Upper Jhelum, the Upper Chenab and the Lower Bari Doab; and when these are completed, funds will probably be found for the

Sind-Sagar Doab Scheme, with its barrage across the mighty Indus. So that in the course of a decade, Karachi is destined to grow into one of the biggest grain ports in the world.

The Prince's reply to the Municipal address, in which the progress of Karachi was strongly emphasised, really expressed Their Royal Highnesses' farewell to India, although the *Renown* will not sail until Monday evening, and after wishing the Karachi Municipality prosperity in the great work that lies before it, the Prince said :—

> Your concluding words of God-speed, for which we are both most grateful, remind us, alas! that our visit to India is near its end. I can assure you, and our other friends in all parts of this great and wonderful land, that we leave India with feelings of gratitude and affection. We have seen and have learned much ; we have seen enough to make India a living reality to us ; enough to make us wish that we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts a sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow-subjects in India, of whatever creed or race.
>
> Although our receptions everywhere were the scenes of brightness and splendour, and we have been greeted by thousands of cheerful and happy faces, we have not forgotten the hard lives led by those in the trying climates of the plains, and we know of the miseries which beset the patient, hardworking peasant when the rains do not come in due season. We are both sincerely thankful to have been privileged to visit India, and to have gained impressions which, with future study and observation, will enable me to try and understand some of the problems of British Administration, for I fully appreciate the advantage which a visit to this great continent must give to anyone in considering even the simplest Indian questions.
>
> Our journey has, in all parts of India, been most happy and delightful, thanks to the love and goodwill which have been evinced by all classes. We have been deeply impressed by that feeling of loyalty to the Crown, and devotion to the person of the King-Emperor, which has been displayed ever since we first set foot on Indian soil, and we have been also greatly touched by the evident memories of affection towards my dear brother which still remain in the hearts of those with whom he was brought in contact during his stay in India some sixteen years ago. In bidding India farewell, we can truly say that our visit has been to us an unending and unbroken series of happy and most instructive experiences.

This generous appreciation of all the Prince and Princess have seen, and its full recognition that even the varied experiences of a Royal tour serve but as the introduction to the study of Indian problems, caused the deepest satisfaction ; but even this was submerged by His Royal Highness' characteristic sympathy with that side of Indian life of which he could necessarily see little—the toil of the dweller in the plains, the precarious lot of the

struggling peasantry. After the Municipal Councillors had been presented, the Prince and Princess of Wales drove in full state to Government House, escorted by the 36th (Jacob's Horse) and passing through roads lined with troops. One episode of the military display had its tragic side. Outside the station was drawn up a smart guard-of-honour of the South Wales Borderers, and the colours they bore were those saved from the melancholy day of Isandhlwana. There were with His Royal Highness two officers with a near interest in that action : Major-General Smith Dorrien actually participated in the fighting, and Sir Arthur Bigge was with another of Lord Chelmsford's columns. It was pathetic to see the tattered silk paraded in

Sind Victoria Memorial The Procession

a city stamped with the genius of Bartle Frere, because, if there had been no such blundering in the Zulu War as led to Isandhlwana, there might have been no wrecking of that great man's career, no years of humiliation in South Africa, culminating in the great sacrifice. His Royal Highness betrayed the keenest interest in the incident.

The Mir of Khairpur, and others entitled to the honour, were received at Government House in the morning, and Their Royal Highnesses' last official act in India was a peculiarly graceful one. It was to do what they have willingly consented to perform upon so many previous occasions on this progress—to participate in the visible expression of the love and gratitude of

the Indian peoples for Queen Victoria. The Sind Memorial is a white marble statue of the Empress-Queen, wearing her widow's veil and the Imperial crown and robes of state, and holding in her hands the sceptre and the orb. On each side of the plinth are carved projecting ship's bows, emblematic of naval supremacy. At the feet of the pedestal are statues in bronze, the principal group representing India approaching Justice and Peace. At the rear of the pedestal an allegorical figure of a woman, heavily draped and bending to her work, is depicted as pouring water from an urn upon the soil, whilst behind

Sind Victoria Memorial Unveiled

her there spring up luxuriant vegetation and the fruits of the earth. This typified the fertilising action of the Indus, on which Sind depends for its sustenance. The grounds immediately behind the statue are, with the Prince's permission, to be named the Queen's Lawn. The Memorial appropriately stands in the gardens of the Hall called after the late Sir Bartle Frere, one time Commissioner in Sind, than whom Her Majesty had no more brave and devoted servant, and Bombay no more wise and sympathetic Governor.

There were yet two more official functions to close the busy day. The leading residents of the Province met within the hospitable walls of Govern-

ment House for the state dinner, and all Sind afterwards attended the Reception. It was remarked with the keenest pleasure that although Their Royal Highnesses had passed through an exacting day at the end of a long railway journey, and in a much warmer climate than that to which they have recently been accustomed, they were never apparently in better health, or better pleased with their surroundings. In the evening, too, Karachi blazed with illuminations, and the warships in the harbour—the *Renown*, *Perseus* and *Hermes*—were etched with flame and starred the sky with coloured light.

To-day was the usual day of rest that has been observed so scrupulously throughout the tour. Their Royal Highnesses attended the Parade Service at Holy Trinity Church, and the day passed without any ceremony. But before closing this chronicle of the last stage of the progress, due acknowledgment must be made of the work of those who brought the Royal party to Karachi. From Aligarh to Quetta, and thence to Karachi, they were conveyed by the North-Western Railway. Up the Mushkaf-Bolan Railway the Royal train was hauled over gradients which between Abigaum and Kolpur are as stiff as one in twenty-five. Between Quetta and Chaman they are one in forty. But no matter how steep the climb, or how long the journey, the Royal train, with its tremendously heavy coaches, reached its destination in perfect safety, and at scheduled time. Our frontier railways have cost more money than one likes to recall, but these journeys have shown that they are maintained in a state of great efficiency and are equal to any emergency.

March 19th. The Prince and Princess of Wales' farewell to India was marked by a simple and unaffected cordiality. This morning His Royal Highness inspected the 130th Baluchis, of which he is the Honorary Colonel. Then he held, by command of His Majesty the King-Emperor, the Investiture at which well-merited honours were bestowed upon those most directly responsible for the smooth running of the complex arrangements for the Royal Tour. The following appointments were made in the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire, and the Royal Victorian Order :—

TO BE G.C.I.E.

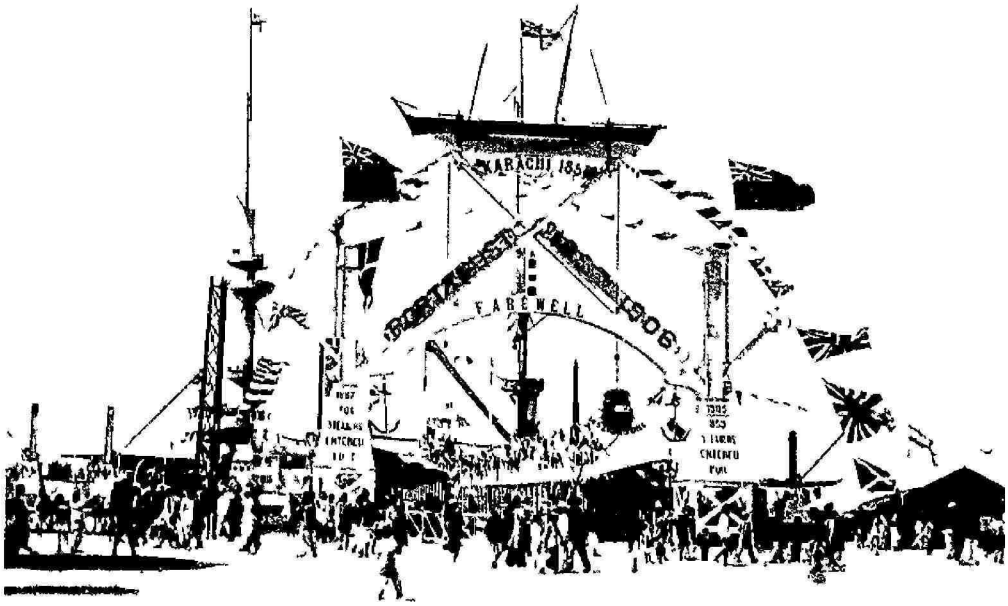
Sir W. R. Lawrence, K.C.I.E., Chief of the Prince of Wales' Staff.

TO BE K.C.S.I.

Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales.

Major-General S. B. Beatson, C.B., Military Secretary to the Prince of Wales in India

THE ENTRANCE TO KARACHI HARBOUR.



THE PORT TRUST ARCH, KARACHI.

TO BE K.C.V.O.

His Excellency Vice-Admiral E. Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in the East Indies.

Mr. F. R. Upcott, C.S.I., Chairman of the Railway Board.
Major-General B. Duff, C.B., C.I.E., Adjutant-General in India.
Mr. H. A. Stuart, C.S.I., Director of Criminal Intelligence in India.
Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Charles, I.M.S., Surgeon to the Prince of Wales in India.

TO BE A KNIGHT BACHELOR.

Mr. S. H. C. Hutchinson, Director-General of Telegraphs in India.

TO BE C.V.O.

Sir A. U. Fanshawe, K.C.I.E., Director General of Post Offices.

TO BE C.S.I.

Commodore the Hon'ble H. Tyrwhitt, M.V.O., H.M.S. *Renown*.

TO BE C.I.E.

Major R. E. Grimston,
Major C. F. Campbell,
Major H. D. Watson,
} Aides-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales in India.

TO BE M.V.O., 4TH CLASS.

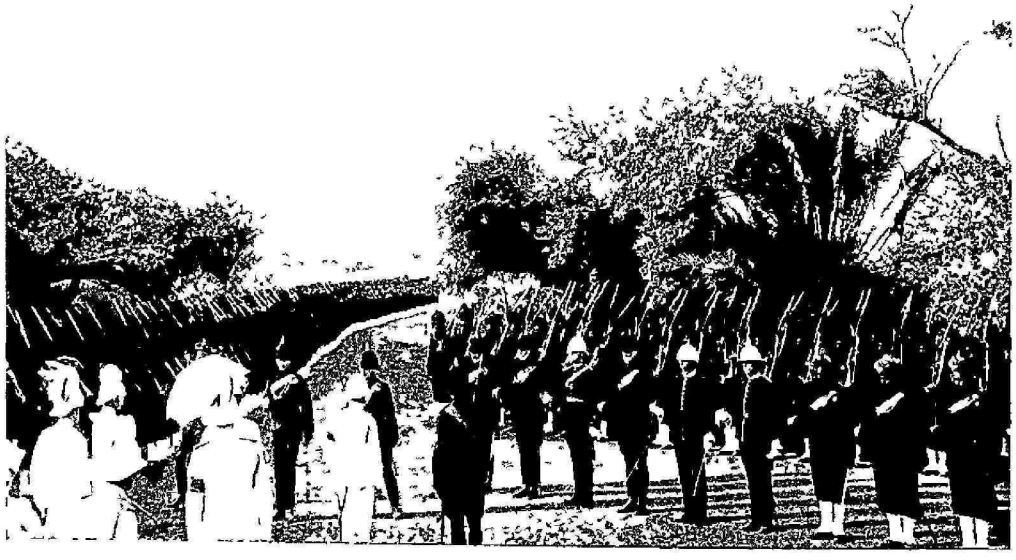
Mr. H. C. Mules, Collector, Karachi.
Munshi Azizuddin, Deputy Commissioner, Berar.
Major H. L. Roberts,
Captain L. F. Ashburner,
Captain H. Hill,
Captain G. Makins,
Captain the Hon'ble W. Cadogan,
} Honorary Aides-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales in India.

TO BE M.V.O., 5TH CLASS.

Mr. Herbert Kelway Bamber, East Indian Railway.
Sardar Bahadur Ressaidar Mirza Karim Beg, of the Bhopal Victoria Lancers.

The Investiture was one of those semi-private ceremonies which help us to understand the sources of the immense popularity of the Royal Family. The Prince and Princess were splendidly served on the tour; but they are of those whom it is a joy to serve. Behind the natural devotion to duty which governed the picked men constituting their Staff lay the stimulus that the Prince and Princess were ever appreciative of service, ever considerate of those by whom they were surrounded, and ever ready to accept the little rubs which must occur in the best regulated of tours. Assuredly not less than the outward marks of recognition did every member of the Staff value the generous

spoken acknowledgment which came to each one. Upon Sir Walter Lawrence devolved the main burden both of arranging and executing the broad outline of the tour. As Chief-of-the-Staff he evidenced, in even greater degree, those qualities of tact, sympathy and knowledge that made him the finest Private Secretary any Viceroy has been able to command. The wisdom with which the tour was planned, the perfect smoothness with which every detail was fulfilled, and the wide and intimate acquaintance Their Royal Highnesses were able to acquire of India, its peoples and its services, were in no small measure due to his knowledge, sagacity and discretion. The G.C.I.E. is an honour rarely conferred upon an Indian Civilian, but in no



Reviewing the 130th Baluchis, Karachi.

informed quarter will there be any disposition to doubt that it has been entirely wisely and appropriately bestowed.

Honours have come thickly upon Sir Arthur Bigge, and his K.C.S.I. can only be regarded as a means of still further marking His Royal Highness' appreciation of quiet, able and most devoted service. Major-General Stuart Beatson was indefatigable in the truest sense of the word, and never spared himself, or his Staff, in making the best arrangements for Their Royal Highnesses' pleasure and comfort. Vice-Admiral Poe's Naval escort, from the moment H.M.S. *Renown* entered the limits of his command, always bore testimony to his seaman-like qualities. In knighting Mr. Upcott, the Chairman of the Railway Board, the Prince of Wales expressed his sense of the

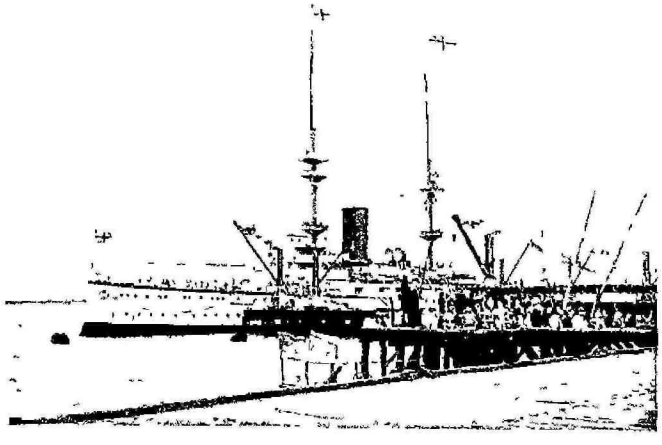
facility with which the Royal party were borne the many thousands of miles they travelled over the Indian Railways—facilities that evidenced in a remarkable degree the improvements made in the amenities of travel in this country. Of Major-General Duff's abilities as Adjutant-General there could be no better proof than the great armed host assembled at Rawal Pindi. The precision with which those sixty thousand men were marshalled, manœuvred, and then marched in faultless array before Their Royal Highnesses stands out as an amazing instance of organising capacity. That was General Duff's

Alligator Pier, near Karachi.

work and it set his mark upon the office of Adjutant-General before he leaves that coveted appointment to take up the duties of Chief-of-the-Staff.

On Mr. Harold Stuart, as Director of Criminal Investigation in India, devolved the onerous task of safeguarding Their Royal Highnesses' progress from criminal interruption. Of the manner in which he performed it, an opinion may be gained from this—that from the moment Their Royal Highnesses stepped ashore in Bombay, until they left Karachi, not a single overt act occurred. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles, I.M.S., watched over Their Royal Highnesses' health with an unremitting care and skill that few understood ; but there is a tinge of regret in the satisfaction with which his Knighthood will be received, because the tour marks the severance of his

active and successful work in India. Sir S. H. C. Hutchinson's strenuous improvement of the Telegraph Department has benefited the whole community, and the great efficiency of the special arrangements made to meet the heavy press of traffic arising from the Royal progress has been almost beyond praise. Only those behind the scenes can appreciate how much Majors Grimston, Campbell, and Watson did to facilitate the smooth running of the detailed arrangements, and Major Watson and Captain Makins directed the handling of the masses of baggage with unvarying dexterity. Mr. H. C. Mules was tireless in making the necessary arrangements for the reception of Their Royal Highnesses in Karachi, and his honour is the more welcome, as it is rarely that distinctions fall to the uncovenanted members of the Service; whilst in Munshi Azizuddin, Sir Harold Stuart had a zealous assistant. Of Major Roberts and Captains Ashburner, Hill, Makins and Cadogan it must be repeated that only those intimately associated with the Royal tour can understand how well they performed their duties. Mr. Kelway Bamber is the designer of the train in which Their Royal Highnesses travelled so luxuriously. The name of Captain Wigram, who was Sir Walter Lawrence's right-hand man throughout the tour, does not appear in the list of honours, but he has received a Brevet-Majority.

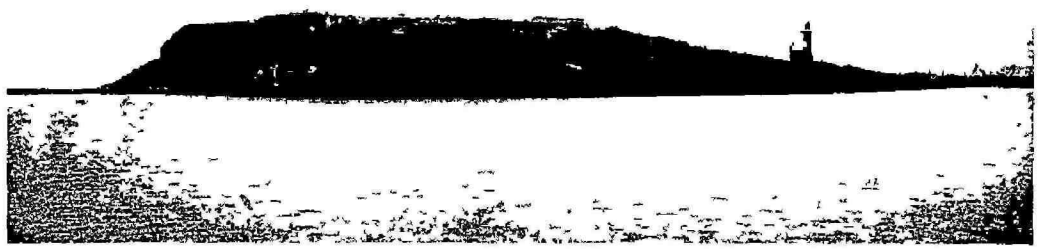


H. M. S. "Renown" at Kiamari.

A quiet hour or two remained in which to complete the arrangements for departure; the sun was declining, and a soft, cool breeze was blowing from the sea, when the Prince and Princess set out on their last state drive in India. The *Renown* was lying off the wharf at Kiamari, and those keenly interested in the welfare of the port derived no little satisfaction from the fact that this was the first time since her keel furrowed Indian waters that the battleship-yacht was brought up alongside the quay. There were gathered all the principal residents of Sind and those who were specially deputed to bid farewell to the Royal visitors, amongst whom one noticed the tall figure

of Lord Lamington; Sir Archibald Hunter; General Duff, to represent the Indian Army; Sir Arthur Fanshawe came on behalf of the Civil Service; Major-General Smith Dorrien as Commanding the Quetta Division; Mr. Younghusband as Commissioner in Sind and Mr. Gabriel, C.V.O., who had come from the Foreign Office in Calcutta to receive the personal thanks of His Royal Highness for his unremitting labours.

Escorted by a smart detachment of Jacob's Horse and through roads lined by the soldierly troops in the Karachi garrison, Their Royal Highnesses drove the four miles to Kiamari. There they bade a cordial farewell to all assembled to speed them. They shook hands with the Port Commissioners, and bowing to the right and to the left passed through a lane of

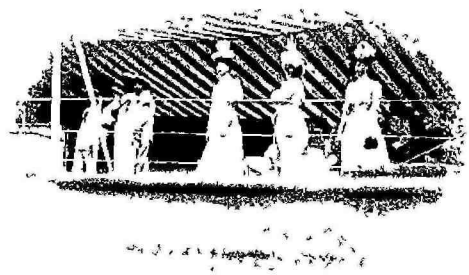


The Island of Manora, Karachi Harbour

people to the *Renown*. There was a delay of half an hour whilst farewells were said to the immediate entourage, amongst whom was gallant Sir Pertab Singh, Maharaja of Idar, who had left his State to accompany the Royal guests through India. Then the boatswain's pipes sibilated, the moorings were cast off and with the Prince of Wales' flag as Master of Trinity House at the fore, and his own standard at the main, the white-hulled battleship began to move through the water. The band struck up the National Anthem and cheer after cheer went up from the quay. The last glimpse India had of the Prince and Princess of Wales was of His Royal Highness in undress naval uniform, with a telescope tucked under his arm, saluting; Her Royal Highness in white serge, and holding binoculars, bowing her adieux. Lord Lamington put the prevailing thought

in words when, from the R.I.M.S. *Dufferin*, which followed the *Renown* to sea, he signalled this farewell message :—

"On behalf of Bombay Presidency I beg to express regret at the termination of a visit which will ever live in the recollections of the people as a joyous memory, and which, marked by Your Royal Highnesses' kindly interest and graciousness, will have attached them more than ever to the Throne of His Majesty the King-Emperor. I respectfully wish Your Royal Highnesses a good voyage, and a most happy return home."

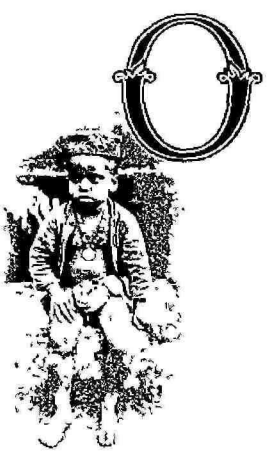


Good-bye to India

CHAPTER XXXIV.

L'Envoi.

THE CLOSE OF THE TOUR—THE ROYAL PROGRESS REVIEWED—ITS PRINCIPAL FRUITS—VENERATION FOR THE ROYAL HOUSE—SIDELIGHTS ON INDIAN LOYALTY—PERSONALITY OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS—THEIR TACT AND READY SYMPATHY—CATHOLICITY OF THEIR INTERESTS—THE DYNASTIC LINK—THE ROYAL HOUSE AND THE INDIAN PRINCES—RELATIONS WITH ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIALS—SIR WALTER LAWRENCE'S WORK—FINAL REFLECTIONS—THE REVIVAL OF KINGSHIP—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS' PART IN THIS MOVEMENT.



ON March 19th Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales passed for the last time through streets lined with the varied and striking peoples who compose the cosmopolitan population of an Indian city that owes its prosperity to the *Pax Britannica* and Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Escorted and guarded by representative units of the Indian Army—the elect of the British fighting stock and the cream of the warrior races of Asia—they drove through the streets of Karachi to Kiamari, where they embarked on board H.M.S. *Renown*. The guns boomed out the Royal salute, the stately, white-hulled warship, slipping slowly from her moorings, headed under escort for the West, and soon sank out of sight in the Hesperian sky. Their Royal Highnesses' first sight of India was Bombay, their last Karachi—cities which owe their existence entirely to the fertility of British rule, and are emblems of the stability and prosperity it has brought to Hindustan.

In the luxuriant history of Royal travel there are no pages more suggestive than those written in these prolific months. Since the *Renown* and her consorts steamed into Bombay, nearly half a year ago, Their Royal Highnesses have been the centre of scenes richer in life and colour, in historic and dramatic interest, in ethnological and sociological lessons, than any the world can show. From the solid magnificence and warm life of the Second City of the Empire they passed to the stirring Highlands of Central

India, and to the romantic land of the brave and chivalrous Rajputs. At Lahore they met the heads of the stout Sikh Houses whose names are synonymous with courage and loyalty, and thence passed to stormy Peshawar, where Mehtar, Khan, Nawab and Malik buried their blood feuds to pay common allegiance to the Emperor's Heir, and the Wardens of the Marches conducted them, with entire confidence, through the gloomy Khyber to the watch-tower looking out on Afghanistan. For three days in the manœuvre field, and during a long morning in the saddle at Rawal Pindi, when the mightiest armed host ever assembled in Hindustan swept by, in faultless order, *with all the pomp and panoply of military display*, His Royal Highness came into the closest contact with the Indian Army, and recorded his appreciation of its splendid qualities in generous terms that will long be remembered in every mess and round every camp fire.

Under the shadow of the Himalayas, overhung by wintry skies that recalled an English December, Their Royal Highnesses learnt of the important frontier responsibilities at Gilgit and Ladak associated with the Chiefship of Kashmir. At Amritsar they lent their presence to support the movement preserving the militant faith of the Indian Covenanters, and at Delhi and Agra revelled in the beauty of the unsurpassed monuments to the artistic magnificence of the Mughal Emperors. With the most gorgeous pageantry of the East, the high-minded and ardent Scindia greeted them at the base of the fortress-crowned hill which marks his State out for an influential part in the affairs of Central India, and displayed before his Royal guests the splendour of the opportunity the Fates lay before each Indian Prince when he ascends the *gadi*. The rich associations with the great epic of the Mutiny, introduced at Delhi, were renewed at Lucknow—associations which leave no bitterness, because on the Ridge at Delhi, as in the verdant grounds of the Residency, none can forget those who were true to their salt even in the darkest hour. In one sense the progress may be said to have culminated at Calcutta, where the presence of the Prince and Princess stilled all strife, where they were so directly associated with the beautiful memorial of the Indian peoples to the Queen-Empress who loved them. If so, there were glorious colours in the afterglow. There were the joyous days amongst the prosperous and happy Burmans, and the cheery, strong-featured Southern races of Madras and Mysore; the hospitality of the Nizam in his heterogeneous capital, and the exquisite beauties of the river front at Benares. Then after the productive shoot in Gwalior, which filled the gap caused by the enforced abandonment of the excursion to Nepal, wintry days amongst the snow-clothed mountains of Quetta, and a glimpse of those

avenues of advance on India that the lofty position commands. In the last stage at Karachi, whose wharves are soon to be crowded with the wheat raised on what was desert until the engineer chafed it with his Philosopher's Stone, the familiar experience was repeated—the knowledge of the wealth and fertility the rule of their House has brought to the Indian peoples.

Now the Captains and the Kings have departed, the banners have been lowered, the last official ceremony is a pleasant memory. The Prince and Princess of Wales have bidden a farewell to these shores that in all human probability will be final. What fruits will be garnered from the anxious preparation and careful toil of these exuberant months? Well, the most vivid and penetrating impression left on the minds of thoughtful observers is the tremendous, the almost idolatrous, veneration in which the Indian peoples hold the Royal House of England. The craving of the oriental mind for some concrete form of personal headship is one of the commonplaces of eastern study. But the gradual absorption of this sentiment of substantive loyalty by the late Queen-Empress was a phenomenon that escaped the notice of those well versed in the trend of Indian opinion. It was a plant of slow growth, and not until the grief all India felt at the news of her demise poured forth in heartfelt expressions of love and devotion, did anyone realise how deeply it had struck its roots. Even then it was hard to say how far this spontaneous homage was paid to the Queen-Empress, whose ever-present sympathy for her eastern subjects was revealed in divers ways, or in what measure it would pass to her successors. Those dubieties were resolved at the Durbar. The reverential honour accorded to the King-Emperor's brother, the profound respect with which His Majesty's gracious message was received by that historic assembly, taught this—that although Indian loyalty to the Royal Family was created by the loving kindness of Queen Victoria, it formed an integral and splendid part of the glorious heritage she bequeathed to her descendants.

This devotion does not lie on the surface. Indeed, many who have watched the patient crowds, as after awaiting the Royal carriage for hours they allowed it to pass with an occasional *salaam* or cheer, but for the most part with silent concentrated gaze, might have been pardoned for imagining that it did not exist. But in the East it is the little things that count; it is the way of the straws that points the current of the secretive Indian mind. So the little incidents of the tour reveal far more clearly than superficial demonstration the true attitude of the people. And nothing is more significant than the episode at Mysore, when His Royal Highness, on the motor

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AND STAFF AFTER THE INVESTITURE, KARACHI.

ride to Seringapatam, stopped the car by the roadside to make sure that an injured sepoy was properly attended. "How fortunate is our brother that the Shahzada should have deigned to notice him!"—that was the exclamation of the bystanders. The fractured limb, the shock and loss—they were as nothing in comparison with the kindly notice of the King-Emperor's son. To some the raising of a regiment to the status of the Prince of Wales' Own may seem no more than a graceful compliment. "Now," said a wise British officer, when he heard of the distinction conferred on his smart corps, "I have a double grip over every man. When the recruit is enlisted I shall say to him 'This is the Shahzada's Regiment; your Colonel is your future Emperor.' He will never forget it." So when the distressed mother learnt who was the regal lady who was passing quietly through her village, she prostrated herself in the full confidence that the Rani could, if she would, order the release of her convict son. The private visit of Their Royal Highnesses to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda created a deeper impression in Burma than anything since the Annexation. Only by analysing the mental attitude revealed in these episodes can any conception be formed of the Indian view of the Royal tour.

Into this atmosphere of shy, reverential loyalty came Their Royal Highnesses. The Prince of Wales with the frank, unaffected, breezy manner of the English gentleman, cordial, warm-hearted, with the ready sympathy and kindly tact that are the heritage of his House. The Princess of Wales, a stately regal figure, gracing each ceremonial with her queenly dignity and charm, yet never entirely disguising that sweet womanly spell, which overflowed whenever she was able to cast state aside, as when she gathered the little ones round her Christmas tree at Gwalior. Surely the most splendid manifestation of the power and beauty and influence of womanhood that has ever dawned on the East, penetrating even the gloom of the purdah and bringing a ray of hope to the poor, prisoned souls behind it! Genuinely interested in everything throwing light upon the peculiar conditions of the Dependency, they have borne their high part in the long and often wearying round of ceremonial with unwavering constancy. Whenever it has been possible to get into touch with the real India that lay behind the banners and bunting, the salutes and the guards of honour, they have seized it. These incidents belong to the unwritten history of their progress. None learnt, except by accident, that the Prince and Princess drove, almost unobserved, to view Shah Jehan's dream in marble by moonlight; that the Princess spent a quiet hour in an Indian village; or that His Royal Highness walked, with a single Equerry, through the fascinating streets of Benares.

As for the character of these visits, no one knowing of the Princess of Wales' acquaintance with Indian history would envy the cicerone who was not amply equipped.

At every stage in a progress made under these conditions Their Royal Highnesses have emphasized the sympathy, insight, tolerance and appreciation that have guided their House in its relations with India since it became directly responsible for its welfare. It is, we may be sure, with no ordinary feelings that Indians of all classes have seen the Heir-apparent as ready to discuss their affairs with publicists like Sir Pherozeshah Mehta and Mr. Gokhale as with the Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors, or with a patriot in the truest sense of the term like the Maharaja Scindia. Or that whilst their unostentatious devotion to their own faith has been so quietly marked, they had interest in and sympathy for the religions typified in the Jama Masjid, the Golden Temple, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda and the Bathing Ghats of Benares, to all of which they were generous supporters. The pleasure with which the Prince presented a standard to the Carabiniers was not less than that he evidenced when he committed the three colours they carry as the reward of valour to the Second Rajputs; the pride with which Their Royal Highnesses visited those memorials to British constancy and courage at Delhi and Lucknow was equalled when, by the graceful marble cenotaph at Amritsar, they heard again the story of Saragheri. Round the camp fire and in the villages of the Punjab it will long be told how, when he saw the grizzled veterans who represented the Sikh Regiments at the Khalsa College, the Shahzada examined their medals and told them that their staunchness and devotion would never be forgotten by his House or his countrymen. Nor will educated Indians of all classes forget that the interest which Their Royal Highnesses betrayed in Government foundations like the Calcutta University and the Queen's College, they readily extended to the Mahomedan Anglo-Oriental and the Hindu Central Colleges. Or that when the Maharaja of Darbhanga presented a handsome *nazar* to the Prince of Wales, he devoted it to the furtherance of the greatest boon the West has conferred upon the East—the gift of healing.

In ground so ready to receive it Their Royal Highnesses planted this fruitful seed. No one who knows the East doubts that the harvest will be abundant. But it is useless constantly pulling up the roots to see how the plant is growing, or to expect the yield to be of such a character that it will arrest the unobservant eye. In India it is the things below the surface that are important; the true results of the tour are not to be learnt from the talk

of the market place but from the converse in the chaoras* from Mysore to Chitral. That the tour has deepened and intensified the attachment of India to the British Crown is beyond question; but it has done much more than that: it has renewed the personal tie that means so much to an eastern people. Although few of them gazed upon her face, Queen Victoria was a personality far more real than Shah Jehan or Aurungzeb to her Indian subjects. So is His Majesty the King-Emperor; not only because he is her son, but him many of them know and have seen. Thanks to the improvement in communications, the Prince and Princess of Wales have been able to penetrate places of great political importance far beyond the scope of King Edward's progress, nor, with the solitary exception of the shooting expedition to Nepal, have their plans been disarranged by epidemic or accident. Greater facilities for travel and the collapse of those barriers which formerly isolated whole communities, as well as the rapid growth of the urban populations, have enabled a much larger proportion of the community to see the Shahzada and his consort. All this secures that for another generation at least the King-Emperor shall be one who not only inherits the wise and sympathetic traditions of the revered Queen-Empress, but who knows very much of his Indian subjects, their conditions of life and hopes and fears; whom vast numbers of them have seen and heard; whose sympathy with their institutions has been constantly evidenced in word and deed; who by his kindly acts and ready sympathy has taught a lesson that the grey-beards will repeat to their grandchildren: and that by his side there will stand a Queen who gave India her first glimpse of Imperial womanhood and whose ardent desire to leave nothing ungleaned that India could impart vitalised every stage of the Royal progress.

Again, the least satisfactory feature of British rule in India is its atmosphere of change. From the Viceroy to the District Officer the faces come and go with such bewildering frequency that no sooner does one become familiar than it is spirited elsewhere. This is one of the disagreeable necessities of the British connection, and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is in a measure because of that change that the administration is as good as it is. Still it is very unsettling, more especially as behind this incessant mutation is the ebb and flow of political life in Great Britain, with the periodic substitution of different sets of principles. True, the effects of these changes do not go as deep as they may seem; there are the honourable traditions of continuity of policy in administration no less than in foreign affairs. Still, this

* Chaoras: The village meeting places.

is a subtlety beyond the grasp of the Indian, with his craving for the personal touch and not an unvarying routine. It is here that the influence of the Royal Family is of supreme value. The direct association of the Crown with this country already extends to the third generation. That is a long time in the history of India, when we remember that the magnificent Mughal Empire really died with the sixth occupant of the Imperial Throne. This strong, virile dynastic link is the guarantee to India not only of the permanence of British rule, but of the unchangeability of the principles of sympathy and justice Queen Victoria wove into it. Her spirit has breathed in her grandson's words and deeds as strongly as her blood runs in his veins. This is a guarantee the humblest Indian can understand.

Whilst this is true of India as a whole, is it not especially true of the Native Princes who have so great a stake in the governance of the country? Out of the gropings of three-quarters of a century has grown the profitable partnership between them and the *Raj* so conspicuously illustrated in the course of this tour. Confident in the knowledge that their territories are secure and the succession certain, that nothing but the grossest misgovernment will commit the Viceroy to the repugnant task of direct interference with their affairs—a contingency that with the spread of education and higher ideals becomes each year remote—they turned with eager joy to welcome the Prince whose presence in India was the gage for the maintenance of their privileges. How they vied with each other in offering to the Prince and Princess unusual marks of honour has already been told; how they proudly pledged their whole resources to the service of the *Raj* is known from their own earnest words. Them His Royal Highness met not as the head of an Administration some of whose acts are perforce unpopular, but as the Heir-apparent. His frank and happy manner, his appreciation of their position and his ardent love of field sports, added a personal link, intangible, but none the less powerful, to the strong chain that previously bound them to the Imperial Throne. It is re-stating an established fact to say that the Native States are most important factors in the Indian Empire, because they break the prevailing greyness of British rule, and afford an outlet for native enterprise and a field for social and political experiment far more suitable than the vast bulk of British India. They are also an element of strength. It would be unreasonable to expect the same active loyalty from the mass of the people as burst from Their Royal Highnesses' hosts. But if the day ever comes, the swords laid at the Prince and Princess' feet will as promptly leap from their scabbards to uphold the cause embodied in their House as they were gladly pledged to their service,

and the whole resources of the Native Prince will answer their Sovereign's call.

Nor is it light consideration that those who are doing their country's work in India should have had this unusual opportunity of personal contact with their future King and Queen. The loyalty of Britons is not a sentiment; it is a creed based on reason and affection. They know that a monarchy is best suited to the genius of the race and its Imperial responsibilities; and with this conviction they admire and esteem the members of the Reigning House, for their public spirit as well as for their private virtues. Although Anglo-Indians labour in a theatre remote from the Court, and are beyond the reach of the influences that act as stimuli to loyalty, they yield to none in their devotion and attachment to the Throne. Yet it is inevitable, from the nature of their service, that they should feel themselves to be outside the warm currents of Imperial life flowing towards the Throne; that they should suffer under the irritating knowledge that few know of their work and fewer care; and that they are more consistently misrepresented than most public servants. The Prince and Princess of Wales removed this slight soreness. They were as anxious to hear the Commissioner and the Collector, the Engineer, the Policeman and the Forest Officer, discuss their administrative enthusiasms, as to consider high politics with the Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors. Everywhere the local official was privileged personally to present the various phases of his charge to the Prince and Princess; he was not constantly overshadowed by his Chief, whether civil or military. In this way a new bond was mortised between the Englishmen in India and the Crown. Anglo-Indians realise, of course, that it was impossible for Their Royal Highnesses quite to appreciate the conditions of their service. That is given only to those who have borne the strain of hard work throughout the searing hot weather of the plains, the struggle against ill-health, privations and discouragement; the dull pain of a broken family life and the severance of the dearest ties. But they know that the Prince and Princess understand much of the work that is being done here, and of the manner of men who are doing it; that they will clothe the dry reports of eastern affairs that reach them from the rich memories of their Indian tour; and that knowledge will hearten many a man when those enthusiasms that are essential to good labour in this country are chilled by depression and neglect.

This is not the occasion on which to acknowledge the services of that large band of officers of all grades to whose energy and skill was due the perfect organisation of the Royal tour. But amongst every numerous body of successful workers there is inevitably one to whom all look for

advice and aid in their difficulties, and so it was during these active months of Indian travel. When the Indian Princes sought some buffer to break the reserve and embarrassment of their presentation to the Prince and Princess, they turned with perfect confidence to Sir Walter Lawrence. When Governors and Secretaries, Residents and Political Officers, were harassed by points of etiquette and precedence, there was one unfailing point of knowledge—Sir Walter Lawrence. If the Staff were in any difficulty, from the timing of the Royal train to the re-mapping of a fortnight, they bent their footsteps towards Sir Walter Lawrence. In the Chief of the Staff Their Royal Highnesses also had ever at hand one who knows his India in a manner given to few men, and who loves it; who is as authoritative a guide to the greatest questions of State policy as to the folklore of the Kashmiris and the daily life of the village community; whose sympathies are with all who are doing honest service in whatsoever capacity and whose ideal is India's good; and whose patience, tact and sagacity never flagged. Not even the distinguished services Sir Walter Lawrence rendered this country during his career as a Civil Servant, during the eventful first quinquennium of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty, or during the busy years of his nominal retirement, surpassed those of the past twelve months.

Sir Walter Lawrence, Chief of the Staff

The Royal progress is at an end. It will soon be a memory—the richest recollection of this generation. To the thoughts it has inspired, and to which halting expression has been given here, must be added this. We witnessed of late the most remarkable development in modern constitutional history—the decline of parliaments and the rise of kingship. Nor is this movement confined to Europe; it is as strongly marked, under another name, in the most democratic State in the world. It is not necessary now to examine the causes that gave rise to this phenomenon, which is the more amazing as was totally unexpected, and interrupted the placidly-assumed growth of popular assemblies into the sole exponents

of the national will. None have watched with greater pride and joy than his eastern subjects the foremost position of His Majesty King Edward in this development. How, without departing one jot from his constitutional position, he has drawn towards his person the strongest streams of Imperial life, composed the ancient animosities that divided Great Britain from Continental States with common interests, and has become the first personage in Europe. The Prince and Princess of Wales have accomplished the same splendid purpose in India. They came, the third generation of the strange power from over-sea, the embodiment of the personal rule that the Oriental understands. By their unfaltering sympathy and appreciation they deepened in every Indian mind the conviction that the beneficent principles embodied in the reign of Victoria The Good, pass with her sceptre to successors. By the vivid presentment of the dynastic link between Great Britain and India they confirmed the belief in the permanence of the existing institutions. By the swelling wave of enthusiasm their presence everywhere evoked, they demonstrated to the world that whilst administrative reforms may excite friction and natural calamities disturb, India is loyal to the core to the Royal House and the British connection. It is with a tenser voice that we have learnt to pray "God save the King." With a sense of personal gratitude all classes in India will add to that prayer "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales."

Cavalry, while throughout the Army I found an earnest desire for increased efficiency and for readiness to take the field. I was specially glad to have this opportunity of being associated with our magnificent Army in India under such practical conditions. I am proud to say that during my tour I was able to inspect 143,000 troops. Having seen several colleges and other educational institutions in different parts of India, I gained some slight idea of the efforts that are being made to place within the reach of all classes a liberal education. Let me take as an example the great Mahomedan college and school at Aligarh, which is supported and controlled by the private enterprize of Mahomedan gentlemen from all parts of India. A residential system similar to that at Oxford and Cambridge has been adopted. At the same time athletics are not neglected, and in all schools and colleges there is much emulation in cricket and football. Undoubtedly, such institutions must materially affect the formation of character in future generations.

If I were asked to name any general impressions which I have formed during this exceptional but all too short experience, they would be that I have learnt to appreciate the fact that India cannot be regarded as one country. We talk casually of going to India. But the majority of us perhaps do not realise that it is a continent with an area equal to the whole of Europe, without Russia, containing a population of 300,000,000 of diverse races, languages, and creeds, and many different grades of civilisation. I was struck with its immense size, its splendour, its numerous races, its varied climate, its snow-capped mountains, its boundless deserts, its mighty rivers, its architectural monuments, and its ancient traditions. I have realised the patience, the simplicity of life, the loyal devotion, and the religious spirit which characterise the Indian peoples. I know also their faith in the absolute justice and integrity of our rule. I cannot help thinking from all I have heard and seen that the task of governing India will be made the easier if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy. I will venture to predict that to such sympathy there will be an ever abundant and genuine response. May we not also hope for a still fuller measure of trust and confidence in our earnest desire and efforts to promote the well-being and to further the best interests of every class? In speaking of my impressions I should like very briefly to record a few of those scenes and incidents which will be to us of lasting value.

Would that I were able in any way to picture our arrival in Bombay amid the greetings and hearty acclamations of its cosmopolitan population, dressed in every conceivable colour, and all beneath the clearest blue of an Eastern sky. Quitting Bombay in tropical heat, my thoughts carry me from there over hundreds of miles almost as far as from London to Constantinople, to the rigorous climate of the Khyber Pass. The Union Jack, floating over the fortress of Jamrud, reminds us that British protection is guaranteed to the caravans that pass twice a week to and from Afghanistan throughout this twenty-five miles of neutral territory. At Landi Kotal, the further entrance of the Pass, five British officers and a regiment of Afridis—that tribe which only a few years ago was fighting against us—now garrison this lonely outpost of our Indian Empire. To the historic stronghold of Ali Masjid came the leading Khans, each bringing offerings of good-will in the shape of the pick of their flocks of sheep and the finest specimens of their honey. Contrast such wild and semi-civilised scenes with Delhi and Agra, those centres of artistic wealth and of priceless architectural monuments, for the preservation of which and the great care bestowed upon them universal thanks are due to the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Imagine us next at Gwalior, and later on at Benares, making our public entry under conditions impossible in any other part of the world,

mounted as we were on elephants gorgeously caparisoned and passing amid escorts and troops clothed and equipped in all the picturesqueness of mediæval pageantry. But among all these varied and striking impressions none have stirred our hearts as did the Ridge at Delhi and the grounds and ruins of the Lucknow Residency. They recalled with vivid reality those glorious heroes and those thrilling deeds which will for ever make sacred the story of the Indian Mutiny. I think you will all be interested to know that Colonel Bonham, one of the few survivors of the siege of Lucknow, is present here among us to-day. Although he was wounded three times during the siege, I am glad to say he is still fit and well, and was good enough to act as our guide when we were at Lucknow in December last. The new year saw us in Calcutta, the capital of India, and the second largest city of the British Empire, where our reception was most cordial and sympathetic. Here I had the satisfaction of laying the foundation stone of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall, a great and national memorial—the inception of which is chiefly due to Lord Curzon—to be a treasure house of relics and records of the life and reign of our late beloved Sovereign, whose memory is held in loving veneration by every race throughout the Continent of India.

If time permitted I should like to dwell upon Burma, so different as it is from India in the nature of its people and in its social characteristics, to speak of the famous golden pagoda at Rangoon, of the interesting sights at Mandalay, and of three delightful days spent on the great River Irrawaddi. Let us change the scene to Madras and its historic associations, so closely connected with the foundation of our Indian Empire. Let us pass thence through the hot plains of Southern India, journeying northwards through Benares, the metropolis of Hinduism, with its sacred river and famous shrines, until at length we re-enter the region of frost and snows at Quetta, with its outpost at Chaman, another gateway in that wild and mountainous district which constitutes our North-West Frontier of India. Leaving Quetta we retrace our steps through that triumph of engineering skill, the railroad through the Bolan Pass, and descending from an altitude of 5,500ft., we pass through the burning plains of Sind and reach Karachi, the rapidly-growing port of that province. And here we bid farewell to the country where for many months we had found a second home and for whose people we shall preserve a lasting affection. But these are mere first impressions. I am fully aware how impossible it is to gain accurate and intimate knowledge of so vast a country by a visit of only four and a half months. Yet I would strongly suggest to those who are interested in the great questions which surround the India of to-day to go there and learn as much as is possible by personal observation on the spot. I cannot but think that every Briton who treads the soil of India is assisting towards a better understanding with the Mother Country, helping to break down prejudice, to dispel misapprehension and to foster sympathy and brotherhood. Thus he will not only strengthen the old ties but create new ones and so, please God! secure a better understanding and a closer union of hearts between the Mother Country and her Indian Empire.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SPEECHES IN INDIA.

BOMBAY.

The address of welcome presented when Their Royal Highnesses landed in Bombay by the Bombay Municipal Corporation, and the Prince of Wales' reply thereto, are published in the text of Chapter I.

At the foundation stone laying of the Prince of Wales' Museum, in Bombay, Sir Lawrence Jenkins read the following address :—

May it please Your Royal Highness,—When it was definitely announced that Your Royal Highnesses proposed to pay the City of Bombay the great honour of visiting it, the loyal inhabitants in public assembly decided to raise a worthy and permanent memorial of so memorable an occasion. They are anxious to mark, in a fitting manner, their sense of the joy it has given them to welcome Your Royal Highnesses to this city, and their recognition of the auspicious character of an event which will always be happily remembered here and cannot fail to weld more closely the links that bind India to the rest of the British Empire. They wish to rear a noble and enduring monument which shall, alike by its proportions and its design and the objects to which it is devoted, be for ever a symbol of their abounding loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor, and a token to posterity of your welcome and valued stay in their midst. They seek, therefore, to create upon this spot a group of buildings that shall be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of the City, and which, as a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, will be fitly flanked by the equestrian statue of your illustrious father and the statue of Your Royal Highness about to be presented to the city by our well-known citizen and Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David. These buildings will recall to future generations the privilege now enjoyed by us of being the first in India to tender humble and loyal greetings to Your Royal Highnesses upon your arrival in this country, and will further serve to spread among the citizens a greater regard for those ideals of educational and artistic progress which your august House has done so much to foster.

Led by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, who has taken a warm and sympathetic interest in the project, the City has resolved to promote the erection upon this unique and valuable site, generously presented by the Government for the purpose, a museum, a library, an art gallery, and such other adjuncts of popular recreation and instruction as the funds available will permit. These will stand in the midst of ornamental gardens, and will, it is hoped, be at once a handsome and imposing addition to the attractions of Bombay, and a pleasurable reminiscence of an occasion, the memory of which will be ever treasured by all who have been fortunate enough to witness it. Funds towards the erection of this memorial have been subscribed with cheerful alacrity by the inhabitants, aided by handsome contributions from the Bombay Government, and also from the Corporation, and we are glad to inform Your Royal Highnesses that the subscriptions have included a munificent donation of three lakhs of rupees from one of our number, Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim.

In the belief that this memorial will be both an appropriate embodiment of our spirit of devoted loyalty to His Majesty the King-Emperor and an acceptable testimony of our deep and heartfelt joy in the visit of Your Royal Highnesses to Bombay, we ask Your Royal Highnesses now to lay the foundation-stone of the first of the buildings we propose to construct.

The Prince, in reply, said :—

Sir Lawrence Jenkins,—I wish to thank all of you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the compliment which you have paid us by commemorating our visit in a manner so useful and so lasting. If we had been asked to suggest an object for your warm-hearted and generous efforts, we should have chosen an institution such as you contemplate, for we have heard of the pleasure which museums in other parts of India afford to the people. You have with justice alluded to the sympathy shown by my dear father, the King-Emperor, in the educational and artistic progress of our people. It interests me to find that in this land, so strange at present to me, you are following ideas which are very familiar to us in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. Day by day we are grasping the importance of education by object lessons, and I anticipate the happiest results from the museum, library and art gallery which will one day stand upon this spot. If, as you assure us, the buildings of which I am proud to lay the foundation-stone to-day are to be fully in keeping with the other architectural adornments of this beautiful city, then we shall feel that our visit has not only brought pleasure to ourselves, but permanent advantage and happiness to the citizens of Bombay and to the thousands of strangers who visit this busy centre of commerce and Government.

To-day's ceremony is a practical proof of that public spirit of the people of Bombay about which we have so often heard. At the same time, you were fortunate to have in Lord Lamington a Governor quick to see a local want. I must also congratulate you on your Corporation, wise to recognise that a great capital like this has its intellectual as well as its material requirements; and last but by no means least, on having in your midst such citizens as your Sheriff, Mr. Sassoon J. David, and Mr. Currimbhoy Ebrahim. I hope that they and all of you who have helped to bring this public-spirited idea to fulfilment will live long to see and enjoy what, under wise and experienced direction, may prove to be one of the most important and beneficial institutions of Bombay.

At the laying of the foundation of the Alexandra Dock in Bombay the Trustees presented an address. The Prince replied in the following terms :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and I are much pleased to be present here to lay the foundation-stone of this new Dock, which I understand is to be one of the largest in the world, and we heartily wish all success to the great enterprise with which we are now associated. It is a further development of the scheme so wisely initiated by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald and Lord Mayo in the constitution of a Port Trust, more than 36 years ago.

There is to us an additional satisfaction in performing this ceremony, when we remember that the King-Emperor, on the occasion of his visit to Bombay in 1875, laid the foundation-stone of your first great Dock, which has since been known as the "Prince's Dock." I congratulate the City of Bombay upon the almost unprecedented increase in her sea-borne trade since that time.

As a sailor I am especially interested to hear that this new Dock is designed to meet, not only the requirements of the Mercantile Marine, but also of the Royal Navy, and will be able to accommodate the largest of our modern battleships. You, Mr. Chairman, and your co-Trustees, are to be complement-

ed on your far-seeing policy. For, profiting by past experiences, you have determined that the work which we now inaugurate shall not be calculated for present demands alone, but be sufficient to meet all possible needs and development of commerce for many years to come. The fact that the suggestion of the Board of Admiralty to increase the width of the entrance of the new Wet and Dry Docks from 90 to 100 feet was readily complied with is, indeed, a proof that a spirit of patriotism inspires the administration of the Trust.

I am glad to know that your resources are such that there is no anticipation of this enlargement of the Port facilities increasing the charges levied upon Trade.

The decision that the name of this extension to the Prince's and Victoria Docks shall be the "Alexandra Dock" will, I am sure, be most gratifying to my dear mother.

I thank you sincerely for the cordial reception which you have given to the Princess and myself, and for the beautiful and artistic casket containing the address, which we shall greatly value as a specimen of the work of the School of Art of your City.

In Bombay the Indian Ladies entertained the Princess at the Town Hall. The following address of the ladies of Western India was read in Urdu, Marathi and English by H. H. the Begam of Janjira, Lady Balchandra Krishna and Lady Jamsitji Jijibhai respectively :—

May it please Your Royal Highness,—On this great occasion of Your Royal Highness' ardently expected and most welcome visit to India—an occasion that will ever remain memorable in the annals of this great country—we, the ladies belonging to all the Indian communities that people the city, consider it our great good fortune and our proud privilege to be permitted to greet and welcome Your Royal Highness to our shores, and we beg to assure you that we do so, on our own behalf and on behalf of our sister residents in Bombay, with feelings of the deepest respect, loyalty and affection. As Bombay is the chief gateway and the very threshold of the vast and most important Indian possessions of the British Crown, we are persuaded that we shall not be gainsaid if we bid Your Royal Highness a thousand most cordial and loving welcomes on behalf also of our country-women all over India, whose hearts cannot but beat in complete harmony with our own on this most auspicious occasion.

Bombay's happy connection with England, as Your Royal Highness is aware, dates back to the early days of King Charles II. Once the despised habitation of fisher folks and the chance refuge of storm-driven pirates, it now stands pre-eminent as the second City of the British Empire. Among the many epoch-making events which go to make the history of Bombay and mark its steady rise and growth towards greatness and prosperity under the ægis of British rule, there are few that have made so deep an impression on the minds of the people, and the remembrance of which is so gratefully cherished, as the visit to this country, just thirty years ago, of our beloved Sovereign, Edward the Peacemaker, then His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The happy effect of that great event of a Prince of Wales first visiting this Orient Dominion shall now be a hundredfold enhanced by the present Royal visit, in consequence of the special and additional lustre that Your Royal Highness, so graciously accompanying the Prince of Wales, attaches to it.

Bombay in her palmiest days cannot but be highly honoured by the advent of a second Prince of Wales, who has already won his golden spurs as the worthy descendant of the great Queen ; but coming as he does accompanied by Your Royal Highness lends the present Royal progress in this country its most exceptional *éclat*, and renders it historically unique and invests it with the happiest augury for the whole of this ancient land of India.

The fact that Your Royal Highness so happily accompanies His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, betokening as it does not only on your part, but also on the part of Their Majesties the King-Emperor and Queen Alexandra, the most kindly interest in, and sympathetic consideration for, the people, and especially for the women of this country, evokes in us the liveliest feelings of joy, gratitude and gratification, and it is to give expression to these feelings that we beg to approach Your Royal Highness and to ask your gracious acceptance of this our national and grateful address of welcome.

Your Royal Highness will be pleased, we think, to observe the marked progress that female education has made in our midst of recent years, from this novel and unique spectacle befitting the uniqueness of this historic event, which brings Your Royal Highness among your Indian sisters of the Parsi, Mussalman and Hindu communities, many of them members of the most ancient and most wealthy families in this City, unanimously and of their own initiative associating themselves most cordially and in true Indian fashion to bid Your Royal Highness welcome to these shores.

We earnestly trust that Your Royal Highnesses' sojourn in India will be as enjoyable to yourselves as it is bound to be propitious to our people, and that you will be able to carry home with you such agreeable memories and such favourable impressions of this country and its inhabitants as must tend to bring Great Britain and India into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will, both now and in days to come.

In conclusion, we fervently pray that the Almighty Giver of all good will ever grant you and yours length of days, with perfect health and constant happiness to enjoy the same, and that He will in His own good time bring to a happy and fortunate accomplishment all that your heart may desire for the good of Your Royal House and for the greater glory of England.

The Princess spoke as follows :—

Lady Jamsetji and Ladies,—I thank you all very warmly for your kind and graceful greetings. I know the feelings which have prompted you to present this address to me, and you certainly have succeeded in making my first impressions of the women of India bright, happy, and hopeful. One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters ; for I believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned.

If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then, to use the words of your address, I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good-will.

INDORE.

His Royal Highness' address to the Chiefs of Central India, at the Indore Durbar, is included in the text, Chapter IV.

Presenting colours to the 1st York and Lancaster Regiment, the Prince of Wales said :—

Colonel Mayne, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the First York and Lancaster,—I am much pleased to have had this opportunity of presenting you with your new colours. It is just fifteen years ago that I performed a similar ceremony for your 2nd Battalion at Barbados. I am proud to think that the colours now carried by both battalions of your regiment have been presented by me.

Remember that colours are the emblems of past achievements. That spirit of loyalty and devotion which they inspire is an incentive to brave deeds, and I feel sure that the gallantry displayed by your Battalion in the campaigns recorded on these colours will be maintained whenever you may be called upon to fight for King and Country.

I now commit these colours to your keeping. They will I know remain safe and untarnished in your hands.

Maharaja of Indore, reading his address at the opening of the 'ard Hall, Indore, said :—

ır Royal Highness,—The honour which Your Royal Highness has conferred on me and my State by your presence here makes this day the most memorable in my life. My grandfather was similarly honoured by His Most Gracious Majesty, our present Emperor, when he was Prince of Wales, and my father, who took part in those rejoicings of thirty years ago, cherishes their memory undimmed. It was he who designed this building to commemorate His Majesty's accession, and I owe him a debt of gratitude for having bequeathed to me the privilege of sharing in this token of loyal service to His Majesty and the great distinction of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to crown our undertaking with this gracious mark of Your Royal approval in the presence of my brother Chiefs assembled to do honour to Your Royal Highnesses. In Bombay countless thousands of His Majesty's subjects assembled to greet Your Royal Highnesses' arrival on these shores. Their ovation was but the prelude to the welcome from the many millions who watch for Your Royal Highnesses' progress through the land. We count ourselves most fortunate that Central India has been the first stage in Your Royal Highnesses' tour, and that we Chiefs have been enabled to express to Your Royal Highnesses in person, for ourselves and on behalf of our people, our enthusiastic loyalty towards our gracious Suzerain and your illustrious House. In asking Your Royal Highness to be pleased to open the King Edward Hall, I have one more favour to ask. We wish that there should be in Indore a special memento of Your Royal Highnesses' visit, and subject to Your Royal Highnesses' approval, we propose that it should take the symbolic form of new Courts of Justice.

UDAIPUR.

At the State Banquet, Udaipur, Major Pinhey, the Political Agent, read the Maharana's speech proposing the health of Their Royal Highnesses as follows :—

I am very pleased that Their Royal Highnesses have taken so much trouble as to visit my capital. I cannot express the pleasure it has given me to meet Their Royal Highnesses. Though this is not the first occasion on which a member of the Royal family has visited the place, yet it is certainly the first time that a Prince of Wales, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has come here. What has afforded me greater pleasure than ever is this—that while on the last occasion when His Imperial Majesty, then Prince of Wales, visited India, he was unable to visit my capital owing to there being no railway to it, which was a matter of great regret, on this occasion Udaipur being connected by railway, Their Royal Highnesses have arrived here without difficulty, and removed the regret that was left on the last occasion. The British Government has always shown great consideration to this State, and taken great interest in its well-being and prosperity. Colonel Tod's coming to Mewar in 1808 A.D., bringing peace, safety, and prosperity with him, and the everlasting treaty entered into with the British Government, which led to the prosperity of Mewar, will never be forgotten by me and the State. This State has always been loyal to Government, and will always remain so. I

assure Your Royal Highness, and through Your Royal Highness, His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, of my everlasting friendship and loyalty. I now request you all to drink to the health, long life, and prosperity of our Royal guests, and to pray to God that our Royal guests may return to their home safely after a pleasant tour in India.

His Royal Highness' reply was :—

MAHARANA SAHIB,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself I thank you with all my heart for the charming manner in which you have proposed our healths. We are both delighted that our first visit as the guests of an Indian prince should have been to your beautiful capital. All India is still somewhat strange to us, but in Mewar we are truly in a new world, and from the moment when we arrived in your State this morning to this hour one charming impression has been quickly followed by another.

We have heard much of the Rajputs, and have had the pleasure of meeting those of your class in England, but to realise the splendid traditions of chivalry, freedom, and courtesy, which are the proud possessions of the Rajput, one must see him in his own home, and for the Princess and myself, I say, in all sincerity, that all we have heard and read in the praise of Rajputana, is dwarfed by what we have seen in one short day.

It would be almost superfluous to speak to those present this evening about the noble reputation which Your Highness has won for yourself in Rajputana and in India, for they have all enjoyed the pleasure and the privilege, experienced by the Princess and myself to-day, of seeing and conversing with the famous Chief of the Sesodias. Great traditions have been greatly maintained, from what we see here in our host.

In conclusion I must convey to you the King-Emperor's message of kindness and goodwill. He could not come to Udaipur. The Princess and I, as Your Highness has pointed out, are more fortunate, and thanks to the railway enterprise of the Maharana, we have been able to reach this old-world city in ease and comfort. I now ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to drink to the long life and happiness of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur.

JAIPUR.

The Royal visit to Ajmere was abandoned, but the Municipality presented His Royal Highness with an address, outlining the history of the town. To this address His Royal Highness replied in the following terms :—

Gentlemen,—In the name of the Princess of Wales and on my own behalf I thank you for the expression of hearty greeting and goodwill which are contained in your address. You have already received from me the message of sympathy which I sent to you from England ; and if anything could add to our sincere regret it is that we should be receiving you here in Jaipur and not in your own city. It is a very charming description which you have given of Ajmer's history and attractions. We both feel strongly for you in your troubles, and after the long series of your misfortunes, we hope that a happy period of prosperity is in store for Ajmer and Rajputana.

The design on the casket will serve as an imperishable record of the beautiful architecture of Ajmer, and I am glad to read of the restoration of Shah Jehan's pavilion. I am equally interested to hear of the Mayo College ; you may well be proud to have such an institution in your midst. Both of these will be for all time associated with the name and the energies of your late Viceroy, Lord Curzon.

Your historical sketch is one from which both you and I may draw satisfaction, and I shall be very glad to acquaint the King-Emperor with your loyal expressions. It will be a pleasure to him, as it is to us, to know that you regard his house as the symbol of peace, justice and prosperity.

His Highness the Maharaja of Jaipur, in proposing the health of his Royal visitors, said :—

Nearly thirty years have passed and gone since your Royal father, His Majesty the King-Emperor—then the Prince of Wales—paid a visit to Jaipur. My predecessor, Maharaja Ram Singh, was then Maharaja of Jaipur. Now it is my good fortune to have the distinguished honour of welcoming Your Royal Highness to this city, the home of my ancestors, where I trust the strenuous efforts made to render Your Royal Highness' stay memorable will be successful. A most felicitous circumstance in connection with this occasion is the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, whom we most cordially greet. We meet here not as strangers but as friends, for when I made, what to me was that most memorable voyage across the ocean to be present at the Coronation of His Majesty the King-Emperor, I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I can assure Your Royal Highness that, remembering the kindness and courtesy you showed me on that occasion when I was far away from my native land, I do most heartily, and with the warmest feelings I am capable of, welcome you here.

I am sorry to say that, owing to the failure of the rains this year, there is distress in Jaipur, so that, much to my regret, Your Royal Highness' reception has not been on such a scale as I most earnestly desired it should be, and such as I deemed worthy of the occasion. However, I am confident Your Royal Highness understands the circumstances, and believes that my loyalty and ardent devotion to the Throne are not to be measured by any outward display. When His Majesty the King-Emperor was here nearly thirty years ago, he laid the foundation-stone of what is now the Albert Hall, built in memory of that visit. I am extremely desirous that in like manner there should be a fitting record of Your Royal Highness' visit on this occasion. In pondering over the matter, I came to the conclusion that no more fitting record of Your Royal Highness' visit, or one more pleasing to yourself, could be made than that which I now venture to propose. I doubt not Your Royal Highness is aware that in 1899 a fund, named the Indian People's Famine Trust, was established; the interest of this fund is available for the relief of those who may be suffering from famine in any part of India.

I intend, with the gracious permission of Your Royal Highness, to add to that fund the sum of three lakhs of rupees, and the Maharani, in memory of this visit of Her Royal Highness, who is the first Princess of Wales who ever came to India, begs permission to supplement this by giving a sum equal to that which she gave to this fund at the time of the Coronation ceremonies at Delhi, *viz.*, one lakh of rupees. These four lakhs of rupees, we intend, shall be a memorial of Your Royal Highnesses' visit to Jaipur. I am glad that the arrangements made for the tiger-shoot have been successful, and that Your Royal Highness has bagged one tiger, which will remain a trophy of the event. His Majesty the King, when he came to Jaipur, killed his first tiger here, and I consider it a most happy coincidence that Your Royal Highness has this day also killed your first tiger since coming to India. I do not wish to detain you longer, but may I be allowed, before closing, to wish Your Royal Highness much pleasure and enjoyment on this Indian tour. I am sure your presence amongst us will knit us more closely to the Throne, if that were possible, and I am sure your interest in this important part of the Empire will greatly be enhanced. Ladies and Gentlemen, I invite you to drink to the health of my illustrious guests, Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

His Royal Highness made the following reply :—

The Princess of Wales and I are sincerely touched by the feeling words in which Your Highness has proposed our healths, and we are grateful to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the manner in which you have responded to this toast. Happily we can claim Your Highness as an old friend, for in all the brilliant company which assembled in London to take part in the Coronation of the King-Emperor there was no more striking or respected personality than that of the Maharaja of Jaipur. His retinue on that occasion—for His Highness travelled to England with all the circumstance of a Rajput Chief and the observances of a great Hindu—prepared us in some measure for the feudal splendours which we see around us in this exquisite capital. But we had no idea of Jaipur itself—its perfect city and the well ordered administration of the State.

We have most unfortunately arrived in Your Highness' country at a time when your people are threatened with scarcity. But the Chief who with noble munificence founded the Indian People's Famine Fund may well be trusted to see that every measure shall be taken to alleviate the wants of his own subjects, and we have listened with feelings of the deepest satisfaction to Your Highness' announcement that you and the Maharani intend to commemorate our visit to Jaipur by respectively presenting three lakhs and one lakh of rupees to the Indian People's Famine Fund. We are greatly touched by this fresh proof of Your Highness' generosity and of your sympathy with those in distress. Believe me that no building—indeed no form of memorial of our visit—could be more acceptable to us than this addition to the funds of the great national work of mercy of which you yourself were the founder.

I was much interested yesterday in seeing the Imperial Service Transport Corps which is maintained by you in so efficient a condition, primarily for the defence of India. I rejoice to think that the Corps has been able to win laurels, not only in military campaigns, but also in the strenuous war which His Highness wages against famine. The hospitality of the Rajputs is proverbial, and we shall carry away with us the happiest recollections of our stay in Jaipur, and I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure that I shot my first tiger in your forest.

In conclusion I wish to convey to Your Highness the message entrusted to me by the King-Emperor, who desires me to express his fervent hope that you and your State may in the future enjoy all possible blessings and prosperity. I call upon you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join with us in drinking the health of our friend the Maharaja of Jaipur and in wishing that he may long be spared to his subjects and to India.

BIKANIR.

Proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, the Maharaja of Bikanir said :—

Your Royal Highnesses, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There is nothing in this world that could possibly have given me greater pleasure than Your Royal Highnesses' visit to my State. Therefore, when I saw the Royal train steaming into the railway station at Bikanir, I felt that my highest ambition had been realised. I am deeply sensible of this very great honour which Your Royal Highnesses have conferred upon me, and it has not only been very much appreciated by myself and my family, but also by all my people. This honour and pleasure has further been greatly enhanced by the gracious presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

Your Royal Highness already knows how proud and pleased I felt when you were kind enough to tell me, after the reception at the India Office in London, that you proposed to do me the great honour of appointing me your A.-D.-C., and I have most pleasant and grateful recollections of my visit to England, and of the great courtesy and kindness which I received at the hands of Your Royal Highnesses and the other members of the Royal family, as well as the nobility and gentry of England. If by good fortune Your Royal Highnesses are pleased with your visit to Bikanir and have not been put to any serious inconvenience during your stay here, I shall indeed feel gratified that I have done something, however little, to show my gratitude in return.

I have been considering as to what would be a suitable, and at the same time a useful way of commemorating the Royal visit. We have long felt the necessity of a building on the lines of a Town Hall, which will be open to the public for meetings, lectures, &c. If this meets with Your Royal Highness' approval I propose to add a wing on either side of this hall, into which we shall remove our armoury and Sanskrit library, now hidden away in the fort, which would thus be thrown open to the public.

Also, we have, in anticipation, already started this building, which at the present moment is some 11 or 12 feet above the ground, and I now beg Your Royal Highness' permission to name it after you. It has been designed by that eminent architect, Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, and is situated in the new Curzon Gardens that are being laid out, and in close proximity to the Victoria Memorial Club, which Your Royal Highnesses inspected this evening.

I do not propose to take up much of your valuable time, but before proceeding further I would like to take this opportunity of assuring Your Royal Highness of the steadfast and staunch loyalty of myself and my State to the British Throne. It is not for me to dwell upon the past services rendered by the House of Bikanir to our Sovereign in the Mutiny and in the Afghan and Sikh wars. I consider it a great privilege to have gone at the head of my regiment to China in 1900 and feel specially pleased at the thought that I was perhaps the first Chief in India to have gone across the seas on active service under the British rule. Although to my great regret I was prevented from personally going out, my troops have also had the distinction of fighting for the King in Somaliland.

I greatly regret that circumstances have prevented the carrying out of the review of my troops which was to have taken place this afternoon, and I would pray that on your return to England you will tell His Majesty not only of our unfailing loyalty and devotion, but that you will also be pleased to assure His Majesty from us that not only I and my troops but every man in Bikanir is ready to lay his life down for His Majesty at his command.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to mention here that I have offered to further supplement our contribution to the Imperial Service Troops by the addition of half of my regiment of infantry, and for which we are awaiting sanction.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I now ask you to join me in drinking to the health of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and wishing them long life and every happiness and a most enjoyable tour in India.

The reply of His Royal Highness was, in his absence through indisposition, read by the Honourable Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General, and ran as follows :—

I thank Your Highness most sincerely for the kind words in which you have proposed the healths of the Princess of Wales and myself. It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to us that we have been able to avail ourselves of your kind invitation to visit you at Bikanir. Thanks to your friendly welcome and

generous hospitality, you have made us feel as if we were at home. In any case the Maharaja's face is very familiar to us and our children, for, besides having had the pleasure of seeing him in England two years ago, there hangs at Marlborough House an excellent portrait of His Highness, his gift to me, in the uniform of the Bikaner Camel Corps.

I have been much struck by the fine soldierlike appearance of that force. We know what they have done on active service. It will give me much pleasure to tell the King-Emperor of the smart appearance of the men, most of whom wear the medals for China and Somaliland, and of the excellent condition of the camels. I shall assure His Majesty that he has every reason to be proud of Your Highness' contribution to the Imperial Service Troops, and also inform him of your further generous offer to augment it by the addition of half of your Infantry regiment.

We have always heard of your interesting city and how your great ancestors in times past won for themselves the proud and appropriate title of Lords of the Desert, but, coming here, we realise how, through your enterprise and artistic knowledge, you have, as it were, raised from the desert a palace beautiful in its architectural design and construction and replete with every comfort, which you have so hospitably placed at our disposal. The Princess and I are much gratified to learn that Your Highness proposes to commemorate our visit by erecting a building for a library, which will also contain the beautiful and historic armoury of Bikanir. We heartily approve of Your Highness' suggestion and I am proud to think that it is your wish to call it after me.

You have also permitted me to see and enjoy what may fairly be described as one of the wonders of Bikanir—its sport. My experience of two delightful mornings' shooting at Gujner will never be forgotten.

In conclusion, I wish to deliver the message of friendship and good wishes to yourself and your State from the King-Emperor, to whom I shall gladly communicate your assurances of loyalty and devotion to his Throne and Person, and I ask all present to join in drinking long health and happiness to the Maharaja of Bikanir. I did not say good-bye to him this evening, for I am glad to think that he will join my staff as my Aide-de-Camp at the coming manœuvres in the north, and if anything could further add to my debt of gratitude for all His Highness' hospitality, it is the ready and considerate manner in which he has excused my attendance at this banquet in accordance with the recommendations of my medical adviser, which decision I deeply regret.

Eleven Chiefs in all, representatives of the leading families of Rajputana, were forced by the imminent prospect of famine to forego the pleasure of receiving and honouring the King-Emperor's Heir. Their names run as follows :—H.H. the Maharaja of Jodhpur, H.H. the Maharao Raja of Bundi, H.H. the Maharao of Kotah, H.H. the Maharaja of Karauli, H.H. the Maharawal of Jaisalmer, H.H. the Maharaja of Alwar, H.H. the Nawab of Tonk, H.H. the Maharao of Sirohi, H.H. the Maharawal of Dungapur, H.H. the Raj Rana of Jhalawar, The Raja Dhiraj of Shahpura. These eleven Chiefs and others gave open expression to their regret in the following letter of the Honourable Mr. Colvin to Sir Walter Lawrence, dated November the 26th, 1905 :—

Dear Sir Walter Lawrence,—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have now visited three of the States of Rajputana, *viz.*, Udaipur, Bikanir and Jaipur, and the Chiefs of these States are the only ones that have had the honour of meeting Their Royal Highnesses during their tour in Rajputana. It was, as you know, arranged that the Chiefs of a number of other States should come into Ajmer to be present there during Their Royal

Highnesses' visit, but the partial failure of the monsoon and the consequent distress, which has specially affected the central and eastern portions of Rajputana, made a revision of the programme obligatory. His Royal Highness accordingly directed, on the advice of the Government of India, that Ajmer and Bhurtpur should be omitted from the programme of the Royal Tour. The communication of this decision was accompanied by a gracious message of regret and sympathy to the afflicted States and districts, which did much to soften the blow. But it was nevertheless inevitable that much disappointment should be occasioned. I have received so many proofs of this from every possible direction that I feel it is my obvious duty to bring them to your notice, especially those which have reached me from the Chiefs of Rajputana who were to have come into Ajmer. The citizens of Ajmer have been graciously afforded an opportunity of expressing their loyalty and sense of loss when His Royal Highness received the deputation of the Ajmer Municipality at Jaipur; the Mayo College at Ajmer, which was to have been the scene of a special ceremony, has been granted the consolation of sending its Cadet Corps to Jaipur to provide part of the escort for Their Royal Highnesses at that place.

But the Chiefs who were to have come into Ajmer will now, I fear, have no opportunity of being presented to Their Royal Highnesses. It was, as you know, suggested that they should be invited to come for this purpose to some other convenient place in the programme of the Royal Tour, such as Agra, but, after the most careful consideration, this alternative also has, of necessity, been abandoned. In reply to my letters informing them of this decision, the Chiefs have sent me messages, and in some cases *kharitas*, to the address of His Royal Highness, in which they give expression to their great sorrow and disappointment at not having been able to testify their loyalty and devotion in person. These messages and *kharitas* I now beg to forward to you with this letter. No one can regret more than myself the misfortune which has deprived them of the honour to which they had looked forward with such joyful anticipation; and I feel that the least I can do is to forward these messages in the hope that they will be accepted by His Royal Highness.

I venture also to mention the case of the Tazimi Istimrardars of Ajmer, who would have been presented to His Royal Highness at Ajmer, had the visit to that place not been abandoned.

I attach a list showing the names of the Chiefs in question. His Highness the (minor) Maharaja of Bhurtpur is not included, as he was to have been visited in his own State; nor does the list include His Highness the Maharaja of Kishangarh nor His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, since it was arranged that these two Chiefs, instead of coming to Ajmer, should be present with the Imperial Cadet Corps during His Royal Highness' visit to Calcutta next month; and it is hoped that this plan will be duly carried out.

To this letter, which was accompanied by the *kharitas* of each Chief, His Royal Highness despatched the following reply on the 27th November:—

Dear Mr. Colvin,—Sir Walter Lawrence has made known to me the contents of your letter of the 26th instant, and has handed me the *kharitas* and other communications which you have received from the eleven Chiefs of Rajputana, with whom, unfortunately, owing to the circumstances recounted in your letter, I have been unable to exchange visits.

Pray assure them how greatly the Princess and I regret that we could not carry out our original wish to see them at Ajmer, and, failing that, at Agra. Tell them how heartily we reciprocate the feeling in their message. At the same time I

will ask you to send them the portraits of myself which I had hoped to hand to them personally. We were equally sorry that our visit to Bhartpur had to be abandoned.

Will you also take the earliest opportunity of expressing to the Tazimi Istimrardars of Ajmer how disappointed I am to have been unable to make their acquaintance. I am glad that we shall have the pleasure of seeing the Chiefs of Dholpur and Kishangarh at Calcutta.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE P.

LAHORE.

On arriving at Lahore, the Prince was presented with an address by the Municipality. His Royal Highness replied as follows :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess and myself thank you most sincerely for the frank and generous welcome that you have given us in this famous capital of the Punjab. Your allusion to the calamities which have befallen you is typical of a country of brave, strong men, and grieved as the Princess and I are that the Punjab should be afflicted by earthquakes and scarcity, it is some consolation to think that these disasters do tend to bring the people and the official classes closer together.

It interests me everywhere to realise the great changes which have taken place since my dear father visited India. Perhaps in no part of the Empire are these changes more marked than in the Punjab. Railways have greatly altered the conditions of your Province, but you have justly selected irrigation as the most noteworthy of the agencies of change. Until quite recently we had no idea of the boldness and magnitude of the great schemes which are rapidly adding new districts to the Punjab. All honour to the Engineers of the Irrigation Department who have devised these splendid works! But we may be thankful, too, that in this fine country the people are ready to move their homes to the new lands.

I am glad that your town shares in the general prosperity of the Province. I trust it will continue and increase. We shall, in a short time, have an opportunity of seeing the men who have won for the Punjab the name of The Sword Hand of India. Lahore has reason to be proud of being the capital of such a nursery of devoted and loyal soldiers. We are both of us profoundly conscious of the importance of the concluding sentence of your address. The King-Emperor, to whom it will be my pleasing duty to communicate your loyal assurances, will rejoice to receive your testimony that the people are happy and contented, and will be touched by your eloquent expressions of love and attachment to His Majesty and to the late Queen-Empress.

PESHAWAR.

In response to the address presented at Peshawar, on behalf of the North-West Provinces, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the sincere, frank words with which you welcome us to the North-West Frontier Province. I shall communicate your loyal and grateful assurances to my dear father the King-Emperor. It was one of the regrets of his Indian visit that he

was unable to see Peshawar, but thirty years ago there was no railway to your interesting and important city. There have been many other changes in the country across the Indus since my father visited India, and I am rejoiced to learn that those changes have tended towards your happiness and prosperity Security and order are blessings for which we may all be thankful, and I have little fear that in this free, hardy country "tranquillity and rest" will impair the manly qualities of the Pathan. The Princess and I fervently pray that the peace which you now enjoy may long continue. You are the wardens of the Passes, and from far across the seas the British people watch you with sympathy and confidence.

JAMMU.

The speech of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, was read by the Resident, Colonel Pears. It was in these terms :—

Blessed is the land which feels the tread of Royalty and fortunate the happy possessor of that land who is permitted to enjoy a glimpse of the Royal countenance. Such is the belief of a Hindu. No wonder then that I should be transported with joy to-day when I am granted the privilege of standing in the presence of Your Royal Highnesses and offering you a most hearty welcome on your arrival at the ancient capital of my State. Happy indeed am I to-day for the honour that is bestowed on my State now for the second time, for it is just thirty years since I was commissioned by my late lamented father to meet His Majesty the King-Emperor, then Prince of Wales, on the border of Jammu and to render personal homage. It was my good fortune on that occasion to be entrusted with the charge of all the arrangements connected with His Majesty's reception at Jammu and thus to enjoy opportunities of receiving marks of Royal favour and kindly consideration which have left a deep and enduring impression upon my mind. His Majesty's gracious interest in Jammu and Kashmir State since the occasion of his coming into personal contact with my father has ever remained fresh and undiminished, and it is to this that I ascribe the high honour that has been conferred on me by the inclusion of a visit to Jammu in the programme of Your Royal Highnesses' tour in India. What is it, I ask myself, at this moment that I can offer in return for all this sympathy and regard, this condescension and favour? I am fully conscious of my own insignificance, standing as I do in the presence of the heir to a monarch over whose dominions the sun never sets, but whatever may be my imperfections in other respects, I am rich in possession of a heart that is firmly attached to the British Throne and is inspired with unflinching loyalty to the person of His Majesty the King-Emperor, and it is this loyalty and devotion that I venture in all humility to offer in return for the manifold marks of favour that I have received.

I would beg of Your Royal Highness to assure His Majesty the King-Emperor that the ruling family of the State of Jammu and Kashmir is, and ever will be, ready to place its resources at the disposal of the British Crown to be utilised in whatever manner is considered necessary for the welfare of the Empire. It was my earnest hope and ambition that it might be found possible for Your Royal Highnesses to pay a visit to the Valley of Kashmir during the course of your tour in India, for in that case the trouble and inconvenience caused to Your Royal Highnesses by honouring my State with your gracious presence would in some measure have been compensated by the charm of Kashmir's scenery and climate I can, however, only express my sincere hope that I may yet have the honour on some future occasion of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to my summer capital.

During the thirty years that have elapsed since the visit of His Majesty the King-Emperor my State has, thanks to the kindly interest and attention bestowed on

its affairs by the Government of India, made great strides in material prosperity, and a marked improvement is discernible in the administration in all its departments.

The resources of the State are expanding from year to year. Railway communication has already been extended to Jammu, and Kashmir itself is on the eve of being connected with the railway system of Upper India, an important electric project for utilising the waters of Jhelum has been taken in hand, and altogether the prospects of industrial expansion and the opening out of the natural resources of the country are bright and hopeful. The people are happy and grateful for all that has been done to better their condition and promote their welfare.

Your Royal Highness' visit to the State therefore at such a juncture is most opportune, and I am desirous of commemorating the occasion, with Your Royal Highness' permission, by a memorial of a permanent nature. I accordingly propose to establish a State College in Jammu which will benefit all classes and creeds of my subjects by providing them the means of acquiring the higher education necessary to enable them to fit themselves for a more extensive and important share in the administration that they at present aspire to. I earnestly hope that this proposal will meet with Your Royal Highness' gracious approval, and that I shall be permitted to associate the founding of the proposed College at Jammu with Your Royal Highness' name and call it the Prince of Wales' College. In conclusion, I once more express my profound gratitude for the high honour done to me by Your Royal Highness' visit, which is rendered more gratifying by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

In reply His Royal Highness said :—

Maharaja Sahib,—I thank you most warmly for the charming manner in which you have proposed the healths of the Princess of Wales and myself. We are both of us delighted to be the guests of this famous State of Jammu and Kashmir. Thirty years ago my dear father enjoyed the hospitality of Maharaja Runbir Singh and he has never forgotten the splendid and loyal welcome which he received at the hands of the Chief of the Dogras.

In England we are perhaps more familiar with the beauty and fair fame of the Vale of Kashmir than we are with the less known, but not less honourable, record of Jammu. I wish that circumstances could have enabled us to accept the Maharaja's oft-repeated invitation to visit Kashmir, but His Highness knows how difficult it has been to do all that we wished to accomplish. We should, however, have been truly disappointed if we had been obliged to forego the pleasure of a visit to Jammu, for I wished to have an opportunity of doing honour to a Chief who has in a marked degree thrown in his lot with the fortunes of the Indian Empire. I wish on this occasion to record the appreciation which is felt by me and my fellow-countrymen of the brave and important services which His Highness and his Imperial Service Troops have rendered to our Empire on the distant frontiers of his State.

I am rejoiced to hear of the great public works which His Highness is so wisely undertaking. They will undoubtedly add to the prosperity of his State and his subjects, and are of a magnitude sufficient to make Kashmir famous even in this progressive age. I am glad, too, that the Maharaja is making efforts to give the advantages of higher education to his people and am delighted to think that our stay here is to be associated with a college to be called after me.

Our visit to Jammu happily coincides with a constitutional change in the Government of Jammu and Kashmir. Ladies and Gentlemen, in asking you to join the Princess and myself in drinking the health of His Highness the Maharaja, I feel sure that we shall all most fervently wish that the change to which I have alluded will bring to him honour and peace of mind, and to his people security and happiness.

AMRITSAR.

Replying to an address of welcome from the Amritsar Municipality, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself for the kind words in which you welcome us to this celebrated city. We were both most anxious to see as much as possible of the famous centres of India, and we could not leave the Punjab without alighting at the place which is so dear to those good soldiers—the Sikhs. If time had allowed we should gladly have prolonged our stay in Amritsar, but even our short visit here will add to those lasting impressions which we shall carry away with us. Here, as elsewhere, there has been great progress since my dear father visited you thirty years ago, and we rejoice to hear of the increase in your wealth, trade, education, and sanitation. It would seem to be most appropriate that the Khalsa College should have been instituted in this city, so sacred to the men of the Khalsa race. Renowned as is Amritsar for its commerce, it may be that some day it will be equally renowned as the great centre of Sikh education. It will please the King-Emperor, to whom I shall gladly tender your loyal expressions, to receive your acknowledgment of the peace and prosperity which you enjoy under his rule. We both of us hope that these blessings may long attend you and your city.

Speaking later at the Khalsa College, the Prince of Wales said :—

The Princess of Wales joins with me in sincerely thanking the Khalsa College Council, and the Managing Committee, for the kind sentiments to which their address gives expression. We are glad to have the opportunity to-day of visiting this College, which may indeed claim to be representative of the Sikhs, supported as it is by all classes of that community. I appreciate highly the manly qualities of the Sikhs, and their loyalty and devotion. It affords me sincere pleasure to find that they have realized the importance of education in the present age, and have taken steps to promote its spread among themselves. The future success of the movement depends on their steadfastly maintaining the effort they have initiated. With the continuing interest of the venerable Raja of Nabha, who has done so much for the Institution, and with all ranks co-operating, success should be ensured, and I earnestly trust that the hopes expressed in your address for the completion of the buildings may speedily be fulfilled.

DELHI.

In response to an address of welcome from the Delhi Municipality, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—Both the Princess of Wales and I have been looking forward with much pleasure to seeing your historic city, and we thank you heartily for the reception which you have given us and for the kind words of welcome which you have used in your address. The beautiful city which is in your keeping has been the scene of many stirring incidents and splendid pageants. She seems to have the power, inherent in some great capitals, of attracting and compelling attention, and to the Princess and myself this visit will be rich in reflections on the past and in thoughts of the future.

That the proud position of Delhi is still unshaken is proved by the very material and important fact of the many railways which now run to her walls. They do

not come to your city for any other reasons than those of trade, and it seems to me that you are as fortunate in your great commercial future as you have been in your distinguished political past.

I shall gladly inform the King-Emperor of your gratitude for the advantages of peace, civilization and railway enterprise, and I have no doubt that you will make the best of these undoubted advantages. It is in the power of you and your successors to maintain that position which Delhi has always held in this great Indian Empire.

AGRA.

Replying to an address of welcome from the Agra Municipality, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself I thank you sincerely for the kind welcome which you have given to us. It is a privilege to anyone, whether from the West or from the East, to approach your beautiful and historical city. We look forward with keen interest to seeing its artistic and architectural beauties of which you are so justly proud ; and I am quite certain that, during our visit, we shall gain impressions of Agra which will never fade from our minds, and we shall always remember your friendly greeting and the pains which you have taken to make our stay here pleasant and successful.

I look forward to associating myself with you in the unveiling, on Monday, of the Statue which you have raised to the memory of our late beloved Queen-Empress. It is befitting that in this city, so rich in exquisite monuments of the great Emperors of the past, there should be a memorial of a ruler who yielded to none in her love and goodwill towards India. Nothing can rob you of the noble inheritance which you possess.

I notice with satisfaction that you are keeping pace with the times, so that you have a future, as well as a past, for I learn that your railway system is being further developed, and that your cotton industry is steadily increasing. Gentlemen, the Princess and I earnestly trust that the prosperity and welfare of Agra may thus continue. I shall have much pleasure in conveying to the King-Emperor those assurances of your undying devotion to His Majesty to which your address gives expression.

Unveiling the statue of the late Queen Victoria at Agra, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—When some months ago I accepted your invitation to unveil this statue of our late beloved Queen-Empress, my intention was to perform the ceremony in silence, for on occasions like this, when our hearts are full of hallowed memories, silence is often more eloquent than the sincerest words of praise and affection. But, Gentlemen, your address has greatly touched the Princess of Wales and myself, and we wish to join in this tribute of love and gratitude to her whom you simply, but truly call, a "Great and Noble Queen." No words of mine are needed to tell you that my revered grandmother loved the Indian people, and that she bequeathed to my dear father, and to me, her great regard for India. I unveil this statue, not only as a memorial of your first Queen-Empress, but also as a memorial to the fact that India knows how to be grateful for her love. It will be an enduring monument of the sympathy which existed between the Queen-Empress Victoria and her Indian people. May such feelings of attachment to our House grow stronger and stronger as time goes on.

GWALIOR.

Opening the new market and electrical installation at Lashkar, the capital of Gwalior, the Prince of Wales said :—

Your Highness and Members of the Municipal Committee of Lashkar,—It has given the Princess of Wales and myself great satisfaction to accept your interesting address, and to observe from it that in matters of local self-government the Gwalior State is adopting a wise and forward policy. I have much pleasure in acceding to your request that I should open the Victoria Memorial Market, and inaugurate the City's installation of electric lighting. I trust that for many years to come these undertakings will prove of benefit to the City of Lashkar, and bear testimony to the enterprise of its Municipality and the philanthropic zeal of His Highness the Maharaja.

His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, in proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the State Banquet, said :—

I know no words which will adequately convey an idea of the feelings which spring in my heart as I rise to say a word of welcome to Your Royal Highnesses on behalf of my people, my family, and myself. I shall therefore not attempt the impossible task of describing those feelings, but shall content myself with saying that the present is a unique occasion in my life, and that I shall never forget the honour done to me by Your Royal Highnesses' presence here to-night and by your gracious kindness in visiting my Capital. This house, which Your Royal Highnesses have graced by your presence, was designed by Sir Michael Filose, and built in the year 1874, under the direction of my late lamented father, and the first exalted guest who ever abode under its roof was His Most Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor, your revered father. With the lapse of time its interior has undergone considerable alteration, and in the natural fitness of things it seems only proper that in its modernised condition it should have conferred upon it the additional honour of a visit from Your Royal Highnesses. What adds so much more to the honour of the house, the distinction of the occasion, and the pleasure of us all, is the circumstance that, unlike the previous occasion, this is rendered even more felicitous by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

I had intended in the course of this speech to deal at some length with the ambitions that have governed me during the last 10 years of my career, as one whom Providence has called upon to rule over a State containing an area of 30,000 square miles, and a population of about 3,000,000, and to illustrate how each move made has been directed towards the accomplishing of these ambitions. But realising that the inevitable fatigue of long journeys already made, and the prospect of more still to be undertaken, together with the inappropriateness of the hour, cannot but make such a narrative rather tedious and protracted, I shall refrain from giving effect to my cherished idea. It will be enough for me to say that whatever useful work has been, or is being, undertaken in the various departments of my State, has but one ultimate goal, *viz.*, to help towards the stability of the British Empire, and with that end in view to ameliorate the condition of the people over whom I am called upon to rule.

Wherever Your Royal Highnesses travel in India, you will see on the triumphal arches, and in the addresses read to you, the words—"Loyalty and devotion to the Crown." If I say but little on this subject it is because I feel all the more deeply. My hope and ambition is that the day may come when my Army and I may, by our acts, show what is not only on our lips but in our hearts. Just now there is some distress in a few districts of the State owing to the failure

of the monsoons, but I have no doubt that Your Royal Highnesses' visit to the capital will grant it an immunity against famine for many a long year.' This remark may sound at best a pure sentiment, but it embodies a feeling which, to my knowledge, is implicitly relied upon by the simple-minded villagers of my State. During the short time Your Royal Highness is here I shall endeavour to bring to your Royal notice as much as I can of the administrative reforms which I have been attempting to introduce into the State. May I say that the interest that Your Royal Highness has already graciously shown in my Army and in the Municipality of my capital, has greatly encouraged me, and will be an incentive to fresh efforts on my part. I shall not now take up more of Your Royal Highnesses' time than to say that I hope this visit to Gwalior, which has no doubt entailed considerable personal inconvenience to yourselves, will afford an insight into the peace and prosperity we will enjoy under the benign rule of His Majesty's Government, and will also furnish some amusement and relaxation to make up for the trouble you have undergone. My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the healths of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In reply the Prince said :—

Maharaja Sahib,—In the name of the Princess of Wales and on my own behalf, I thank you sincerely for the eloquent and touching words in which you have proposed our healths. I recognise that we have listened to no mere complimentary speech, but that His Highness has taken this opportunity of telling us the guiding principles and motives of his life. We are, I am sure, grateful for his frankness, and highly appreciate his noble expressions; for whether we regard these principles from the point of view of the British Empire, the Maharaja himself, or the subjects of the Gwalior State, we cannot fail to recognise in them the highest ideals and aspirations. His goal is the stability of the British Empire, and to attain that goal, he sees that he must strive, and indeed, he is striving with all his characteristic energy, to improve the condition of his people. I look forward with pleasure and interest to hearing from His Highness of his administrative reforms.

And while His Highness modestly refrained from telling us of his ambitions and intentions, we do not forget the hospital ship which he sent to China a few years ago. I should like also to remind you of the two regiments which the Maharaja has just added to the Imperial Service Troops; and, indeed, I believe that his ambition is to see his whole army attain to that excellence which characterises the troops which he gives so freely to the service of the Empire; and I should like to say how very much I am indebted to him for showing me his fine troops on parade this morning.

We all know of our host's reputation as a soldier, but his energies and his influence are just as conspicuous and effective in the Civil administration of his State. The Princess and I desire to express our deep sense of gratitude to Your Highness for the kindness and hospitality which you have shown to us and for all the trouble which you have taken to entertain us and our large party in your capital; nor can I refrain from alluding to the magnificent procession with which Your Highness honoured our arrival yesterday. It was the first time that we had taken part in a ceremony mounted on elephants, which is only possible in this wonderful country. I can assure you that we shall never forget that splendid scene with all its picturesque surroundings, and we shall also remember that every one of its details had been conceived and carried out so successfully by Your Highness. I am looking forward with great pleasure to enjoying the sport for which your State is so well renowned, and in which you are kind enough to allow me to join.

Before sitting down, I must convey to you, Maharaja, my dear father's warm messages of esteem and good will, and I am glad to have another message to deliver from the King-Emperor which I am sure will please Your Highness. You have been appointed Honorary Colonel of the Indian Regiment of which I am proud to be the Colonel-in-Chief; the 1st Lancers will be as delighted as I am to welcome you as one of us. I call upon you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join with me in drinking to the health and long life of His Highness the Maharaja Scindia, and pray that all possible blessings may be given to him and to his people.

LUCKNOW.

Addressing the Municipality of Lucknow, on his arrival, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and I are very grateful to you for the kind words of your address. It is, indeed, a great undertaking to travel through this vast Indian Empire. Time would not permit of our visiting all of the many places we wished to see, but we made a point of including in our programme a visit to your famous and interesting City. The name of Lucknow is very precious to us at Home. It is part of our history of which we are proud, and these sentiments of pride may be shared by the gallant Veterans whom I hope to see this afternoon at the Residency. None of us can forget the significant fact commemorated by the monument erected by Lord Northbrook to the brave Indians who fought by our side. I am told, and I believe it, that the same feelings which inspired them animate the people of Oudh to-day. We both hope to enjoy our stay in Lucknow, to study its historical landmarks, and to meet the great Talukdars of Oudh. I shall not fail to convey to the King-Emperor your loyal assurances. We thank you for your friendly welcome, and we wish you all the prosperity which should attend the capital of the Garden of India.

Laying the foundation-stone of the new Medical College, His Royal Highness said :—

Sir John Stanley and Gentlemen,—On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I thank you sincerely for the very kind sentiments to which your address gives expression ; we also thank you for affording us this opportunity of identifying ourselves with an institution which must have a marked influence on the health and happiness of the vast population of these provinces. I gather from papers which I have read, that for many years the need of a Medical College has been recognised. I rejoice to think that thanks to the noble liberality of the Maharaja of Bulrampur and of others whose names will be gratefully remembered by future generations, this great need will now be supplied. We deem ourselves fortunate that the year of our visit should have seen the fulfilment of this great idea, for I have inherited from my dear parents their keen interest and deep sympathy in all that concerns the noble art and profession of healing. I believe there are many special points connected with this Medical College on which I may congratulate you and your Lieutenant-Governor, Sir James La Touche. The movement is the spontaneous outcome of the peoples' wishes, and so a movement which is healthy and will endure ; and it is a movement in which all classes, high and low, rich and poor, official and non-official, have taken a part. I must congratulate you also on the splendid site which you have secured ; high and healthy, but still in the close neighbourhood of your City. And lastly, I am desired by the Princess to congratulate you on the special provision which, thanks to the initiative and generosity of Raja Tassaday Rasul Khan, has been made for the education of

women. If the Medical College becomes, as I hope it will, "the best in the East," a very powerful stimulus will be given to the movement which will always be associated with the name of Lady Dufferin. I am delighted to lay the foundation-stone of the College and we are proud that our names will be respectively associated with the Institution and its branch College for Women.

Replying to the address of the Talukdars of Oudh, the Prince spoke as follows :—

The Princess of Wales and myself are very glad to meet you, the Talukdars of Oudh, in this great hall, where just thirty years ago my dear father, our King-Emperor, first made your acquaintance. I thank you for the splendid reception which you have given to us in this historic capital of Oudh, and I rejoice to hear that your connection with the British Crown has brought you prosperity and happiness. It is pleasant to hear that you can say in all sincerity that your rights and privileges have been recognised and respected by the British Government. The best guarantee of your valued privileges lies in your allegiance and loyalty to the King-Emperor, and your warm assurances shall be communicated to him without delay.

The Princess and I are delighted to hear of the steady progress of Oudh in moral and material paths. The pleasant and hopeful account which you gave in your address is due to the fact that, though adhering to your status and privileges, you still wisely move with the times. I hope that you and your descendants will follow this wise policy, and that whenever other members of our House may, like us, be fortunate enough to visit India, they will find the Talukdars of Oudh as contented and as kind and courteous as those whom I have the pleasure of addressing this evening. I heartily thank you all for the beautiful entertainment which you have given in our honour. We shall never forget the Talukdars of Oudh and their generous hospitality.

CALCUTTA.

Replying to the address presented to him by the Municipality of Calcutta, the Prince of Wales said :—

The magnificent spectacle which you have afforded to the Princess of Wales and myself, the vast crowds which are assembled to welcome us, and the eloquent words of your address, will remain among our most memorable experiences of this great Empire and its peoples. We both know that we are merely the fortunate recipients of the loyalty which the citizens of Calcutta feel for the King-Emperor, and in conveying to him your utterances of allegiance and devotion, I shall endeavour to describe the impressive scene on which we are now looking.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the whole of India more typical of the relations between the British and Indians than Calcutta, which has grown from a river swamp to be the second city of our empire. If, as you say, the prosperity that blesses this place is common to all India, we may congratulate ourselves on the results of the bond between the Mother Country and India. Every citizen of this great capital may feel a legitimate pride in the wonderful town that has sprung up on the Hughli, and our fellow subjects in other parts of the Empire will see in Calcutta present prosperity and future growth—the sign which I recognise everywhere of a union which, under God's providence, seems destined to endure. It is a great pleasure to the Princess and to myself that she has been able to accompany me to India, and on her behalf I thank you most heartily for the beautiful gift which Calcutta so generously offers her, and which she will always treasure as a charming remembrance of your visit and a token of affection and good-will.

Presenting new colours to the King's Own Regiment, at Fort William, the Prince of Wales said:—

Colonel Carter, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment,—I consider it a great privilege to be associated with a regiment on such an important occasion in the history of its life as, when by the Sovereign's permission, it receives new Colours; and there is an additional satisfaction to me in performing this ceremony in the fact that my dear father the King is your Colonel-in-Chief, and also that your regiment since the time of its formation, more than two-hundred and twenty years ago, has earned a splendid record of services in all the great campaigns in which our Army has taken part. The names of those campaigns, emblazoned on the Colours of your Regiment, testify to the gallant deeds of those who have gone before you, and I feel certain in committing these new Colours to your keeping you will not only maintain the grand traditions of which they are the emblem, but, should opportunity occur, add to them fresh titles of distinction and honours.

Laying the foundation stone of the All-India Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, His Royal Highness said:—

Sir Andrew Fraser and Gentlemen,—We are met to-day to commemorate a great sorrow and a great love. Everywhere the Princess of Wales and myself, in our journey through this vast and varied land, have had almost daily evidence of the ample manner in which India has returned the affection of her first Queen-Empress. This sentiment, so touching and so precious, finds its highest and most universal expression in the National Monument with which the Princess and I are proud to be associated to-day. We have heard from Sir Andrew Fraser of the difficulties which attended the initial stages of this great memorial, and we must all of us recognise that it is to Lord Curzon's untiring energy and devotion that the tribute to the late Queen-Empress has taken this national and far-reaching aspect. I am glad to know that the interest which he took in the building of this hall will not cease with his departure from India, but he will continue to show his sympathy with the undertaking. It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in honour of one who, though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and in sympathy with all classes of this continent. But it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India—a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all-embracing love for her people and an enduring token of the affection which all--Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants—felt for Queen-Victoria.

To us this wonderful expression of gratitude brings natural pride and warm hopes. The Taj, which has delighted and fascinated us by its beauty and by its story, can never be rivalled in its grace. But in generations to come this memorial to a great Queen, whose sympathy conquered distance and space, may present to the historian reflections as hallowed as those which are inspired by the Taj Mahal. I congratulate the Executive Committee and the Trustees of this great All-Indian Trust on the success which has attended their patient labour of love. It will gain from Lord Minto further strength and encouragement, and I feel sure that the same spirit of affection and veneration which has brought this splendid and most worthy memorial into being will, under His Excellency's guiding influence, cherish and quicken its future progress. I must thank you, Sir Andrew Fraser, for your concluding words, which will be as gratifying to my dear father as they are inspirating to the Princess and myself. I will now, with much pleasure and with feelings of profound gratitude to all who have shared in this most noble endeavour, proceed to lay the foundation-stone of the Victoria Memorial Hall. Among the many interesting ceremonies in which we have taken part during our stay in India, I can assure you that none could have appealed more to our hearts than the opening act of this great work.

RANGOON.

In response to the address of the Rangoon Municipality, His Royal Highness spoke as follows :—

The Princess of Wales and myself are most grateful to you for the hearty welcome you have given to us in your great and growing city. In your address you have struck the note which must predominate over all others in the minds of those who visit India and Burma for the first time. It is a source of never-ending wonder and satisfaction to me to notice the extraordinary variety of races, religions and languages which are so harmoniously blended in the large centres of the Indian Empire. This harmony is due to the wise policy of tolerance for all creeds, and of equal justice for all races, and is the basis and the secret of the marvellous administration of which we in England are so proud, and for which you and all those who are working for this country, whether as officials or non-officials, British or Orientals, are entitled to all praise.

We only wish that it could have been arranged that our stay in this bright and vigorous province could be longer, but, as you know, we have a long journey before us and dates are hard masters. Still the Princess and I trust that, even in the short time we shall spend in your country, we shall gain some knowledge and much sympathy for Burma, which will enable us in the years to come to watch its progress and development with interest and the most confident hope. The heartiness of your welcome, your beautiful decorations—which point to kindly labour and infinite pains—and the cheery faces which greet us on our arrival, all go to confirm us in our previous ideas of Burma and its peoples. May you long retain your reputation for genial content and happy life.

Opening the Victoria Memorial Park at Rangoon, His Royal Highness said :—

The Princess of Wales and I desire to thank the people of Rangoon, and of Burma generally, for the kind words with which they have, through you, welcomed us here to-day. It is a great pleasure to us to join with them in the inauguration of this Park which is your memorial to our late beloved Queen. I congratulate you on the fitness of dedicating to her memory a place where the highest and lowest alike can breathe the fresh air and rejoice the eye in the beauties of nature, for Queen Victoria set great store by these gifts, and she always sought for rest from the fatigues of her busy, active life in the fresh air amidst all those country scenes and surroundings which she loved so well. And no less would she have rejoiced to think that, in clearing the land for this place of public recreation, insanitary buildings had been swept away and the occupants given sites in new and healthy areas.

I note with satisfaction that the principal donors comprise representatives of all the varied races which constitute the population of Rangoon, and it is gratifying to know that those of our fellow subjects in India "who have made for themselves homes in Burma" are ready to contribute from their wealth acquired in this country towards the beautifying of its capital. On the other hand I am glad to learn, from the Chairman's speech, that the scheme was favoured and supported by a very large number of persons of more moderate means who have also contributed to the Fund. I now have much pleasure in declaring the Victoria Memorial Park open, and the Princess and I earnestly trust that it may prove a joy and blessing to the people of Burma for all time.

MANDALAY.

In acknowledging the address of the Mandalay Municipality, the Prince said :—

It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to visit Mandalay and to see the picturesque and interesting head-quarters of Upper Burma. I thank you heartily for the cordial welcome which you have given to us, and I am confident that your kind efforts to make our stay in Mandalay agreeable will be crowned with success. I wish that we could have stayed longer with you for, in some ways, Upper Burma possesses a peculiar interest in that it is the latest addition to the British Empire. If I may judge from what I have heard, and from what I now see, Upper Burma has very rapidly advanced to the level and standard of British India, and I can certainly detect no signs of backwardness or stagnation. I will, with pleasure, convey your loyal assurances to the King-Emperor; he will be especially interested to hear of your welfare and will be touched when I tell him of the devotion to his person which is manifested in the enthusiastic reception which you have given to the Princess and myself.

MADRAS.

The Prince of Wales' reply to the address of the Madras Municipality was in these terms :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you for the hearty welcome which you offer to the Princess of Wales and myself. We have looked forward with much pleasure to visiting your old and historic city, which I believe to be our oldest possession and the oldest municipality in British India, and I desire to express our deep appreciation of the generous efforts and carefully planned preparations which have been made for our reception by you and the citizens of Madras. We anticipate with interest the scenes which await us during the next few days and we hope to use the opportunities which you and my friend, Lord Ampthill, have given us for seeing your City and its people. I will not fail to communicate to the King-Emperor your loyal assurances. Though thirty years have passed since he was your guest, my dear father's recollections of Madras are still vivid and happy. Gentlemen, I again thank you for the affectionate terms in which you have greeted us to your city.

Replying to the address of the Madras Landholders' Association, the Prince of Wales said :—

Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to have this opportunity of meeting the members of your important Association, and I heartily thank you for the welcome which you offer to us. We have noticed with satisfaction your genuine feelings of devotion to the person of the Sovereign. Everywhere we have had proofs of the same loyal sentiment, but nowhere has it been more eloquently expressed than here in Southern India. I shall be very glad to communicate your assurances to the King-Emperor and to tell him that our visit to Madras has been the occasion for this enthusiastic demonstration. With you I earnestly hope that our visit to India will not be without useful results. Already the Princess and I begin to feel that we are at home and that we understand much that no books and no amount of study would have revealed to us. We both recognise the serious importance of our mission to India and we pray that it may be fruitful both to you and to us. We thank you most heartily for all that you have said and we both of us wish all prosperity to the Members of your Association.

The speech made by the Prince of Wales in reply to the address presented by the citizens of Madras was as follows :—

Gentlemen,—I was very glad to hear from your Governor, Lord Ampthill, that I should have an opportunity of meeting you, the representatives of the great Presidency of Madras and of the States of Travancore, Cochin and Pudukota. On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I tender you our sincere thanks for the warm-hearted address which has just been read. We both of us do feel a "deep concern" and "lively interest" in all that affects the welfare of our fellow subjects We fully realise the privilege which we are now enjoying of seeing these distant parts of the Empire and are most grateful for the affectionate manner in which Southern India has greeted us.

It is a great regret to both of us that we were unable to visit others of your famous cities or to stay in some of the States We have read of Trichinopoly, Tanjore and Madura, and of the charms of Travancore and Cochin But time will not admit of our stay in India being prolonged, and it is for this reason that we are so glad to have had the chance of seeing you this evening We shall be most grateful if you will tell your friends, when you return home, that your address in no way exaggerates the interest and love which we have for this great country and its people

In laying the foundation stone of the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute, the Prince of Wales spoke as follows :—

It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to take part in this ceremony—an outward and visible sign of the devotion of the people of Madras to our late lamented Queen-Empress Victoria. We are greatly touched by the feeling tones in which you speak of her beloved and venerated memory The object of the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute, namely to develop the talents and improve the condition of the artists and craftsmen of the Presidency, is one which, I am confident, would have appealed in every way to Queen Victoria who always followed with interest every practical effort which aimed at making the lives of her Indian peoples more prosperous and contented. You may rest assured that this undertaking will have the approval of my dear father, the King-Emperor, as it has the sympathy of the Princess of Wales and myself It is interesting to know that a movement set on foot to commemorate the Queen-Empress' Jubilee in 1897 has seen its consummation in a memorial to her long and glorious reign

I am gratified to learn from your address of the generous assistance and co-operation which the movement has received from your Governor, Lord Ampthill, and that you are indebted to the Government of Madras for the site and for a considerable grant towards the Building Fund. I congratulate you upon the valuable honorary services which have been rendered in the Administrative Council of the Institute since its formation in 1887. The Princess of Wales and I sincerely trust that the Victoria Memorial Technical Institute may, in every way, fulfil the high ideal of its Founders and conduce to the further prosperity and general well-being of the people of this Presidency.

MYSORE.

Before laying the foundation stone of the Chhamar Rajendra Technical Institute, Mysore, the Prince of Wales said :—

Your Highness,—I am very glad to be associated with this Industrial Institution and to have an opportunity of showing my sympathy with the artisans of Mysore and of India. The Princess of Wales and I have greatly admired their work at various places on our journey and I am heartily in favour of any movement that

may either tend to improve the handicrafts of India or raise the social position of the artisan. We have seen much of the arts in India but have seen very little of the artisans and I am especially delighted to take part in any ceremony which may lead towards the amelioration of one of the most deserving and most important classes of the Indian people.

At the State Banquet the Maharaja of Mysore proposed the health of Their Royal Highnesses in these terms :—

It is with profoundest sentiments of joy and gratitude that I and my people are to-day realising the ambition, so long and fondly cherished, of welcoming Your Royal Highnesses to the city and State of Mysore. Your august father, His Majesty the King-Emperor, when visiting India as Prince of Wales, was, to the misfortune of Mysore, prevented from fulfilling his intention to honour the State with his presence. The disappointment of thirty years ago is to-day most happily effaced by the presence in our midst not only of the Prince of Wales, but also of the gracious lady, his illustrious consort. The fortunes of Mysore will ever be associated in history with the consolidation of the British power in India. It was in Mysore that the great Duke of Wellington received his baptism of fire and won his first laurels. It was with the aid of the Mysore Horse and Mysore Transport that he gained imperishable fame on the battlefields of the Deccan. The State itself, and the family that I represent, are grateful witnesses to those principles of equity and generous moderation that form the true foundation of His Majesty's Empire of to-day in the hearts no less of the Princes than of the peoples of India.

Within the last few hours Your Royal Highnesses have stood with me upon the ramparts of Seringapatam, and on the scene of that last desperate struggle will have shared with me a common pride in the heroism of the assault and the devotion of the defence. In the horsemen who now have the greatly-prized honour of forming your escort and personal guard, Your Royal Highnesses see the descendants of the men who fought at Seringapatam and in the Deccan. Of the efficiency of my Imperial Service Troops it is not for me to say more than that one and all have worked their hardest to fit themsleves for the front line of the Army of the Empire. But of their spirit I dare affirm that the one ambition of every officer and man is to emulate the valour of his ancestors in the service of His Majesty the King-Emperor. I beg Your Royal Highness to convey to His Majesty the assurance that whenever the call may come, Mysore will not be found wanting.

I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to Your Royal Highnesses for the gracious kindness with which you have complied with what I fear must have seemed our too exacting demands on your time and interest. I can only trust that you will find some recompense for the fatigues of your visit in the knowledge of the happiness which the sight of you has given to many thousands of His Majesty's humble subjects in my State.

For over eight years past Mysore has, in common with other parts of India, been in the grip of a pestilence against which the resources of science and of Governments have proved well nigh powerless. The last few months have, however, witnessed a remarkable decline in the severity of the affliction. It is not in Indian sentiment to dissociate from an event so auspicious as Your Royal Highnesses' visit this most merciful deliverance, and the year thus doubly blessed will remain ever memorable in the annals of Mysore.

In conclusion, I pray Your Royal Highnesses to convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor the assurance of the devoted loyalty of myself and my people to his person and his throne, and of our gratitude for the honour that he has conferred upon Mysore in permitting us to welcome Your Royal Highnesses to this State.

In reply the Prince of Wales said :—

It was a great regret to my dear father that he could not visit your State in 1875, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to avail ourselves of your most kind invitation to Mysore. We are delighted thus to become personally acquainted with Your Highness, to have an opportunity of gaining some experience of your State in these early days of your administration, and to visit the scenes of those stirring incidents which will live for ever in the history of Mysore, and indeed of India. It is superfluous for me to dilate on the attitude of the King-Emperor and of the late Queen-Empress towards the great ruling Chiefs of the Indian Empire. But I may take this opportunity of saying that all I have seen during my visit to India has confirmed me in my high opinion and warm appreciation of those who, like Your Highness, so steadily and loyally support the government of the King-Emperor.

If any proof were required of the wisdom of the policy of 1881, which restored to your father the province of Mysore after fifty years of British administration, it is surely to be found in the contentment and prosperity which the people of Mysore enjoy under the government of Your Highness. It is interesting to hear of the many enterprises, notably that of the Cauvery Electrical Works, and the general policy of irrigation and public works. Under the lead which we may expect from such a capable and enlightened Ruler as our kind host, with the assistance of statesmen of the type of the late Sir Seshadri Iyer, your Province may look forward with confidence to making still greater strides.

It was most gratifying to listen to Your Highness' allusion to the Imperial Service Troops, and to hear from you that among those who formed our escort yesterday and to-day are men whose ancestors fought so gallantly at Seringapatam and in the Deccan. I am told that the old fighting spirit of the South still pervades Mysore, and my own brief observations have given me some idea of the efficiency of your cavalry. I learn that your transport is equally well organised and efficient, and I truly congratulate Your Highness on the valuable troops which Mysore contributes towards the defence of the Indian Empire.

I regret that your State has also suffered in common with other parts of India from the terrible visitation of the plague, but I am thankful to hear of a decided decline in the severity of the affliction, and I trust that by the mercy of God, Mysore may soon be restored to a state of happiness and prosperity.

BANGALORE.

Replying to the address of welcome presented by the Station Municipality of Bangalore, the Prince of Wales said :—

I thank you, on behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, for your kind and hearty welcome to Bangalore. It is a great pleasure to us that we have been able to pay a visit to your station, for apart from its beauty and advantages of climate, Bangalore has played an important part in the history of British India. You allude to the fact that the King-Emperor was prevented from coming to Bangalore. Thirty years have brought great changes in India, and everywhere I am reminded of the enormous influence which has been exercised by the steady and strenuous railway policy of the Government of India What was impossible at the time of my dear father's visit to India is easy, and comparatively-speaking comfortable, to us. We have heard of the troubles which have befallen Bangalore, but trust that better days are in store for you, and that the great blessing of health may be again enjoyed by all. We shall carry away with us the pleasantest memories of your picturesque and well-ordered station, and we wish you all prosperity.

Unveiling the Victoria Memorial Statue at Bangalore, the Prince spoke in these terms :—

I accept with the greatest pleasure your invitation to unveil this statue of our late Queen-Empress. The words which you have used make it almost superfluous for me, her grandson, to utter one word more of loving admiration. The Princess of Wales and myself have now travelled through a considerable portion of India, and nothing has given us greater pride and touched our hearts more than the universal love and veneration which is shown for the memory of her whom you aptly call "The noble Empress, Victoria the Good." There is one thing about the statue which gives me especial pleasure. It is the association of the Maharaja of Mysore and his people with the inhabitants of the Civil and Military station of Bangalore. Nothing could be more in harmony with the wishes and sentiments of her to whom you have raised this statue than this comradeship and fellow feeling.

His Royal Highness presented a new Standard to the Carabiniers at Bangalore. Committing the Standard to the regiment he said :—

Colonel Leader, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Carabiniers,—It is the first time that I have presented a Standard to a Cavalry regiment and I am especially glad to do so to a regiment which has a history so distinguished as yours. It has served ten Sovereigns. Founded in 1685, its services were rewarded only eight years later by King William III, who granted it the title of "Carabiniers," by which name the regiment has ever since been known. It gained renown upon the battlefields of the great Duke of Marlborough, while in the past century it earned fresh laurels in the campaigns of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny and South Africa. On such an occasion as this, it is only right that a regiment should recall with pride the deeds done by it in the past. I entrust this consecrated Standard to your care and I know that you will look up to it with those same feelings of loyalty to your King and country as have ever characterised the Carabiniers.

HYDERABAD.

At Secunderabad the Prince of Wales presented new Colours to the Second Queen's Own Rajput Light Infantry. He said :

Colonel Lampen, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the Second Queen's Own Rajput Light Infantry,—It gives me great pleasure to be present here to-day and to give you these new Colours, for in doing so I become associated with a regiment whose career, since its formation more than a century ago, has been one continuous record of loyalty and of gallantry on the field of battle. Moreover, you are honoured by having the King-Emperor as your Colonel-in-Chief, and received the title of Queen's Own in commemoration of His Majesty's visit to India in 1875, when he was made its Honorary Colonel.

For its distinguished service at the storming of Aligarh, the regiment was permitted to bear a third Colour, which you carry to-day ; for your steadfast and memorable loyalty to the Crown during the trying days of 1857, you were made a Light Infantry Regiment ; and you bear on your Colours no less than fourteen campaigns or battles. They are not only symbols of loyalty to the King-Emperor, but of loyalty to the grand tradition which has grown up through the gallant deeds of your predecessors. You very rightly venerate these sacred emblems, for when you look upon them you are reminded of those deeds of fame, and also of your oath of allegiance, actually taken upon the Colours, when you first join the regiment. You are reminded of that splendid page in your history, how the regiment lost two hundred men in the first unsuccessful siege of Bhurtpur, and twenty years later, before the second siege, strips of the Co-

lours borne at the first siege were produced by the men, who swore on them to earn as high a reputation as their predecessors. And as the record says "They kept their oath." I know that whenever called upon you will equally keep the oath taken upon your Colours and will add fresh lustre to the noble traditions which you have inherited.

The enforced abandonment of the State Banquet at Hyderabad, through the bereavement of the Nizam, debarred His Royal Highness from publicly expressing his thanks for the generous hospitality of the Nizam, and His Highness from giving utterance to those feelings of loyalty and devotion to the Throne he is known to entertain. The text of the speeches that would have been made is reproduced here.

The Nizam's speech :—

Your Royal Highnesses,—I give expression to no mere compliment when I assure you of the intense pleasure which it has given me and my people to welcome Your Royal Highnesses as honoured guests in my dominions. When Your Royal Highnesses' revered father, His Most Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor, visited India as Prince of Wales, nearly thirty years ago, he was unable to include Hyderabad in his tour; and I, then a child, had no opportunity of offering the hearty and loyal greetings which it was subsequently my privilege to tender through his representative at the Coronation Durbar and which I now rejoice to be able to renew to His Majesty in the persons of Your Royal Highnesses, —his beloved children. To my people, as to myself, the days which Your Royal Highnesses have spent with us will remain red-letter days that can never be effaced from our memories—being as they are the first occasion upon which the Heir of the Emperor of India and his illustrious Consort have honoured Hyderabad with their presence. The recollection of them could not be other than precious to us, and it will be doubly precious now that we have had the privilege of meeting Your Royal Highnesses face to face. I am glad to think that a permanent memorial of them will remain for future generations in the Zenana Hospital, which will add for the women of my State, and their children, yet another to the many reasons which they have to bless the name of Victoria, the Great and Good Empress, in connection with whose Jubilee the idea of the Institution was first conceived, and Victoria Mary, the gracious Princess by whom the foundation-stone has been laid.

It was my privilege yesterday morning to show you, Sir, that portion of my Army which is specially set aside and trained to assist in the defence of His Majesty's Indian Empire. I trust the day when their services will be needed for this purpose will never come, but I wish to assure Your Royal Highnesses, whose visit is one more link—and a very strong link—in the long chain of most cordial associations which binds me and my House to the British Empire, that if the necessity for defence should ever arise not those troops only, but my own sword and all the resources of my State would be placed unreservedly at His Majesty's disposal.

I earnestly hope that Your Royal Highnesses will carry away agreeable and pleasant recollections of Hyderabad, and I trust that on your return to England you will inform His Majesty of the sincere admiration and loyal devotion which the Princes and people of India entertain for the British Throne and Royal Family, and will not fail to add that His Majesty's faithful ally and the people of his State yield to none in that admiration and devotion.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with extreme pleasure that I ask you to fill your glasses to the brim and to drink with me to the health and prosperity of my Royal Guests—the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Prince's speech :—

Your Highness,—I thank you sincerely for the generous words which you have addressed to the Princess of Wales and myself in your eloquent speech. We are deeply grateful to you for the magnificence of your reception, for your kind hospitality, for your many acts of courteous welcome, and for your friendly consideration for our comfort. I will, without delay, inform my dear Father of your loyal assurances, and I hope to be able to describe to the King-Emperor, in some measure, the splendours of Hyderabad and the devotion of Your Highness and your people to the British Crown. It is especially gratifying to us that our visit should be the occasion of the founding of the Zenana Hospital, being both of us deeply interested in hospitals and their splendid work. On behalf of the Princess I thank Your Highness for your touching allusions to the name of the late beloved Queen-Empress and to her own connection with that institution.

I am much gratified by your stirring words regarding the Imperial Service Troops which form part of Your Highness' Army and I know they will be highly appreciated by His Majesty. No one can speak with greater authority on this subject than our kind host, for we all know that it was the Nizam who was the first of the Princes of India to come forward with a spontaneous offer of assistance for the common cause of Imperial Defence. I have had opportunities of seeing your two fine regiments of Imperial Service Lancers and I congratulate Your Highness on their soldierly and workmanlike appearance. As this is possibly the last occasion on which we shall be the guests of an Indian Prince, I thank you most gratefully for the assurances which you have made, not only for the important State over which you rule, but for the Princes and people of India. Nothing will please His Majesty more than the concluding words of your speech, and they will be especially valued as coming from one who is pre-eminently qualified by position, experience and tradition to speak on the sentiments of the Princes and the people of India towards the British Throne. We shall always retain the warmest feelings of regard for Your Highness and the most pleasant recollections of our visit to Hyderabad. Before I sit down I will ask you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to join me in drinking to the health of our friend and faithful ally, His Highness the Nizam.

BENARES.

In reply to the address from the Municipality of Benares, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—The Princess of Wales and myself have been deeply touched by the affectionate greetings accorded to us in the great centres of India, and nowhere more than at this historic city, so dear and so sacred to the millions of the Hindu peoples; and I feel that I cannot do better than recall the words of my dear father, spoken thirty years ago, when he expressed the intense pleasure which he felt in being received in the centre of all the nations and people of Hindu origin. And as our time in India is rapidly drawing to an end, we feel an especial satisfaction that a visit to this important and interesting home of Hinduism should be one of the last of our impressions on the delightful tour which we have been permitted to make in this portion of His Majesty's Empire.

We look forward with keen interest to seeing all which makes your city so venerated by the Hindus and renowned throughout the world. I shall be much pleased to transmit to the King-Emperor your gratifying acknowledgment of those blessings of peace and safety which you enjoy under his rule. We most sincerely reciprocate your kind wishes, and we both hope that this great city—the second city in the United Provinces—may ever flourish and prosper.

In presenting Colours to the South Staffords, His Royal Highness made the following speech :—

Colonel Daubeney, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 2nd Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment,—Meeting here to perform this ceremony on Indian soil, we are reminded that during the 112 years that have elapsed since your battalion was raised, some of its most brilliant services have been achieved in this portion of the British Empire. With regard to its gallant conduct at Ferozeshah in 1845, Lord Hardinge, the then Governor-General of India, described it "as that regiment which has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British Army," and not only on the field of battle has your regiment gained renown, for no less than three times did it suffer shipwreck in Eastern waters. We know that there is no greater test of the discipline of a regiment than under such terrible experiences and the conduct of the 80th Regiment in the last disaster of this nature in 1844 was brought to the notice of Queen Victoria, and commended in a General Order by the Governor-General of India. It is indeed a grand tradition which surrounds the colours of your Regiment, a tradition created by those who in days gone by fought and fell in their defence. I feel sure that they will ever inspire the same spirit of loyalty to your King, your country and your Regiment, and that, if needs be, you will, like your predecessors, do and die in the defence of these sentiments. With such convictions, I have great pleasure in entrusting to your keeping these consecrated colours."

QUETTA.

In reply to the address from the Quetta Municipality, which drew attention to the rapid growth of the Station since the British occupation, His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen,—The address which has just been read presents in very graphic language a story of which we may all feel proud. While thanking you heartily for your welcome to the Princess of Wales and myself, I congratulate you with equal heartiness on your achievements. We, who are familiar with the older and more slowly growing institutions of the West, are naturally struck with the rapid career of Quetta. You have mentioned the honoured name of Sandeman, who won the people of Baluchistan to the ways of peace. I doubt not that the traditions of that great man may inspire and direct you in your labours, and I can detect in your address two of his qualities—courage and hope.

We shall have opportunities during the next few days of seeing for ourselves the work which has been achieved within the short space of thirty years, and it will be my pleasing duty to inform the King-Emperor of the wonderful progress which has been made on this frontier of the Empire since he visited India. May every success and prosperity attend your useful labours. The concluding words of your address have greatly touched us, and we sincerely join your expressions of thankfulness for the blessings which Providence has bestowed upon us during our journey to and in India.

CHAMAN.

In committing new Colours to the 127th Baluch Light Infantry at Chaman, the Prince said :—

Colonel Even, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the 127th Baluch Light Infantry,—Since the days when your Regiment was raised by Sir Charles Napier, more than 60 years ago, it has rendered gallant and devoted services to its Sovereign and Empire, not only in India but across the seas—in Africa,

Burma, and the Far East. The names of your campaigns are displayed on the Colours which I have great pleasure in presenting to you. They are a sign of your duty to your King-Emperor and Country, and also a record of those actions in which your predecessors have upheld the honour of the Regiment. For such reasons you rightly venerate them and upon them take your oath of allegiance. May you ever be guided by the noble traditions which they betoken, and should you again be called to active service, may victory attend you. I am certain that the Colours will remain safe in your keeping.

KARACHI.

The Prince of Wales replied to the Municipal address in these terms :--

Gentlemen,--On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I thank you for the welcome which you have given to us in this rising and prosperous seaport—the capital of Sind. Your progress is remarkable, even in an age of progress, but the figures which you have quoted and the strenuous policy of extending irrigation in Sind and the Punjab suggest the idea that vast developments await your City and Harbour in the immediate future.

I am very glad to have had an opportunity of seeing Karachi, for I am conscious of the fact that this place is destined to play an important part in the future of our Empire, and, if I may judge of the spirit of the inhabitants of Karachi from the sentiments expressed in your address, I have little fear that you and your successors in office will be able to grapple with the difficult question of development in a large and far-sighted manner. I have learnt with great pleasure that the Bombay Government has most courteously marked our visit to Karachi by the abolition of boat fees on the Indus. I do not know how far this wise act may directly affect Karachi, but I am proud that I should be associated with a concession which will at any rate benefit some of the people of Sind. Gentlemen, we wish you every prosperity in the great work which lies before the Municipality of Karachi.

Your concluding words of God-speed, for which we are both most grateful, remind us, alas! that our visit to India is near its end. I can assure you and our other friends in all parts of this great and wonderful land that we leave India with feelings of gratitude and affection. We have seen and have learned much; we have seen enough to make India a living reality to us ; enough to make us wish that we could see more, and to implant for ever in our hearts a sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow subjects in India, of whatever creed or race.

Although our receptions everywhere were the scenes of brightness and splendour, and we have been greeted by thousands of cheerful and happy faces, we have not forgotten the hard lives led by those in the trying climates of the plains, and we know of the miseries which beset the patient, hardworking peasant when the rains do not come in due season. We are both sincerely thankful to have been privileged to visit India, and to have gained impressions which, with future study and observation, will enable me to try and understand some of the problems of British Administration, for I fully appreciate the advantage which a visit to this great continent must give to anyone in considering even the simplest Indian question.

Our journey has, in all parts of India, been most happy and delightful, thanks to the love and goodwill which have been evinced by all classes. We have been deeply impressed by that feeling of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the person of the King-Emperor which has been displayed ever since we first set foot on Indian soil, and we have been also greatly touched by the evident

memories of affection towards my dear brother which still remain in the hearts of those with whom he was brought in contact during his stay in India some 16 years ago. In bidding India farewell, we can truly say that our visit has been to us an unending and unbroken series of happy and most instructive experiences.

At the unveiling of the Victoria Statue in Karachi, the Prince of Wales spoke in these terms :—

Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to the Princess of Wales and myself to take part in a ceremony which crowns the loyal and loving efforts of five long years, and it is our good fortune to have an opportunity of being associated with the people of Sind in this splendid tribute to our late beloved Queen-Empress. We have read the admirable pamphlet which describe the history of the memorial, and have noticed with interest the names of Mr. Giles and Mr. Moti Ram Adrani and others, to whose energy we owe so much. We have noticed, too, with especial satisfaction, that all classes in Sind have joined in raising this statue, which is fitly symbolised by figures of Peace and Justice. You do right to connect them with the memory of Queen Victoria, for she greatly desired that her Indian subjects should ever enjoy these blessings. I shall be happy to name the grounds on which we stand "The Queen's Lawn," and we both hope that this statue and the lawn around it may bring pleasure and recreation to endless generations. Gentlemen, we thank you for your parting words, and I shall not fail to convey to the King-Emperor and the Queen, the loyal expressions of the people of Sind. We were deeply touched by Bombay's affectionate welcome to the shores of India. On the eve of our departure we are equally impressed with Karachi's sympathy and good wishes.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS IN THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER MADE BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The Hon'ble Mr. Steyning William Edgerley, C.I.E., Indian Civil Service, Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay and an Additional Member of the Council of the Governor of Bombay for making Laws and Regulations	K.C.V.O.	Bombay	14-11-05.
Herbert George Gell, Esq., J.P., Commissioner of Police, Bombay	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Rao Bahadur Sansar Chandra Sen, Member of the State Council, Jaipur	M.V.O. (V. Class).	Jaipur	23-11-05.
Alexander Henderson Diack, Esq., Indian Civil Service, Chief Secretary to the Government of the Punjab	C.V.O.	Delhi	15-12-05.
Major Frank Graham Smallwood, Royal Artillery, Ordnance Officer, Agra...	M.V.O.	Agra	19-12-05.
Clement Filose, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel in Scindia's Army and Military Secretary to His Highness the Maharaja of Gwalior ...	M.V.O.	Gwalior	25-12-05.
Edmund Vivian Gabriel, Esq., Indian Civil Service, Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department ...	C.V.O.	Calcutta	5-1-06.
Major Frederick Loch Adam, 1st Scots Guards, and Military Secretary to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Frederick Loch Halliday, Esq., J.P., Commissioner of Police, Calcutta	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Henry Cooper Eggar, Esq., Solicitor to Government and Agent to the Governor-General in Council for the Affairs of the late King of Oudh and for the purposes of Act XIX of 1887	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Charles Butterworth Bayley, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Government of Bengal ...	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Maxwell Laurie, Esq., Indian Civil Service, President of the Rangoon Municipality ...	M.V.O.	Rangoon	15-1-06.
John Short, Esq., Secretary to the Rangoon Municipality	M.V.O.	,,	,,
Major William Alexander Wickede Strickland, Indian Army, Deputy Commissioner, Mandalay	M.V.O.	Mandalay	17-1-06.

The Hon'ble Mr. James Paterson Hay, an Additional Member of the Council of the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma for making Laws and Regulations	M.V.O. ...	Mandalay ...	20-1-06.
Major William MacLaren Campbell, 1st Battalion, the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), and Military Secretary to the Governor of Madras	M.V.O. ...	Madras ...	27-1-06.
J. Desaraj Urs, Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant, Mysore State Troops	M.V.O. ..	Mysore ...	
Nawab Afsur-i-Janj Afsar-ud-Daula Bahadur Lieutenant-Colonel Muhammad Ali Beg, C.I.E., 20th Deccan Horse, and Commandant, Hyderabad Imperial Service Lancers ...	M.V.O. ...	Hyderabad...	

LIST OF KNIGHTHOODS CONFERRED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sassoon Jacob David, Esq., J.P., Member of Board of Trustees for the Improvement of the City of Bombay	Knighted ...	Bombay ...	14-11-05.
Currimbhoy Ebrahim, Esq., Member of the Bombay Port Trust	Knighted ...	,, ...	,,
Ernest Cable, Esq., Sheriff of Calcutta ...	Knighted ...	Calcutta ...	5-1-06.
Maharaj Kumar Prodyat Kumar Tagore, of Calcutta	Knighted ...	,, ...	,,
The Hon'ble Mr. Vembakkam Comandur Desikachariyar, an Additional Member of the Council of the Governor of Madras for making Laws and Regulations	Knighted ...	Madras ...	27-1-06.
Henry Clark King, Esq., Solicitor, High Court, Madras	Knighted ...	,, ...	,,

KNIGHTHOOD CONFERRED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI.

Sydney Hutton Cooper Hutchinson, Esq., M.I.C.E., Director-General of Telegraphs in India	Knighted ...	Karachi ...	19-3-06.

LIST OF APPOINTMENTS IN THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER MADE BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI.

His Excellency Vice-Admiral Edmund Samuel Poe, C.V.O., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Naval Forces in the East Indies ...	K.C.V.O. ...	Karachi ...	19-3-06.
Frederick Robert Apcott, Esq., C.S.I., M.I.C.E., Chairman, Railway Board	K.C.V.O. ...	,, ...	,,
Major-General Beauchamp Duff, C.B., C.I.E., Indian Army, Adjutant-General in India ...	K.C.V.O. ...	,, ...	,,
Harold Arthur Stuart, Esq., C.S.I., Indian Civil Service, Director, Criminal Intelligence Department	K.C.V.O. ...	,, ...	,,
Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Havelock Charles, M.D., F.R.C.S., Professor of Surgery, Medical College, Calcutta, *ex-officio* Surgeon to the College Hospital, and Surgeon on the Staff of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	K.C.V.O. ..	,, ...	,,
Sir Arthur Upton Fanshawe, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Indian Civil Service, Director-General of the Post Offices of India	C.V.O. ...	,, ...	,,
Horace Charles Mules, J.P., Collector of Karachi.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Major Hereward Llewelyn Roberts, Indian Army, Squadron Commander, 1st Duke of York's Own Lancers (Skinner's Horse), Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Captain Lionel Forbes Ashburner, D.S.O., Double Company Officer, The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Captain Hugh Hill, Adjutant, The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Captain Geoffrey Makins, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ..	,, ...	,,
Captain the Hon'ble William George Sydney Cadogan, 10th (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) Hussars, Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Munshi Aziz-ud-din, Assistant Commissioner, Central Provinces, on special duty under the Chief of the Staff to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	M.V.O. (IV. Class) ...	,, ...	,,
Herbert Kelway Bamber, Esq., Superintendent, Carriage and Wagon Department, East Indian Railway.	M.V.O. (V. Class) ..	,, ...	,,

LIST OF GENTLEMEN INVESTED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES AT KARACHI WITH THE INDIAN ORDERS TO WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING EMPEROR OF INDIA.

Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur John Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., I.S.O., Private Secretary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ...	K.C.S.I.	Karachi	19-3-06.
Major-General Stuart Brownlow Beatson, C.B., Indian Army, Inspector-General, Imperial Service Troops, and Military Secretary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ...	K.C.S.I.	,,	,,
Captain the Hon'ble Hugh Tyrwhitt, M.V.O., Royal Navy, H.M.S. "Renown" ...	C.S.I.	,,	,,

Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.

Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, K.C.I.E., Chief of the Staff to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ...	G.C.I.E.	Karachi	19-3-06.
Major Rollo Estouteville Grimstone, Indian Army, Squadron Commander and 2nd-in-Command, 6th (King Edward's Own) Cavalry, and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ...	C.I.E.	,,	,,
Major Charles Ferguson Campbell, Indian Army, Squadron Commander and 2nd-in-Command, 11th (King Edward's Own) Lancers (Probyn's Horse), and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ...	C.I.E.	,,	,,
Major Harry Davis Watson, Indian Army, Double Company Commander, 1st Battalion, 2nd (King Edward's Own) Gurkha Rifles (The Sirmoor Rifles), and an Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.	C.I.E.	,,	,,

NATIVE TITLES.

Babu Moti Lal Ganguli, Treasurer and Accountant in the Foreign Department of the Government of India and Treasurer to T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales during Their Royal Highnesses' visit to India, 1905-06 ...	Rai Bahadur	17-3-06
Hira Lal Basu, Assistant Surgeon, Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, and Assistant Surgeon on the Staff of the Prince of Wales during His Royal Highness' visit to India, 1905-06 ...	Rai Bahadur	,,

APPENDIX B.

THE SHOOTING RECORD.

BAG OF H. R. H. AND STAFF.

* BIG GAME.

14 Tigers.	6 Panthers.
5 Bears.	16 Sambur.
8 Cheetal.	16 Black Buck.
9 Chinkara.	4 Hyenas.
1 Jackal.	2 Alligators.
1 Mouse Deer.	1 Four-horned Deer.
1 Nilghai (Blue bull.)	18 Wild Boar.

In addition 54 pigs were killed pigsticking by members of the party.

SMALL GAME.

159 Wild Duck.	117 Teal.
114 Snipe.	1,886 Imperial Sandgrouse.
8 Jungle Fowl.	17 Peafowl.
29 Quail.	10 Hares.
65 Sandgrouse.	42 Partridges.
2 Wild Cats.	28 Various, including snakes, &c.

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* Of the above *big* game the Prince of Wales shot :—

13 Tigers.	4 Panthers.
2 Sambur.	4 Black Buck.
5 Wild Bear.	2 Hyenas.
2 Chinkara.	1 Mouse Deer.
1 Four-horned Deer.	1 Alligator.
1 Wild Cat.	

APPENDIX C.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.

Sir W. Lawrence, K.C.I.E.—*Chief of the Staff.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., I.S.O.—*Private Secretary.*

Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., C.M.G., M.V.O., R.N.
The Hon'ble Derek Keppel, C.M.G., M.V.O.
Commander Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, R.N.
Captain Viscount Crichton, D.S.O.
} *Equerries.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.

The Countess of Shaftesbury—*Lady-in-waiting.*

The Lady Eva Dugdale—*Lady-in-waiting.*

The Earl of Shaftesbury—*Chamberlain.*

Mr. Frank Dugdale—*Equerry.*

INDIAN STAFF.

Major-General H. H. Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., A.-D.-C.—*Maharaja of Idar.*

Major-General Stuart Beatson, C.B.—*Military Secretary.*

Lieutenant-Colonel R. Havelock Charles, I.M.S.—*Surgeon.*

Major R. E. Grimston, 6th Prince of Wales' Cavalry.
Major Charles Campbell, 11th Prince of Wales' Own Lancers.
Major H. D. Watson, 2nd Prince of Wales' Own Gurkhas.
Capain C. Wigram, 18th Tiwana Lancers.
} *Aides-de-Camp.*

HONORARY AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Major H. L. Roberts, 1st Lancers (Skinner's Horse).

Captain L. F. Ashburner, D.S.O., 2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Captain H. Hill, 2nd Welsh Fusiliers.

Captain G Makins, 2nd King's Royal Rifles.

Captain the Hon. W. G. S. Cadogan, 10th Royal Hussars.

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